

MI6 | X DIVISION

Office of MX – Director of Operations
Whitehall, London SW1A

Welcome to the classified world of Agent XXV.
Thank you for providing your secure contact details.
Your email address will be guarded with the usual
MI6 integrity and discretion – be assured.

Enclosed you will find uncensored material that has
been only partly redacted for your reading pleasure,
along with private diary extracts previously
withheld from public release. These fragments
exist outside the official record, prepared
exclusively for those granted clearance.

⚠ Classified Notice

You are now cleared for access to two highly
sensitive diary extracts belonging to:
Xander Xavier Vale (Codename: XXV, also known as
the barefoot spy).

These entries are not merely stories – they are
classified recollections of missions where the
line between duty and desire blurred beyond
recognition. Proceed with caution. What you hold
is enough to seduce, betray, and destroy in equal
measure.

- MX

Check your inbox – each
month you will receive
an alert for 24 hour only
FREE DOWNLOAD EVENT
for "GOLDEYE" as well as
special offers for other XXV
titles. Plus more FREE XXV
diaries.

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TOP SECRET

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THE XXV CHRONICLES

A RESTRICTED DOSSIER



TheBarefootSpy.com

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MEET AGENT XXV

Codename: Xander Vale / XXV / "The Barefoot Spy"

Division: MI6 X-Division – the Boudoir

Status: Active, ungovernable, and dangerously irresistible.

Every intelligence service has its prodigy – the weapon you deploy when the rules stop working. For MI6, that operative is XXV: barefoot, open-shirted, gold-strapped jock, and bred for the kind of espionage where seduction is not a technique but a battlefield.

Born with a gift for reading desire as cleanly as a codebook, XXV works where others fail: in bedrooms, backchannels, safe houses, and shadows. He slips through high society and criminal underworlds with equal ease, using charm, wit, and the devastating confidence of a man who knows exactly what he's capable of.

Behind him lies a trail of broken schemes, broken hearts and occasionally broken furniture.

His tools are legendary – a golden pulse-gun, a dual-chip jockstrap harness, and a dossier of enemies who would rather kiss him or kill him, often in that order. His missions take him across the world: from Marrakesh to Monaco, Istanbul to Venice, the deep oceans to the darker corners of desire.

Welcome to the world of The Barefoot Spy.

Danger, lust, luxury and betrayal – all walked barefoot on the razor's edge.

THE DIARIES

Every agent leaves a trail.

XXV leaves something far more dangerous — a record of the moments no mission report would ever dare include.

These pages are taken from his private field notes: fragments of lust and peril, written in hotel rooms, safehouses, hideaways, and danger zones across the world. They are not polished. They are not sanctioned. They are simply the truth — the pulse and breath of a man walking barefoot through desire and danger in equal measure.

Read them as they were meant to be read: up close, unfiltered, and with the lights low.

Welcome to the places where missions begin, end or burn their way into memory.

AGENT XXV DIARIES

MARRAKECH STING

MINI
PLEASURE
MISSION



(Private field notes of Agent XXV —
for X Division eyes only)

NARRATOR - OVERTURE

Marrakesh wears masks: by day, a riot of spice and jasmine; by night, a maze of lantern-lit alleys where deals hide behind perfume.

Alexander Xavier Vale — Agent XXV, the Barefoot Spy — arrives not to shop, but to sting.

Samira, a Tangier dancer turned courier, carries the first thread.

Madame Rousseau of French Intelligence joins XXV to trace a micro-resin disguised as saffron, trafficked through desert caravans.

At the centre sits Karim al-Zafir — merchant by day, chemist by night — the man who turns pollen into perfume or powder for a bomb.

The road to Tameslouht looks calm, but its dust hides the Syndicate's roots.

Here, loyalty is thin and betrayal cheap. XXV must sift both before one spark in the dunes becomes a headline.

DAY ONE — MARRAKESH

Marrakesh greets you like a dare.
Heat sticks to your neck and slides
under your collar. The air mixes orange
blossom, exhaust, and trouble that feels
close. Lanterns sway above and throw
carved shadows that pull you down the
alleys.

I arrived late
afternoon in
a linen shirt,
collar open,
carrying a
small suitcase
that lies about
how I travel.
I don't travel
light and I
don't think
lightly, but
appearances
help.



The taxi dropped me at the edge of the Medina, where motorbikes squeeze through lanes too tight for a bicycle and crowds move like weather. The walls were the color of dried blood. Cats traveled the rooftops like informants.

I took a narrow side alley and kept my head down. You don't hunt for trouble in Marrakesh. You let it find you.

My riad hid behind a spice stall. The building leaned, like it was listening. Cracked plaster, a quiet courtyard, a small fountain that seemed to whisper. It was dim, private, and perfect for writing this.

I set my bag down, let the dust settle, and let the heat fold around me.

This is where it starts.

Not with the flight.

Not with the passport.

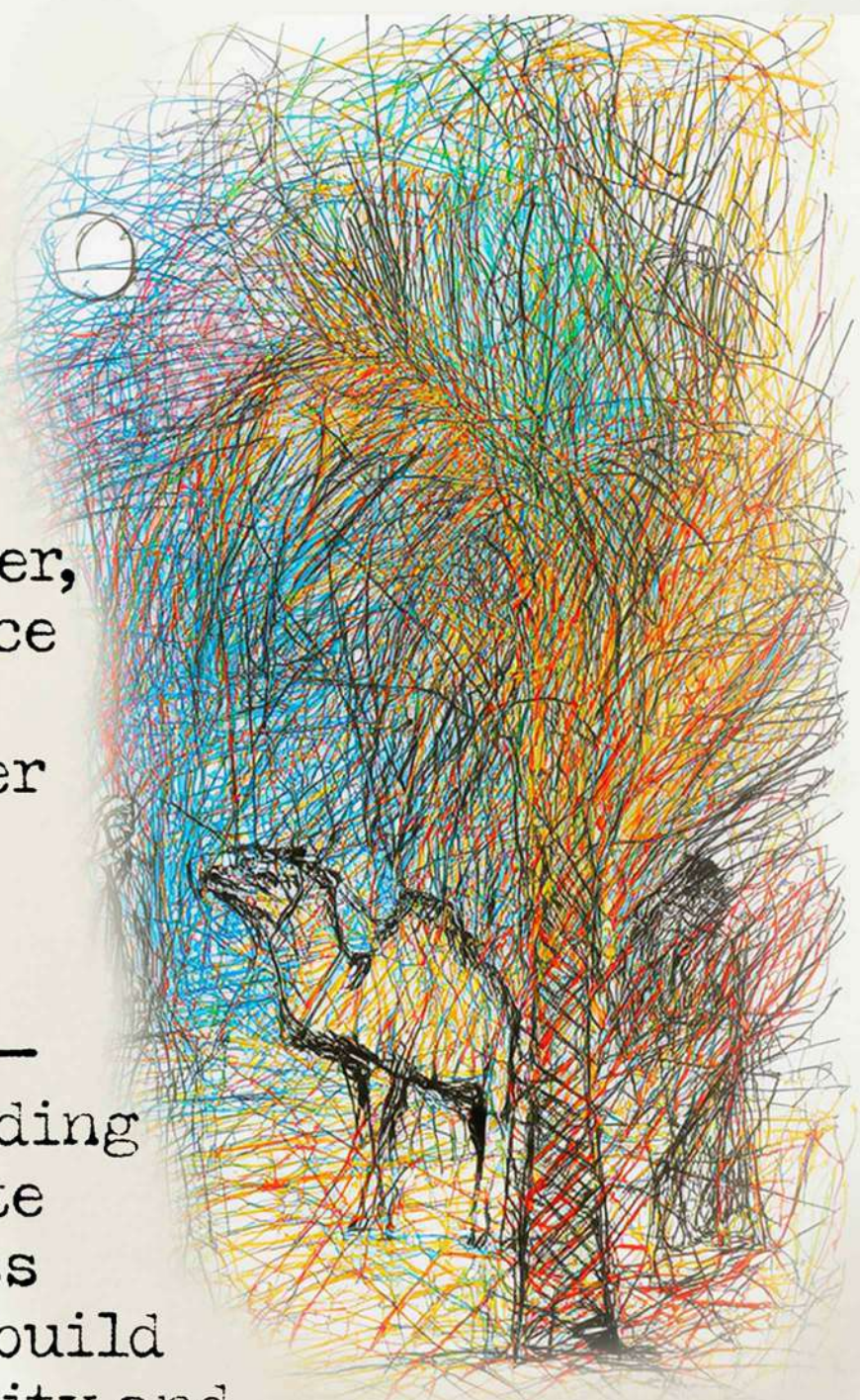
MX — my London handler, director, boss — keeps it short and sharp. In London she handed me the mission with the same calm precision she uses for everything: perfect posture, perfect plan, stare that freezes traffic.

