

Red Light Diplomacy

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Red Light Diplomacy

Copyright© 2025 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)
[Chapter 2](#)
[Chapter 3](#)
[Chapter 4](#)
[Chapter 5](#)
[Chapter 6](#)
[Chapter 7](#)
[Chapter 8](#)
[Chapter 9](#)
[Chapter 10](#)

Arriving at the Office of District Diplomacy, Amber Rayne walked up to the reception desk where a pretty purple-haired woman in her mid-twenties smiled at her approach. “Hi, Amber Rayne here to see Diplomat Hailey Baker,” the buxom brunette said, pointing to the SCTV press badge hanging around her neck.

“She’s expecting you. Take the elevator up to the fifth floor. She’s in five-fifteen.”

“Thanks. Do I need to sign in or anything?” Amber asked, eyes going to the nametag with Carlie written across its silver surface.

“Nope, you’re good to go,” Carlie replied. “Good luck.”

“Thanks.” Turning, Amber took four steps, stopped, and then looked back. “Wait, good luck with what?”

“You’re going into the Red-light District with her aren’t you?”

“That’s the plan.”

“Then you’re going to need all the luck in the universe.”

“I’ll be with a diplomat camera in hand so I don’t think I have much to worry about, but thanks.”

“Oh, honey, if that’s what you believe then you’re better off staying home.”

“Meaning?”

“You do know what goes on in there, right?”

“Of course. But like I said, I’ll be with a diplomat and even the Red-light District knows they’re off limits.”

“*They’re* off limits.”

“I’ve been assured that I’ll be afforded the same level of immunity so I’m sure I’ll be fine.”

“I love your news segments so I really hope so.”

“Thanks. Well, I better not keep Miss Baker waiting.” And with that, Amber took the elevator up to the fifth floor and then made her way to the diplomat’s office where she softly knocked on the closed door.

“Come in,” a woman called out.

Opening the door, Amber stepped into a medium-sized office with a long couch on her left, bookshelves built into the wall on the right, and a large desk behind which now stood a stunning woman with jet black hair and piercing blue eyes wearing a latex ultra-micro dress in purple and black, matching bicep-length gloves bearing the emblem of the Office of District Diplomacy, collar around her neck, and garters attached to the top of thigh-high boots. “Miss. Baker?”

“That’s me. Nice to finally meet you in person, Miss. Rayne. Please, have a seat.”

“Thank you. And please, call me Amber.”

“And you may call me Hailey. Can I get you a drink?”

“No thank you. I’d actually like to get started as soon as possible if that’s okay.”

“Of course. I have good news and bad. Which would you like first?”

“The bad I guess,” Amber said as she sat opposite the diplomat.

“After going back and forth and as high up the chain of command as possible, giving you diplomatic immunity to get into the Red-light District isn’t going to be a simple matter. The good news is it’s possible, but you’re not going to like it.”

“What do you need me to do?”

“This comes straight from the Director herself,” Hailey said, sliding a folder across the desk. “Please read it carefully. If you agree then we can continue and if not then, well, I’ll have to find another reporter to accompany me.”

Taking the folder, Amber flipped it open and began reading an NDA. Finding the terms acceptable, she signed. Going to the next page, she read a contract giving her special diplomatic status. First page was fine. Second page was fine. Third page was... “You can’t be serious!” she exclaimed, stopping halfway down.

“Unfortunately, it’s the only way Director Sommerville will give you diplomatic status.”

“Is she insane?”

“Maybe, but all female Diplomats have it done and since you actually took all the courses before dropping out, if you pass the test and get the work done you’ll be a full fledged diplomat with all the rights and privileges that entails. And as you can see in the contract you will work for us on a case by case basis while keeping your current career with SCTV.”

I can pass the test no problem. It’s the rest I have issues with.”

“It’s just a tattoo and a few piercings.”

“A few? If you thing getting my nipples, hood, outer labia, and lower back pierced is just a few I’d hate to see what you call a lot. And how do I even know what you said is true?”

“What part?”

“That all female diplomats have them.”

Without milling a beat, Hailey unzipped the right side of her dress and peeled the form-fitting garment off leaving her standing there in gloves, garters, and boots. “Now you can see for yourself.”

“Jesus Christ!” Amber gasped as her eyes darted from the tattoo of OFFICE OF DISTRICT DIPLOMACY written around O.D.D. on the diplomat’s left breast and shields covering her nipples and areolas, to the shield covering her clit and barbells going through sets of tunnels in her outer labia – the ends of which spelled out: OWNED ENVOY. “And that’s what she wants me to get?”

“If you want to work with the Office of District Diplomacy, yes. This is non-negotiable, Amber, so accept it and we can get to the test, or refuse and leave us to find someone that will.”

Eyes going back to the contract, Amber continued reading. Pausing again at a section offering \$50,000 for the inconvenience getting many body modifications might cause, she suddenly second-guessed her hesitance. Then there was the \$10,000 fee she would earn per trip into the city’s one and only district of perversion. “Make it a hundred thousand for the inconvenience of getting all that work done and twenty-thousand per trip taken into the Red-light District for diplomatic purposes good until I retire from reporting and I’ll sign.”

“I’ll have to run those numbers by Director Sommerville.”

“I’ll wait.”

“While you wait you may use this to take the written portion of the exam,” Hailey said, sliding a tablet across the desk. “Are you sure you can pass the physical portion?”

“Has it changed since I studied nine years ago?”

“Nope, it’s been the same test for nearly forty years.”

“Then I can pass it.”

Opening the top right desk drawer, Hailey reached in and pulled out a bottle which she placed in front of the news reported. “Stand and flip the seat over. Then pull your skirt up, take your panties off if you’re wearing them and sit.”

