**Price of Refusing**

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It was a Saturday afternoon shortly before Easter and I was in Ray Doyle's bed where he had been screwing me all afternoon. The man just never seemed to get tired. He put his lips to my ear and nibbled me then he whispered.  
  
"I hear you're going home for Easter."  
  
I confirmed it.  
  
"I want you to do something for me. A task."  
  
I held my breath and then he delivered his bombshell.  
  
"I want you to have sex with your sister."  
  
I was stunned. Did he really mean it? But there was worse to come.  
  
"I also want you to bring me a pair of her panties and I want a photograph of her pussy."  
  
I knew I couldn't do that and I told him so.  
  
"No please. I can't betray her like that."  
  
He became stern.  
  
"I hope you aren't refusing me Julie."  
  
"Well no, but please, I mean my little sister. She's only just 18."  
  
"Julie, do you remember when I sent Alycia to go through your computer? I have your mum's email address. Do you think she would like to know that her daughter takes her knickers down for virtually anyone she happens to meet?"  
  
Of course it was ridiculous to think that I could refuse to obey him. I folded and said that I would do what he demanded but things were about to get even worse. He said that I had to learn that "no" was not a word I could ever use so there would be a punishment for my initially refusing to obey his command concerning my sister, Gemma.  
  
My punishment would happen the next Saturday so that I would have all week to stew about it. I would have to go to the worst part of the city and wait outside a sex shop where I would be collected by a man in a red car at 2pm. If he was late I was to wait for as long as it took and I would have to obey without question or hesitation whatever he told me to do. For the task I would be wearing my school uniform and I would not use my car to get there. I would travel there on the bus as "a lickle girl like me" was far too young to drive.  
  
Throughout the week the dread of that Saturday kept creeping into my mind. This was not just a task; it was a punishment so, whatever it was, I knew I was not going to like it. Who was the man in the red car? What would I have to do for him? Of course it was pointless to speculate but Ray knew very well that the torments in my imagination would be worse than anything which he could dream up.  
  
Well eventually Saturday did come and I dressed up in my school uniform making sure that I had money for the bus fare. My pony tail was held in place by a yellow scrunchie and I had a gold coloured plastic slide keeping my hair back from my face. If any of my neighbours saw me leave the building they would possibly imagine that the girl in the ground floor flat had a niece who visited her. It was only a five minute walk from the flat to the bus stop and the bus was quite crowded with Saturday shoppers but I found a seat next to a middle aged lady who gave me a brief smile but then ignored me. I was trying to imagine what my fellow passengers would think of this young girl in her school uniform on a Saturday. If I had been asked, my cover story was that my school was in a choir competition and we all had to be in uniform to stand up and sing.  
  
As we came nearer to the city centre the bus became even more crowded and people were standing so I felt I had to stand up to give my seat to an old gentleman. We were really packed in together and I was holding on to a rail attached to the back of a seat. Suddenly I felt a definite squeeze on my left boob through my blouse and my vest. My mouth came open silently and I felt myself blush but stupidly I did not think to look down until the hand released me. I looked at the other people in the crowd and any one of about five of them could have been the groper. There was no point in making a fuss as, of course, everyone would deny it and probably I would be thought to have made it up. If I drew attention to myself I would have to explain why a 19 year old was dressed in the way that I was. So some perv had groped me in broad daylight and just got away with it.  
  
I was very flustered as I left the bus in the bus station but I had to catch another bus to get to my destination which was near the docks. This bus was not so crowded and I had a seat to myself where I sat staring out of the window.  
  
When I alighted from the bus I was in the badlands where there were boarded up shops and lots of litter and graffiti. I saw a couple of girls in ridiculously short skirts and high heels; they were obviously hookers looking for business. I was extremely uncomfortable here.  
  
My instructions were very clear. I was to stand outside "Chez Amour" which was next to an Indian takeaway and I felt people watching me as I tried very hard to somehow fade into the brickwork and be invisible but it was impossible. I kept looking at my watch and 2pm came and went. How long would I have to stay here? How long can a school girl stay in a place like this before someone pushes her into a car and she is never seen again?  
  
Two young men were coming down the road towards me and I looked in the other direction but I kept glancing back at them just in case they had evil intentions towards me. Perhaps I should cross the street but would that make them cross over with me and would I miss the man in the red car?  
  
They were closer now as they lurched along drinking from lager cans and making a lot of noise. Both of them were in faded jeans and grubby t shirts and both of them needed a shave. As they drew level with me I looked away from them but they stopped one either side of me.  
  
"You want some fun girly? You waiting here to get laid?"  
  
My first reaction was just to ignore them but now one of them was right in front of me.  
  
"Please go away. I'm just waiting for my dad."   
  
That was the wrong thing to say but with them in the state they were in, they would have found anything hilarious. Somehow one of them had got behind me and he pulled my ponytail as his companion bent down and asked me for a kiss. The streets here belonged to the pimps and the addicts and I knew no-one would help me if I screamed. They began to jostle me not exactly holding onto me but easing me towards an alley running down beside the sex shop. I very firmly told them to leave me alone but how much force can a girl muster when she looks about thirteen albeit slightly tall for her age?  
  
One of them put his hand up my skirt at the back and used his hand on my bum to propel me forward into the alleyway. I felt scared and angry at the same time that these thugs could do whatever they liked to me and I could do nothing at all about it. We were in the alley now and I was forced back against the wall with one man an inch in front of me and his friend standing to one side.  
  
"Come on have a li'l drink with us."  
  
He put his lager can to my lips and tried to make me drink but I kept my lips closed and the beer ran down my chin and onto my blouse. The other man took the can so my assailant now had both hands free and he moved forward so that his chest was against mine and he was pressing me into the brickwork while his chum gave advice. Someone had used the alley as a toilet and it stank. He slowly withdrew the plastic slide from my hair and put it into his pocket then he began to unbutton my blouse exposing my white vest and I opened my mouth to scream.  
  
"Don't!"  
  
He raised his hand near to my face as if he were about to slap me and I went silent. Suddenly the other man dropped both drink cans and the two thugs were both in front of me with the beer carrier putting his hands up my skirt as I squirmed helplessly and breathed in the beer fumes which were being belched into my face. No one in the street could see us. I felt hands at my hips and in an instant my knickers were around my knees. The man who had opened my blouse put his hands on my shoulders and pushed downwards so I crumpled and ended up with my bare bum on the tarmac then they gave a whoop of delight and ran off down the alley away from the street.  
  
I was left sitting there with my blouse open and my pants around my knees. My legs were bent at the knee so my knees and my knickers were a few inches from my face. I just sat there hugging my knees and breathing heavily then I noticed a lady in a raincoat and a woollen hat hurrying down the alley from the direction where the men had gone. She crouched down beside me and I recognised her.  
  
"It's OK. I've come to take you home."  
  
Aylcia helped me to my feet and I quickly readjusted my clothes although I was still pretty crumpled. My hair kept falling over one eye. Her car was parked nearby and soon we were in the car heading towards my flat. Alycia gently told me that it had all been rigged. There was never a man in a red car who was coming to collect me; I had been sent there to wait for the two "drunks" who were actually psychology students and were obeying Ray's instructions.  
  
"It was a terrible thing for Ray to put you through but you had to learn that you mustn't say no to us."  
  
And Easter was only a week away. I still had to complete my task involving my 18 year old sister. I may write about that but it is a bit upsetting for me so it may take me a while to get myself organised to write it all down so that you can see what I did.