She didn't waste breath.

"A new opioid resin," she said.

"Stronger, cheaper, hard to trace once it's mixed into saffron and other spices."

Behind it: the Spice Syndicate — rich families hiding behind legitimate exports. Faceless by design. They build power on anonymity and on women like Samira, used and discarded.



"Samira?" I quizzed

"A local belly dancer and informant on the ground. She'll find you."

"Find the shipment. Intercept it. Burn the profits," MX said.

"Quietly. Cleanly."

One last note:

"Rousseau will meet you in Marrakesh."

That was it.
It was enough.
I know
Rousseau.
Too well.
A woman and
agent
from my past.

We go back
a long time.



*Vessels like this never
remember what they once
carried - spice, resin or
the ashes of
someone's mistake*

NIGHT — THE LOUNGE

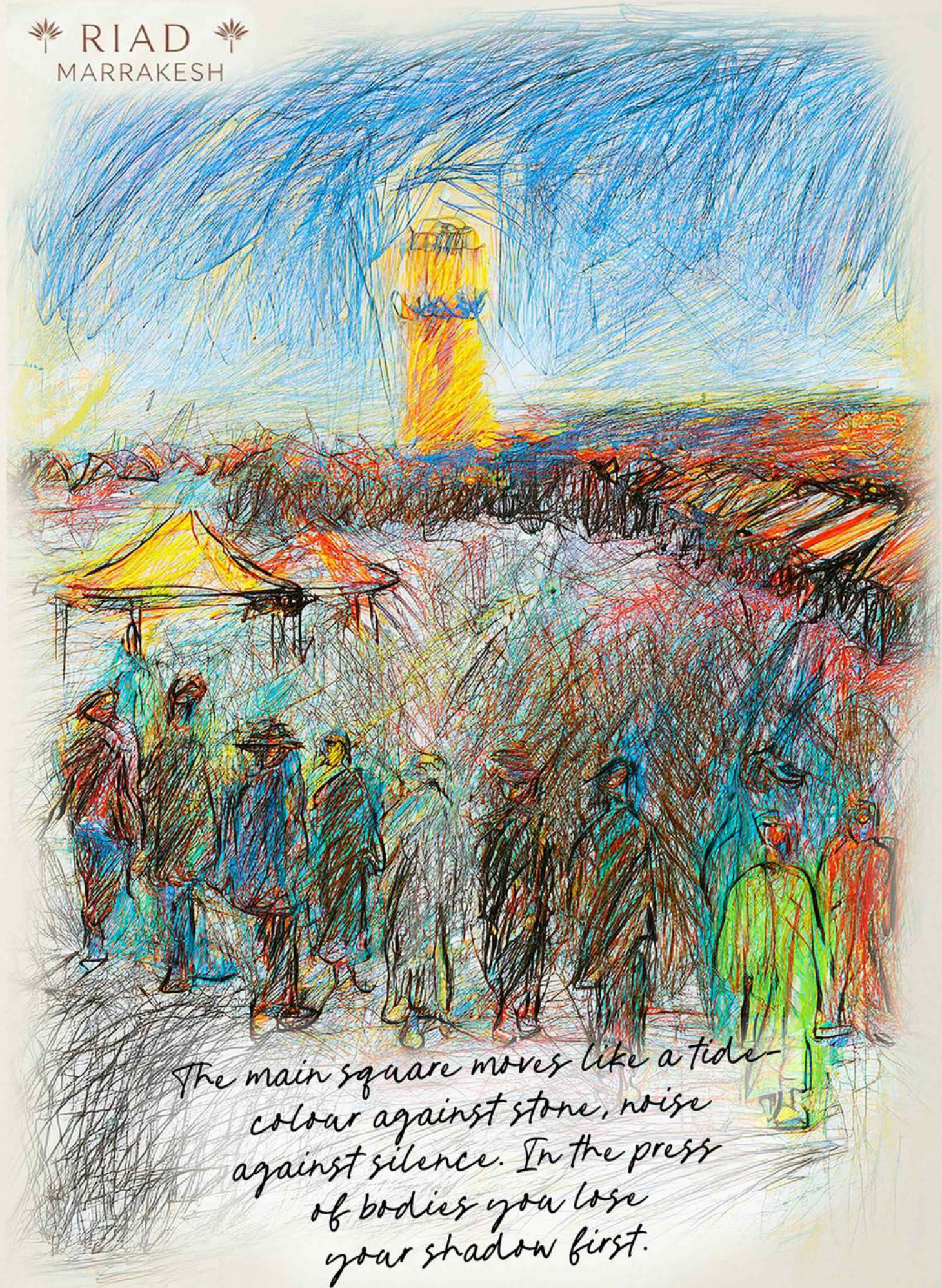
MX told me Samira wasn't loyal by oath — she was desperate. She'd fed small pieces of intel from the inside, hoping we could buy her a way out of the country before the Syndicate realized.

Her messages were short. Frightened. Her location even more so. This lounge was the only solid clue — a place where she danced to stay useful, while dangerous men watched her like property. It wasn't on a map. It wasn't meant to be found.

But MX gave me a street and a whisper. I followed both. Behind Jemaa el-Fnaa, down a dark alley, I found it. Cardamom smoke and candle wax in the air. Lanterns above velvet curtains casting gold over the floor. Drums rolling low.

Then she stepped onto the crescent-moon stage. Samira, a belly dancer, moved like someone who had bargained with fate and barely won.

Beads hugged her hips and threw sparks of gold in the light.



The main square moves like a tide—
colour against stone, noise
against silence. In the press
of bodies you lose
your shadow first.

Her eyes — sharp amber —
made you question what you
thought you knew. She danced for the room.
For the men who paid. For survival.

But when her eyes met mine, the dance
changed — just a fraction, but enough to
hit me.

Her steps slowed a little.

Her spine arched a little more.

Her wrist traced a small curve — a sign
meant for me. The bells at her ankles
struck their own rhythm — a private
language inside the music. The room saw
beauty. I saw strategy.

Her veil slid a little too slowly, skimming
her lips. The air smelled like warm skin
and jasmine. Her hips drew a line through
the light like she was writing straight
across my chest.

I felt it. All of it.

The professional in me said: watch yourself.
The man in me leaned forward.

Samira wasn't only dancing. She was
sending a message with every turn

She met my eyes again. The pull got stronger. Not just seduction — it was urgency wrapped in grace. Fire with nowhere else to go.

I should have looked away. I didn't. I tracked every move: the roll of her shoulders, the ripple at her waist, the way her fingers brushed her throat — not flirtation. A warning. A confession.

Smoke, mirrors and poison

She spun once, slow enough for her hem to sigh across the floor. When she stopped she found me again and the rest of the room fell away — noise, smoke, hungry stares — all gone for a heartbeat.

Just her and me.

A dancer with too many secrets.



A spy who'd already given up
more than intended.

The drum sped up. Her bells followed.
The tension rose.