“Um, what?”

“You heard me. If you think you can pass the test you’ll sit without issue. If you’re not sitting when I get back you can forget about ever working for us.”

“You do realize your office is the one that called me, right?”

“I’m aware. I’ll be back shortly. Good luck with the test.” And with that, Hailey walked out of her office leaving the reporter to make the biggest decision of her career.

Standing, Amber grabbed the sides of the seat and gave it a tug. To her surprise it came free. Flipping it over, she saw two huge dildos sticking out of a smooth metal surface. Pulling her skirt up, she pulled her panties off. Lubing the silicone cocks, she placed the bulbous heads against her pussy and asshole and then with a groan sat down taking all ten fat inches until her ass was on the seat. Picking up the tablet, she began taking the written portion of the test she had spent years studying for even well after quitting the program when she was just eighteen years old if for no other reason than to search for loopholes into the city’s most perverse district without falling prey to its barbaric rules.

∞ ∞ ∞

Closing the door behind her, Hailey walked towards the massive mahogany desk where Director Samantha Sommerville sat. “She’ll work with us for many years to come, Ma’am, but only if we double the inconvenience and trip fee and extend the contract to retirement age.”

“Give me a few minutes to make the changes and print out a new contract.”

“Yes Ma’am.” Taking a seat, Hailey waited patiently as her boss spent several minutes working at her computer.

Making the changes, Director Sommerville printed out the new contract, placed it in a folder, and then slid it across her desk. “Make sure she understands no further changes will be made. She’ll sign this one or leave.”

“Yes Ma’am.” Folder in hand, Hailey got up, took the elevator down to the fifth floor, and then walked to her office where she saw the gorgeous news reporter sitting on the metal side of the seat with dildos buried in her pussy and asshole. “I’m impressed. You know what sitting on those monsters means, right?”

“That I can take fists in both holes at the same time before I ever arrived? Yeah, I know,” Amber answered. “So, did the Director change the contract?”

“She did. And no, I haven’t read it, but she said to make sure you understand this is it. You’ll sign or walk away, no more negotiating,” Hailey said, holding out the folder. “So, how’s the test going?”

“It’s going great,” Amber said as she took the folder. Flipping it open, she saw a new NDA which she sighed without question. Reading through the contract, everything seemed fine until once again reaching the end where she saw a \$250,000 inconvenience fee for full chastity, the Office of District Diplomacy tattoo on her left breast, 16 microdermals along her collarbones to be used to spell out any number of words and phrases, Depraved Diplomat tattooed on her right breast, and Free Use Sperm Bank on her mound. This isn’t what I asked for.”

“I told her what you wanted and that’s her counter offer. Take it or leave it, Amber, as it’s the only contract you’re ever going to get with us.”

Putting the folder on the desk, Amber leaned in, paused a moment, and then signed. “It’s done.”

Picking up another pen, Hailey added her name on the contract as witness. “Now it’s done. Pass the tests and get the work done and you’re in the diplomatic corps.”

“You mean I’m a sub-contractor with the corps?”

“You’ve taken all the courses so if you pass the tests and get the work done you’re a full-fledge diplomat, Amber. You’ll be issued several uniforms like I’m wearing which, coupled with the tattoo, will keep you protected from the insane rules governing the Red-light District.”

“That’s not what I asked for.”

“Maybe not, but it’s what you got and now your contractually obligated to work with us at least twice a month until you reach retirement age.”

“You mean until I retire?”

“Same difference.”

“No, retirement age is sixty-seven, but I can retire right now today and fulfill my end of the contract.”

“I think you might want to read the contract again.”

Taking the folder off the desk, Amber scanned through the pages. “Fuck! I said until I retire, not until I reached retirement age!”

“Actually, you said retirement age and we have the video evidence to prove it,” Hailey said, pointing to cameras in every corner of her office. “Don’t worry, you’ll only have to go in with me twice a month for the next year or so and then it’ll be far less often after that. Anyway, I’ll leave you to your test. Let me know when you’re finished and I’ll take you to get your work done.”

“Can’t wait,” Amber sarcastically replied. Turning her attention back to the tablet, she read and answered another fifty questions before placing it in the desk. “Do you get to grade it?”

“I do,” Hailey said, taking the tablet.

“Why me?”

“You mean why did I pick you over every other reporter in the city?”

“Exactly.”

“You’re gorgeous, great at your job, don’t hold back or take the easy way out even when it would be in your benefit to do so, and you have actual knowledge about how we actually function so I won’t have to spend a year teaching you how to do the job. Give me a few minutes to go over your test.”

“Take your time, Amber replied.

Correct. Correct. Correct. Haiely thought as she read the answers to the reporter’s test. Eighty questions, eighty correct answers. “Congratulations, Diplomat, you aced it!”

“Thanks. So, um, about the physical aspect of the test...”

“You’re already taking the dildos proving you can take large fists in both holes at the same time so all that’s left is the caning. Since you’ll shortly be having work done to your breasts I’ll avoid them for now. Please stand and strip naked.” Hailey said as she got up from her desk. “The goal is to reach two hundred swats, but you only need one hundred to pass. If you somehow manage to take all two-hundred you’ll be given a hefty bonus as well as the mark of the masochist.”

“Mark of the masochist? What the hell is that?”

Picking her dress up off the floor, Hailey turned her right hip to the newest member of the diplomatic corps, showing her a brand of MINDLESS MASOCHIST written around a whip.

“Only five active diplomats have it. Can you be the sixth?”

“Easily.”

“Taking two hundred swats of the cane isn’t a joke, Amber. As your trainer I won’t hold back. You will be caned hard and you’ll be covered with welts, bruises, and broken skin.