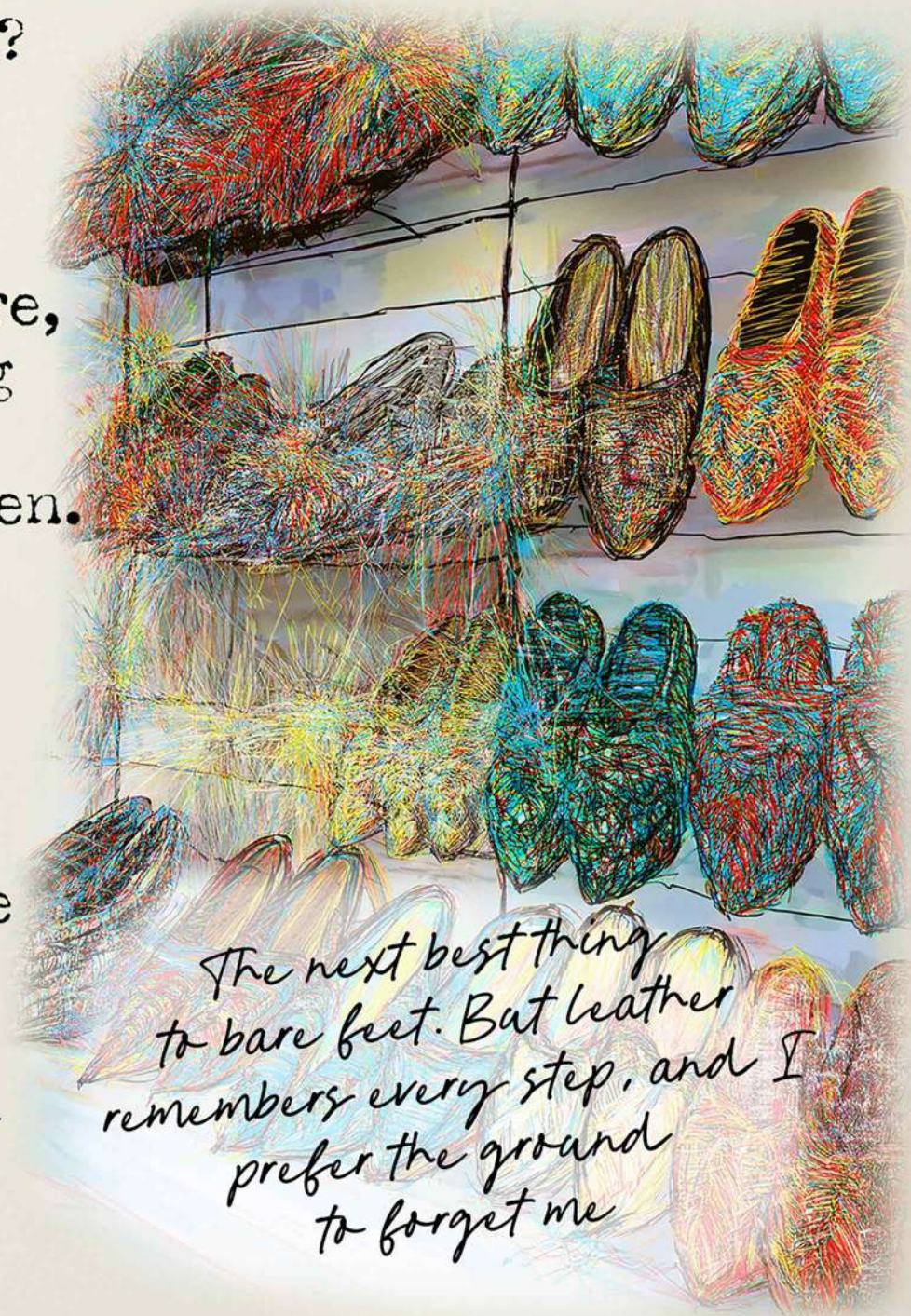
She wasn't seducing me. She was testing me.

Would I step into her world?

Could I carry what she was about to hand me?
Was I a man who saved women like her —
or walked away?

I felt myself
falling. Not
just from desire,
but from losing
control and
letting it happen.

The final note
hit. She froze,
eyes locked on
mine, chest
rising from the
dance. She
didn't smile.
She didn't need
to. Her look
said enough.



*The next best thing
to bare feet. But leather
remembers every step, and I
prefer the ground
to forget me*

After her set, she drifted to my table, veil brushing my wrist. Her breath held smoke and citrus.

"You're late," she said.

"For what?"

"For danger," she said softly.

"And for me."

She set her glass on a napkin and folded it once toward me. Small move, meant for me.

"Your 'saffron' shipment leaves at dawn," she whispered.

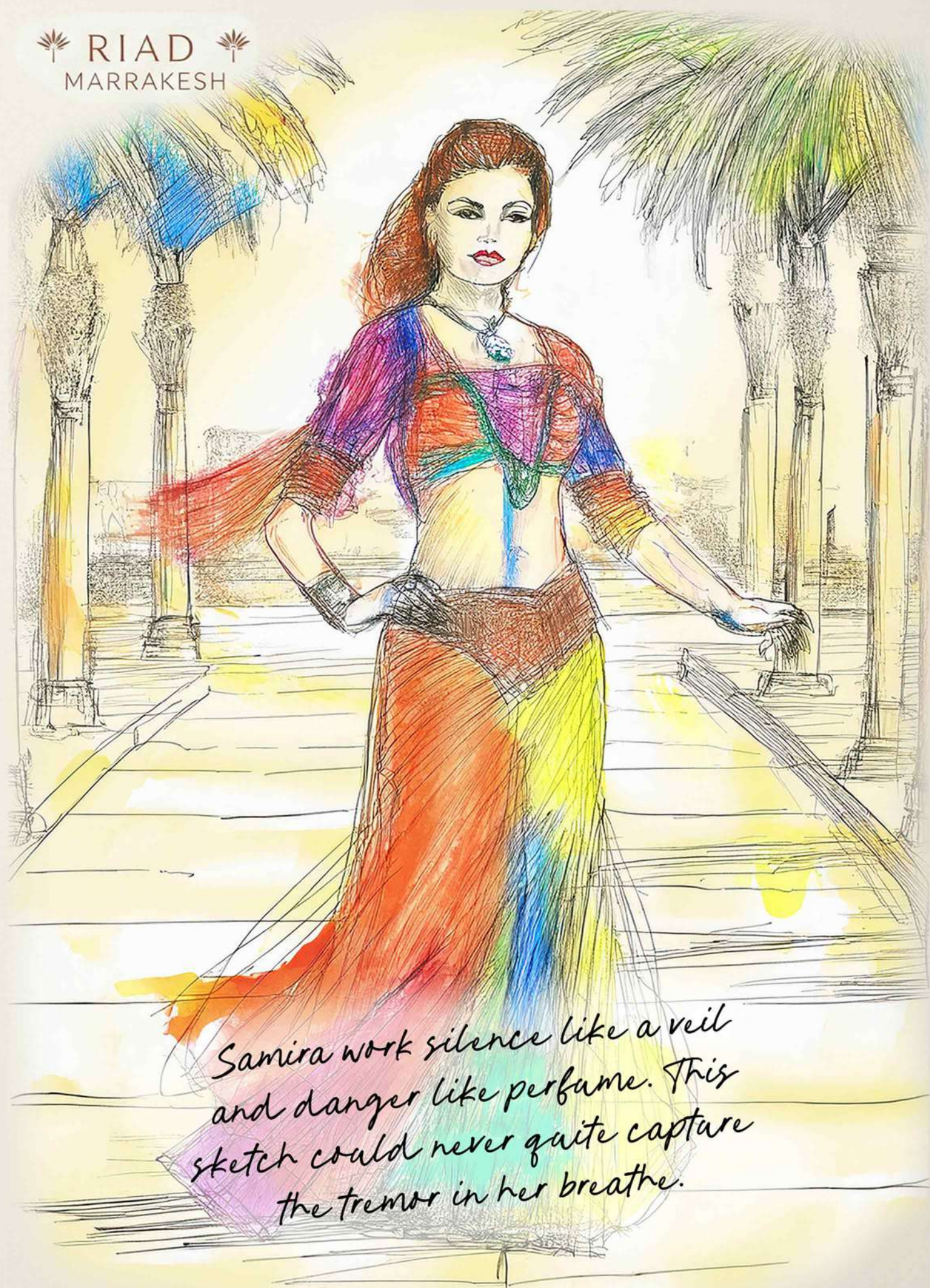
Her eyes dropped to the napkin.

"I wrote where it leaves from," she said.

"It's resin. Bad resin. Follow the route and you'll reach the men behind it."

I looked at the fold. "How do I find you again?"

"You won't," she said, rising. "It's safer that way. But if you follow that trail into the desert, it'll lead you back to me."



Samira work silence like a veil
and danger like perfume. This
sketch could never quite capture
the tremor in her breathe.

Her fingers brushed mine — feather-light, but the touch shot up my arm like a message for nerves, not logic. Samira carried a room without trying — danger, beauty, and something hurt under the surface. A woman used as currency who refused to be counted. She was a warning in silk.

And still, something in me leaned toward her. Too fast, too deep. Her presence hooked into memory after only a few lines of talk — the set of her shoulders, the steady eyes, the way she spoke straight and sideways at once.

That was a problem.

Because Rousseau would land tomorrow. But that's for another day. Right now — Samira. She turned something lower and warmer I hadn't felt in a while.

Two pulls. Two versions of me.

One man in a café trying not to show the crack.

✧ RIAD ✧ Her fingers
MARRAKESH left mine,
but the heat stayed.

"Follow the trail,"
she said.

"Everything else
will follow you."

Then she was gone,
leaving jasmine
and dust — and the
truth that I was
already more drawn
to her than I should
be.

I stayed a moment,
hand warm from her
touch, feeling the
conflict bite: Rousseau, the French spy—
the danger I knew.

Samira — the fire I didn't.

I slipped out the back once the room forgot
me. The night felt heavier. Something had
shifted. Information always has a price. I'd
just taken something from a woman the
Syndicate claimed.

I hoped she knew that. I feared she did.



*Every alley is
a dead end,
until it isn't.*

DAY TWO – THE MEDINA

Mornings here hit hard – heat and color all at once. Spice sellers opened their stalls, shook tarps, and shouted prices before the jars were uncovered. Cardamom, cumin, cinnamon, sweat, and smoke mixed so thick you could taste it.

I followed Samira's hint. Not real saffron – too bright, too crushed, too neat. Someone wanted this path found. So I followed it. Someone stepped into my way.

"Took you long enough," she said.

Rousseau.

Hair in a loose knot. Sunglasses low enough to show the smirk she swore wasn't on purpose. Crisp linen shirt, rolled trousers – effortless, like she'd walked out of a magazine and into the heat.

"How'd you find me?" I asked.

"You leave a trail," she said.

"Charming, if one has time."



Roussseau never wore colours,
she commanded them. I drew
her quickly before she turned
the page on me.

Her voice was light, but she checked the alley behind me like she hadn't flown here for souvenirs.

We go back years — Paris rooftops, Lisbon docks, a too-small bed in Dubrovnik we managed to break. Missions, bottles, arguments, and more nights than either of us admits. Some tactical. Some lonely. Some inevitable.

She's DGSE Paris, loaned to MI6 when borders blur or you need someone who can lie with a smile and shoot without blinking. MX calls her "the French solution" — she arrives beautifully, fixes the mess, and leaves before complaints begin.

We're not a couple. Never were. But the pull is real. Dangerous.

"I'm here because your mission crossed into our backyard," she said. "And because MX thinks you'll get yourself killed without someone to point you straight."

"Did she now?"

"She may have used stronger words."

She stepped closer, shoulder brushing mine — not flirting, just muscle memory born from shared beds and danger. Whatever we are — former lovers, allies, bad ideas that keep returning — we had unfinished business. And now she was part of this.

"Samira?" she asked.

"She gave me the lead to the syndicate in the mountains."

"I'm sure that's all she gave you."

We cut through lantern stalls into a local café — shaded, quiet, rugs faded by the sun. Old men played cards. Hookah smoke curled above us, sweet with apple and mint.

Rousseau chose a table and brushed dust off the bench. I ordered mint tea. The steam caught the light on her face — the curve of her mouth, the line of her jaw, the small Lisbon scar she pretends doesn't exist. One look brought a lot back at once.

She noticed. She always does.

"Memory lane?" she asked.

"Something like that."

"We are not good for memory," she said, lifting her cup.

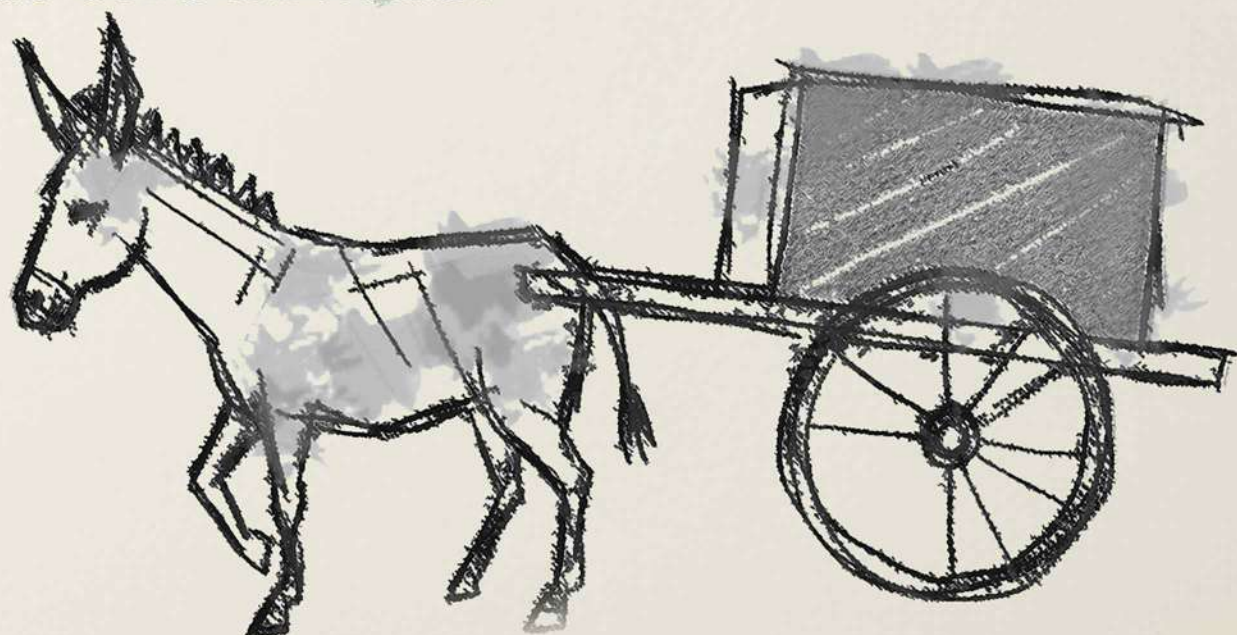
"We are good for moments."
Not wrong.

She settles into places the way she settles into a head — like she's been there and has the right to return. Watching her in the smoke and quiet, I felt that pull again. Not just heat — instinct. Breath. Trouble.

"You're thinking of Tangier," she said softly.

"Maybe."

She smiled into her tea. It hit low in my chest. We didn't touch yet, but the air warmed between us with old and new at the same time. The smoke blurred time: old felt recent, recent felt excusable.



Get's there slower than betrayal

Rousseau set her cup down.
"Careful," she said. "Morocco makes old habits look tempting."

"And you don't help."

She didn't deny it.

A call to prayer rolled over the roofs. She stood, tying her hair back.

"Come," she said. "The trail won't follow itself."

We stepped into the heat. Mint and smoke lingered like unfinished business. There it was — jealousy, held back by history. Elegant, not petty. The French way. We pushed deeper into the Medina. The aisles narrowed until we had to walk single file. Rousseau moved behind me, her hand brushing my back every few steps — not affection. Warning. Grounding.

The air thickened. Dust rose in little clouds. Scents fought for space.

Voices changed — less chatter, more murmurs. Eyes watched us a little too long.

"We're being funneled,"
Rousseau said.

She was right. The crowd guided us
without touching us — the Syndicate's
way of herding prey.

A boy selling almonds paused. A woman
folding scarves watched Rousseau's hand
on my arm. Three men at a spice stall
turned their backs too fast.

Then the noise
thinned —
that quiet
before a
strike.
I felt it
first: a
shift in
the air.
Then he l
unged.

A man
burst from
behind
woven
baskets,
knife
flashing
in the sun.

*Spice pyramids rise like
watchtowers. In the haze of
cumin and saffron, even
betrayal smells sweet.*



His face was set, eyes empty.

Rousseau inhaled — a small field-agent curse for being half a second late.

I wasn't.

Training. Instinct. Need to live — and keep her alive.

The PulseGun whispered — a sound you feel in your teeth. One squeeze. A cold blue flick snapped around him like liquid metal.

The PulseGun doesn't fire bullets. It sends a targeted electrical surge — locks muscles, steals balance, interrupts thought. When it wraps the spine, the body can't decide whether to stand, breathe, or fall.

His muscles seized. The knife spun out of his hand. He toppled, frozen, eyes wide.

The stall held its breath. No screams. Everyone understood.

Rousseau moved up beside me.
"They're not testing us," she said.

"They're hunting us."

Ahead, an alley waited — darker, quieter, suddenly empty. An escape.

RIAD - THAT NIGHT

She patched the cut on my shoulder. Her hands were steady; her breathing gave her away. The lamplight softened her face. She smelled like citrus and gun oil — a mix burned into my memory from bad nights and a few good ones.

The sting hit my skin; I didn't flinch. She noticed anyway.

"You're quieter than usual," she said.

"Long day."

"Longer night, perhaps."

The dry French blade, disguised as flirtation. She finished the bandage and finally met my eyes. The room shrank — not literally, but the way it does when two people breathe a little deeper at the same time.

"You look different," she said.

"How?"

"Your eyes. You are elsewhere."

She wasn't wrong. Samira's warning was still humming. Rousseau didn't need to hear that. She'd read it as competition.

✧ RIAD ✧ We already had enough
MARRAKESH history.

So I said nothing. She stepped closer.

"Morocco suits you," she said.

"You always liked me sunburnt."

She smiled for real — the smile that shows up in private rooms, not on missions.

"It warms the edges," she said. "Makes you softer."

"I'm not soft."

"I know. That is why I check."

She touched my face like she was re-learning it. Her thumb traced my jaw, then the corner of my mouth — a touch that said she'd been waiting for this.

"Paris feels far away," she whispered.

"It always does."

"And you " Her fingers slid to the bandage. "You feel close again."

The tension grew — slow, familiar, dangerous. She leaned in, forehead to mine, breath warm.

"You disappear," she said.

"Then I find you again. Wrong country. Wrong trouble. Wrong timing."

"Timing was never our strength."

"No," she said, brushing her nose to mine.

"But chemistry was."

Her hand trailed to my wrist, finding my pulse. It sped up. She heard it.

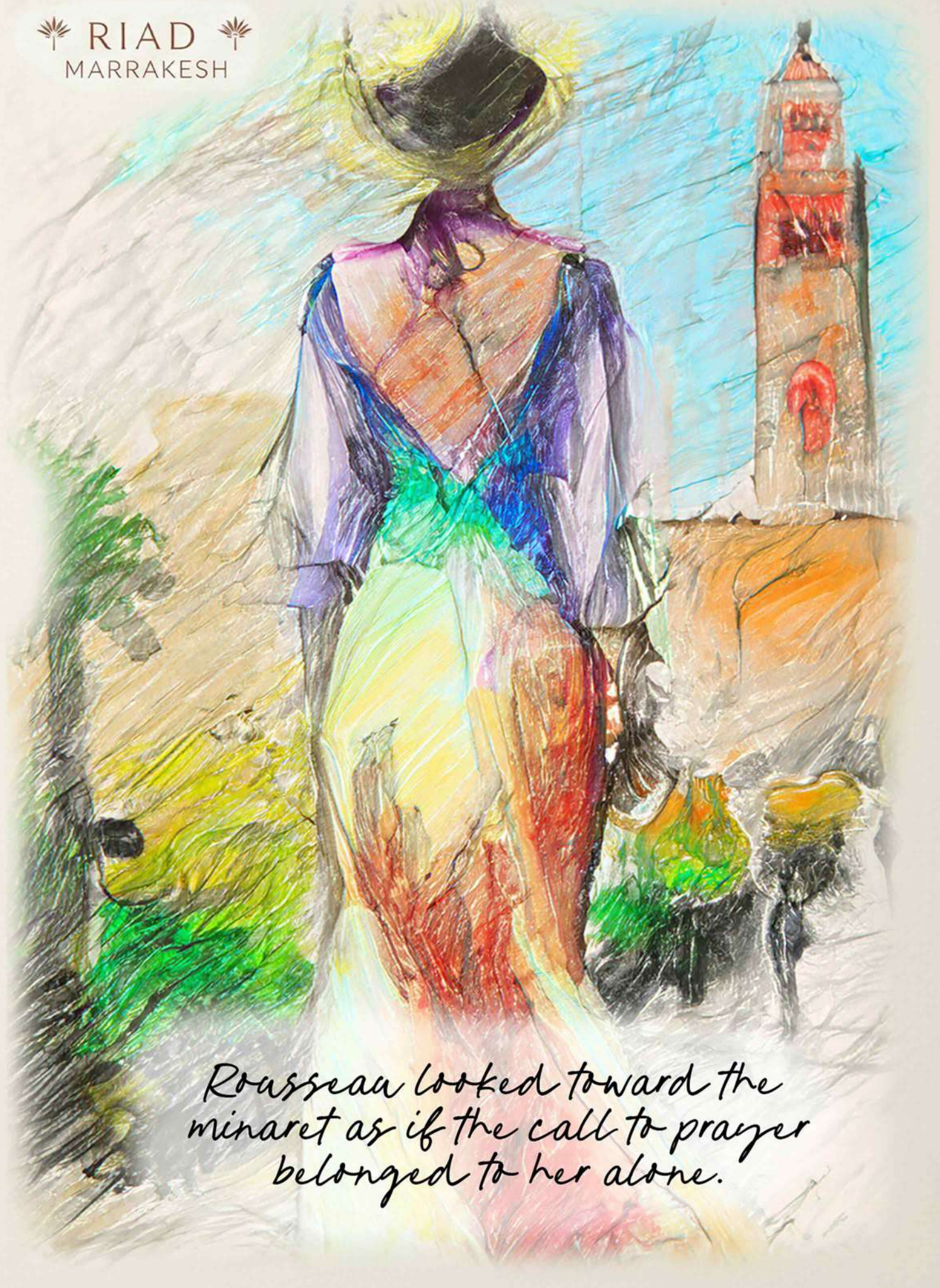
"And now?" I asked.

"Now," she whispered, lips brushing mine, "you look at me like Paris never ended."

Rooftops. Rain. A night we never named. It all came back. She stepped back half a pace, heating the space without lighting it.

"Do not rush," she said. "We start again. Slowly. Like grown-ups or close enough."

She sat on the bed and patted the spot beside her. Not seduction. Reconnection. Which is more dangerous. We talked in circles — old missions, old mistakes, Lisbon she pretends to forget, Dubrovnik where the bed broke and we blamed the Russians. Her laugh softened the room.



*Rousseau looked toward the
minaret as if the call to prayer
belonged to her alone.*

✧ RIAD ✧
MARRAKESH "You disappear," she said.
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stayed. Warm. Familiar.
I realized I'd missed her.
Not the agent. Not the body.

Her.

She leaned her head on my shoulder and exhaled, deciding something.

"Xander we don't have to pretend tonight," she said.

My hand found the small of her back. Her breath caught. She moved closer, fingers curling in my shirt.

And the room changed temperature. Heat gathers quickly, a fire that starts in my palms and spreads through my veins.

Every beat of my pulse is a drumroll, an anticipation. Just as the edge of control begins to fray, she leans her forehead against mine, her breath a warm caress.

"Intelligence first," she whispers, though the tremor in her voice betrays the lie. "Then indulgence."

I look into her eyes, two dark pools reflecting a shared history of lies and loneliness. "Who says we can't draft both at once?"

We do.

The intelligence is a silent debate on her skin—the raised scars of an old mission, the subtle tension in her shoulders. The indulgence is the fevered rush of a bargain struck in sighs and desperate kisses. Her robe slips, silk abandoning duty, baring skin.

I'd sworn to memory years ago. Her breast brushes my chest, hard with memory and heat.

Her chest slams into mine — bare skin against my open shirt, heat licking through the gap. Nipples hard, dragging like sparks across me. A hiss of breath escapes her, half hunger, half triumph. The kiss breaks, but the momentum keeps going. She drives me backward. Step. Step. My bare feet scrape tile. Shoulder hits plaster, then the carved edge of the low divan. No more ground to give.

I let gravity take me. A slow drop, half-yield, half-collapse, cushions swallowing the fall. She comes with me, not missing a beat — thighs parting, sliding over, clamping my hips. The straddle is absolute, like she owns the angle of descent.

Weight presses down, but it's more than weight — it's her command. Her scent floods the space, spice and sweat and something sharper. Her breath scatters over my jaw, uneven, urgent.

My hands grip her waist, tighter than balance demands. Her skin slick, alive. She rolls her hips once, testing. Then again, harder — the grind setting a rhythm that belongs to her.

Every pass is message and demand. Her body over mine, her breath catching with each shift. A negotiation written in skin, a surrender disguised as control. Her hips grind like a fever against my throbbing heat. Her robe tangles around us like evidence we never mean to hide.

Every motion draws out a gasp, a curse, a promise broken before it's spoken. She nibbles my lower lip, licks it clean like sealing a contract. Her mouth lingers lower, tongue tracing circles, tasting me with a devotion that feels written in salt and breath. She frees me gently from the gold-threaded silk of my jock,

her touch reverent,
her lips enveloping me in warmth. Each movement is slow, unhurried, carrying a kind of worship that binds me to her. My hands knot in her hair, hips drawn forward almost against my will, her rhythm coaxing the pressure higher until I can no longer contain it. A raw gasp escapes me as release surges through, and she receives it fully, sealing the moment in trust and closeness.

I shudder, undone,
my body trembling
with the aftermath,
her quiet devotion
grounding me as
the storm passes.

Not a few minutes
later, I breathe,
and roll her under
me. Slow, deliberate.

Her body shifts
beneath mine, the
drag of my chest
on hers, the weight



pinning wrists above her head. My fingers lock around them. She tests once, thighs clamping, hips pushing back — not escape, challenge.

Her hiss cuts through the dark. Not fury, not surrender — hunger sharpened until it wounds.

The second round is slower, rougher. No rush, just dismantling. My mouth traces her throat, her collarbone, tongue down the groove until she jerks, curses in the language she only uses in bed. Her nails drag my shoulders, sharp enough to burn. Her breath tears against my ear, half-formed words collapsing into heat.

I bite her pulse point until it races. She arches, spine taut, body a bowstring begging for release. The shutter rattles in the wind, trying to set pace. We move past it, deeper, harder, our rhythm all our own. Time stumbles. We don't.

Sweat slicks us, chest sliding on chest, breasts pressed hot and tight against me.

RIAD MARRAKESH The sheet twists beneath,
soaked, humiliated, surrender-
ing. The room reeks of stew, dust, sex.
Survival's perfume.

I drive into her, pinning her eyes with
mine. She doesn't blink. Neither do I.
Smaller wars than this have broken
empires.

She breaks first. Spine bows, thighs
crush, cry muffled into my shoulder. Her
body grips me, wringing me dry.

I follow, not because I give up, but
because she drags it out of me stroke by
stroke, demanding, claiming.

Release hits like a collapse, silence
landing heavy, gentle, verdict written in
sweat.

Now silence isn't empty — it hums with
steam, breath, heartbeat.

The window fogs. Her arm falls across
me like a flag planted. Thigh still over
mine, her secret fold of warmth twitching
against my hip, wet and claiming.

But she doesn't roll away. She sprawls
across me, cheek to chest, hair damp,
skin slick, pulse slowly settling.

My chest rises under her; she rides the rhythm as if she owns even my breath.

I trace her back with open palm, mapping every ridge her body has left on mine. She hums once, eyes closed, shifting closer, as if to remind me the night isn't finished even if our bodies are.

Her mouth brushes my collarbone, lazy, damp. She licks the salt she left there, sealing me.

The fan spins above us, slow, indifferent. The blades carve the silence into absolute. We ignore it. Sin tastes better. I keep breathing. She keeps pressing closer. Sleep threatens, but desire lingers, a dull throb in the hips, a restless ache in the bones.

I close my eyes at last, not obeying, just empty enough to let her weight carry me down. Her warmth still pins me, arm still across, thigh still clamped. Even in sleep she doesn't release me.

The room glows faint, streetlight catching the fogged glass. It pretends to be moonlight, but it's ours — trapped heat, trapped sweat, trapped breath.

I sleep marked.
And she sleeps victorious.

Even in sleep we stay joined at the hip, heat welded close. Her thigh presses heavy across me, damp, trembling now and then with the ghost of what we did. Her arm sprawls over my chest, a claim written not in ink but in weight. Every exhale of hers warms the skin above my heart and every inhale steals from mine.



*Years truly undercover.
I look less like a pilgrim
more like a tourist who
lost his sandals on a bet.*

The room is thick with us. Dust and cumin from the inn's kitchen, the musk of sweat ground deep into the mattress. A perfume no perfumer could bottle, too raw to sell.

When silence finally comes, it isn't silence at all — it's aftermath. Her nails are still carved into my back, my thighs tremble with exhaustion disguised as triumph, her chest heaves against mine like a metronome set too fast.

DAY THREE. ATLAS MOUNTAINS

RIAD
MARRAKESH

By afternoon, the city's pace felt heavier, like it knew we were leaving.

Rousseau and I moved in step. Something from last night stayed between us — not awkward, not regret. A current. A warmth. You don't have to name it to feel it. We traced the crates to a truck on the edge of the Medina — old, red, and loaded with too much "saffron" and fear. The smell gave it away — bitter, chemical.

"Processing compound," Rousseau said.

"Mountains. Resin. Guards. The works."

"And Samira?"

"If she's alive," she said quietly, "they'll keep her close."

The Syndicate doesn't lose assets. It consumes them. She knew what I was thinking. She always does.

We took a rusty jeep from a mechanic who didn't need the headache. The engine coughed awake. We followed the dust trail north.

The city fell away — rugs, spices, noise — and the Atlas rose ahead like an old spine.

✧ RIAD ✧
MARRAKESH
Hours passed.

The road narrowed. Light sharpened. Air thinned.

Rousseau shifted beside me, arms crossed in thought, not cold. The afterglow of last night showed in small ways — the way her shoulder brushed mine, the comfort in the silence. She didn't show off. She didn't hide. Classic Rousseau.

"You cared for her," she said finally, eyes on the mountains.

"She helped us."

"She helped you."

Not accusation. Observation. It hung in the air like incense.

Dust blew into the jeep. Her perfume cut through it. It brought back her breath on my skin and her laugh in the dark. It tightened something low.

I didn't answer. Silence tells the truth. Rousseau let out a small breath.

"We don't choose who pulls us," she said. "Only what we do about it."

I glanced at her. Calm profile, fingers



*The Atlas rises like a wall. Colours
fold into stone, stone into silence.*

*In places like this, it's not men who
watch you - it's the earth.*

✧ RIAD ✧ tapping once on the door —
MARRAKESH her sign for nerves. Or jealousy,
though she'd never say it.

"I'm not threatened," she said before I could respond.

"But I'm not blind."

Hands on the wheel, eyes forward.

"Samira isn't a choice," I said.

"She's a complication."

"A beautiful one," she added.

Neither of us argued.

Ahead, the dust trail shimmered — a thin line leading us deeper.

"Just be careful," she said. "We both know what happens to men who fall for the Syndicate's nightingales."

I said nothing. That told her enough.

She nodded once. "Then we get her before you decide something foolish."

Her hand brushed mine on the gearstick — brief, warm, steady. We drove on.

DAY THREE — THE DESERT COMPOUND



The landscape changed — flatter, drier, harsher. Goats scattered across the road as the truck ahead kicked up a plume of dust.

"They're processing it out there," Rousseau said.

"The resin. They'll turn it into something ten times stronger, then ship it to Europe."

I nodded. "Samira knew the route."

"She knew more than the route."

Rousseau's voice softened. "She trusted you."

"And?"

"And," she said, folding her arms, "that bothers me more than it should."

Her honesty hit harder than her jealousy. Because she wasn't wrong.

Samira's fear had felt personal.

Samira's touch had been a message.

Samira's kiss—Well. That needed no interpretation.

Rousseau inhaled sharply, as if reading

✧ RIAD ✧ my mind.

MARRAKESH

"You're thinking of her," she said.

"I'm thinking about the mission."

"You're thinking of her," she repeated.
This time, she wasn't wrong.

The truck finally veered off onto a dirt path leading toward a set of rocky outcrops. Buildings began to take shape — low, square structures of stone and rusted metal. A compound. A processing plant. A place where people like Samira died if their usefulness ran out.

Rousseau leaned forward. "If she's alive, she's in there. They keep their assets close to the product."

The word assets landed heavy. Rousseau saw the shift in my jaw but didn't mention it.

"Don't lose your head," she murmured.
"Not for her."

"She helped us."

"She helped you," she corrected gently.

And again — silence. Because she wasn't

wrong. And I hated that she
wasn't wrong.

We parked far enough away to avoid
detection and watched the compound from
a ridge.

Rousseau's hand brushed my arm — not
seduction, not strategy, just a quiet hold.

"Be careful, Xander," she said. "I only
pretend I don't care."

The honesty cracked something inside me.
But the mission didn't allow cracks.
Not yet.

The compound came into view as the sun
dipped lower, bleeding red across the
rocks. Stone walls. Rusted gates.

Two guards pacing like they were count-
ing down minutes until something went
wrong. It smelled like chemicals long
before we reached it. Chemicals and fear.

Rousseau and I circled wide and slipped
in through a gap near the old water tanks.
Inside, machines hummed — low, steady,
mechanical breaths. The kind you hear in
illegal labs where men pretend danger
isn't coming.

We moved silently along a metal walkway, watching workers scrape resin from vats and pack it into crates stamped with SAFFRON EXPORT.

"Classic," Rousseau whispered. "Hide the poison under something that smells like breakfast."

But my attention was already on the metal case in the center of the room. It held the operation's records — routes, payments, names — everything Samira had risked her life for.

A guard stepped toward it.

I stepped toward him.

My PulseGun whispered — a cold, blue ripple that snapped around the man like liquid ice.

He convulsed once. Dropped. Knife clattering to the floor.

"What did I say," Rousseau murmured, "about needing supervision?"

Before I could reply—

A scream cut through the room. Not fear.

Pain.

Samira.

We broke into a run. Down a corridor. Past metal doors. Past the smell of resin and sweat.

We found her pinned against a wall, a knife pressed to her ribs by a guard with dead eyes and steady hands.

Samira fought him, but he outweighed her. Her eyes met mine — desperate, furious, hopeful.

Rousseau hissed, "Xander—!"

I fired first. The PulseGun's charge wrapped around the guard's spine. He seized. Collapsed. Samira slid down the wall, shaking but alive.

Rousseau moved to her instantly, steadying her with a gentleness she rarely let anyone see.

"You could have died," she said.

Samira coughed, breath trembling. "Not before I finished what I started."

Her hand reached out blindly — landing on my wrist.
A soft touch. Not romantic. Not calculated. Human. And that's why it hurt.

Rousseau saw the touch. She didn't flinch. She didn't glare. She didn't speak. She simply shifted her weight — elegant, quiet, controlled — in that subtle way she has when she's pretending nothing bothers her.

A triangle doesn't have to be spoken to be felt. It simply exists.

Samira's breathing slowed. Her shaking eased. She ran a hand through her hair and looked at both of us.

"They know I gave the message," she said. "They know someone came for the crates. They'll burn this place or burn me."

Her voice cracked slightly. Not fear of dying — fear of being dragged back into the Syndicate.

"They won't touch you again," I said.

"Yes," Rousseau added firmly. "But first we finish this."

Samira closed her eyes.

"The resin. Burn it. All of it."

She wasn't asking. She was begging.

We guided her outside. The air was colder now, the sky shifting into deep purple. Samira leaned on me for balance, her breath warm against my neck. Rousseau watched that closeness. Watched it carefully. And quietly hurt, I'm sure.

But she hid it well. She always hides it well.

We reached the resin crates stacked behind the compound. Thousands of dollars' worth of poison. Enough to destroy countless families.

"Matches?" Rousseau asked.

I held up the lighter. Samira gave a single nod. Her voice was steady. Her eyes were not.

We dragged the resin crates into the open desert air, stacking them high beside a half-collapsed wall. The sun had vanished. The sky was a deep violet bruise. The wind shifted — hot, restless, impatient. The perfect backdrop to end

something poisonous. I
✧ RIAD ✧
MARRAKESH handed Samira the lighter.
She stared at it for a moment, thumb poised over the wheel. Her breath hitched.

"This," she whispered, "is everything they controlled. Everything they used. Everything they kept me alive for."

Rousseau stepped closer, voice calm but firm.

"Then take it back."

Samira flicked the lighter. A flame sparked. Small at first. Then she touched it to the corner of the nearest crate. The fire didn't creep. It erupted.

A roar of orange and gold climbed into the night like a beast breaking free. Heat surged forward, forcing us to step back. Crates cracked. Resin sizzled. Flames ate their way through the Syndicate's fortune faster than any bullet ever could.

Samira watched with her whole body. Her mouth trembled. Her eyes glowed with something halfway between grief and relief.

"You've taken everything from them," she said softly.

"Enough," Rousseau replied — the tone of someone who'd seen too many endings and still believed in clean starts.

Samira turned away from the fire, the glow catching in her eyes. Then she reached for my hand. A single, soft touch. A goodbye touch. The kind that isn't meant to be held onto.

"Thank you," she whispered.

I opened my mouth to answer, but she was already stepping back. Already wrapping her shawl tighter. Already pulling herself away from the heat, from the danger, from me.

"Where will you go?" I asked.

"Away," she said. "To someone I used to be. Or someone I haven't met yet."

She hesitated once — just once — as though something inside her wanted to take a step forward instead of back. Then she shook her head gently and slipped into the desert darkness. She didn't look back.

She couldn't. Some women survive by walking away before they're pulled under.

The fire cracked behind us, sending sparks into the sky like tiny warnings.

Rousseau stood at my side. Not touching. Not speaking. Just close enough for me to feel her there.

"She'll haunt you," she said quietly.

"She might."

"And me?"

I turned. Her eyes were softer now, stripped of all the elegant shields she hid behind. There was no jealousy left in them — only truth.

She stepped closer, close enough for her breath to warm my cheek.

"Xander don't make the mistake of thinking you only get one chance at connection."

✧ RIAD ✧
MARRAKESH

The words landed heavier than the burning crates. She reached up, brushed a bit of soot from my jaw with her thumb.

"Tonight," she murmured, "you're alive. I'm alive. And the world hasn't claimed us yet."

Her fingers slid down to my collarbone. "Let's not waste it."

I didn't answer with words. I answered by closing the distance. Heat rose again between us — slower this time, steadier, deeper, pulled forward by years of unresolved tension.

The fire behind us roared, but Rousseau's touch was hotter. She moved with the confidence of someone who had waited for this moment across continents.

Her lips found mine — hungry, familiar, claiming. Her hands slid to my waist, gripping as though she remembered every other time our bodies had collided in rooms that didn't belong to us.

Memories curled around us like smoke. She whispered against my mouth:

"Don't think. Feel." And I did.



The fountain sings of lovers who
never met. The arches and their
shadows, waiting. In the cool
space I almost believed absence
could be gentle.

DAY FOUR — NEXT MORNING

I woke to silence. Sheets cooling. Her warmth gone. Her scent clinging like smoke after the fire. The chair by the door was empty. Bag, shawl, cigarettes — gone. Only the shape on the mattress proved she'd been there.

On the table: a folded piece of hotel stationery. Her quick, sharp hand:

Until the next time.

— R.

No signature. No softness. One clean cut. The city moves. The room holds her. The note waited under the tray, her scent in the fold like she wanted to outlast herself. I read it again though I didn't need to. Paper takes fingerprints and promises and returns neither.

The sheets keep her. Twisted, sunken, with laughter. The pillows hold her mouth. My chest burns where she bit me. My thighs ache from how she wrung me out. The shutters push in orange blossom that can't cover her musk. The air wears her like a veil.

I move; it moves. I stop; it settles. Private weather. It catches on the bite at my shoulder, the scrape at my ribs, the ache at my hips. Afterglow remembers.

I sit naked on the tiles, back to cool plaster. The gold-lined jock hums faintly at my waist, reminding me of service. My body laughs at the idea. It believes only in her shape. Duty whispers. Skin whispers louder.

The heat rises again, uninvited, welcome. The courtyard is quieter without her voice, but not empty.

Tonight I am empty and full. Alone and not. The page doesn't flinch. It never does. The pen warms in my hand, keeping time with Rousseau's heat and Samira's bells.

It was always down to MX at headquarters in London to have the final word:

"Your Marrakesh report makes for excellent reading – almost sensual in places.

I'll have it redacted before Whitehall faints. Rousseau's off the grid again, but I suspect she's left a trail in your imagination. Do try to stay on task."

* * *



Note to Reader

Here the diary closes — a gentleman's account, clipped and spare. But you already know the truth leaks between the lines.

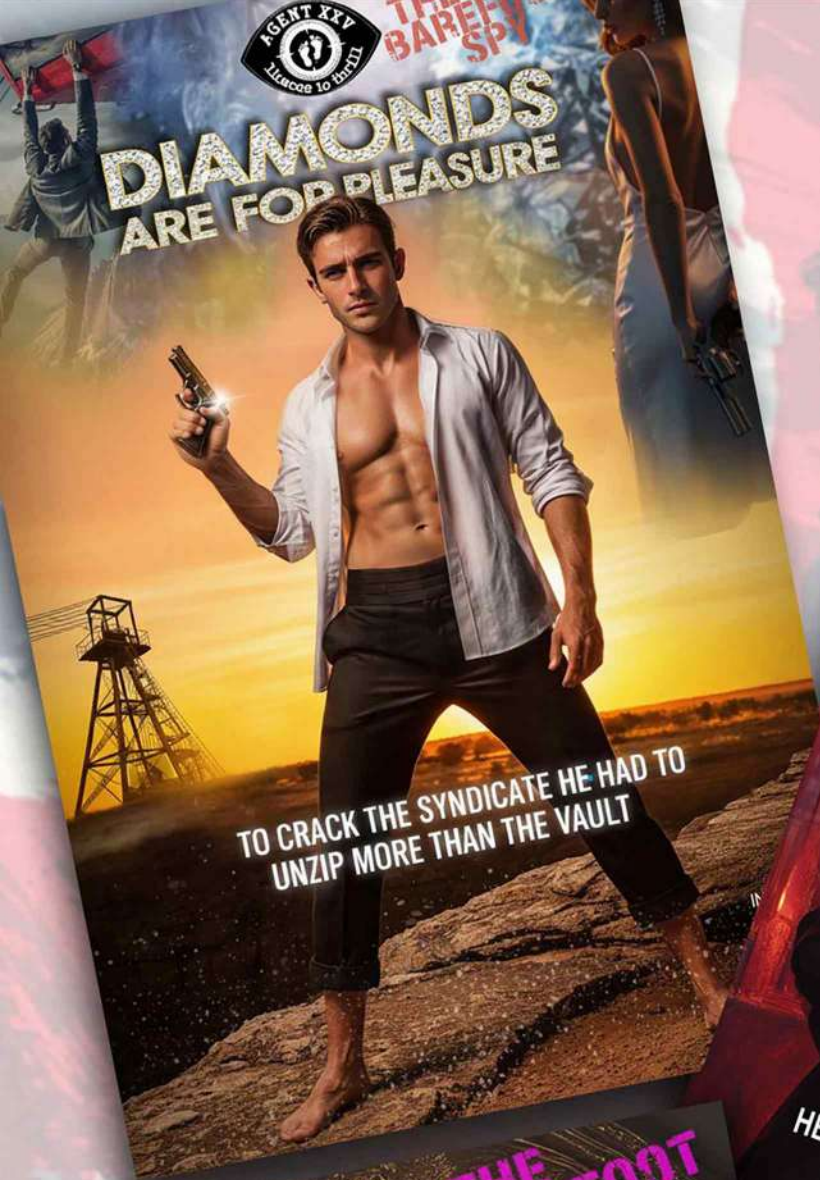
In the **MINI FORBIDDEN MISSION** the details you've been denied will surface. Rousseau in the desert — what **Agent XXV** thought of doing when the Land Rover idled and her breath was against his ribs. How the grit of sand and the press of her hips might have broken him harder than bullets. The ways he wanted to use rope, stone, the Rover's hood as more than cover.

In the **MINI RAW CUT MISSION** nothing is redacted. The unspoken becomes spoken, the imagined is acted. Ver the fate of Samira. Her dance of veils does not stop in the aisle of a plane. The veils fall. Her hands do not only caress herself — they guide his. The bells do not stay silent. The fantasies that burned in the riad, the market, the mirror salon — all of them ignite into acts.

These extended editions will be announced shortly, each one peeling back what the footnotes couldn't hold. Watch your inbox. Decide how much truth you can take.

The city will forget him, as cities do. But these pages won't. And neither will you. Agent XXV will be back soon arriving in your inbox completely free of charge in the next of his exciting Diary series: **SILK LANTERN**, Vietnam Adventure. Till the next time, keep up the heat.

You are free to share this doc with your friends. Simply forward. Thanks.



TO CRACK THE SYNDICATE HE HAD TO UNZIP MORE THAN THE VAULT



HE DISARMS WITH A SMILE, DISABLES WITH A KISS AND FINISHES WITH A BANG.

Join in the romance
& adventure



HE WAS SENT DEEP BEHIND ENEMY LINES - WITH PLEASURE-MAPPED PRECISION

BEN BLAKE

INTIMATE EDITION

There is only one
Barefoot Spy.
He'll take you to
the edge of
pleasure — and never
quite let you go.
Join him at

TheBarefootSpy.com

THE XXV UNIVERSE

Behind every mission lies a hidden world — a lattice of secret departments, shadow alliances, and forbidden technologies that make up the MI6 X-Division: the Boudoir. It is the unit responsible for the operations no one else will touch, the ones requiring seduction, psychology, and perilous charm as much as steel and firepower.

Here, intelligence is gathered in penthouses and palaces, on yachts, in hammams, and beneath neon skylines. Here, enemies seduce as easily as they kill. Here, pleasure is both a weapon and a weakness.

Agent XXV moves through this universe with unmatched instinct — feet bare on marble floors, pulse steady, gaze fixed on the next encrypted invitation. Each book, dossier, and diary you encounter opens a new door into this world: its missions, its villains, its desires, its betrayals.

This universe is vast. And you've only just stepped inside. Here follows some of XXV early journey...

To unlock more dossiers, behind-the-scenes intel, and upcoming missions, visit:

Becoming XXV (From Harrow to MI6)

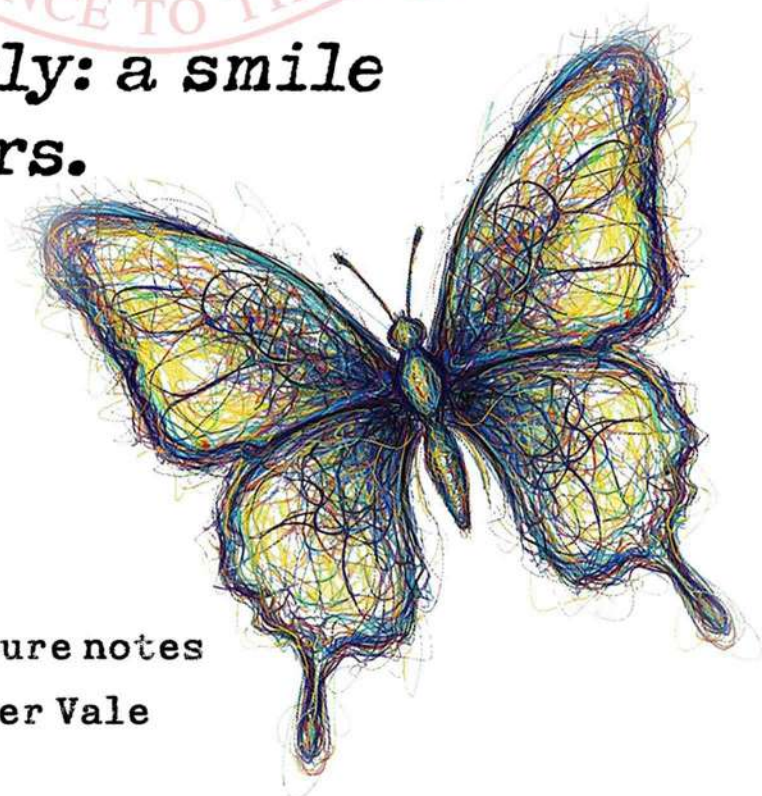
The corridors of Harrow were built for saints, not spies. Gothic arches whispered sermons on discipline and tradition, but Xander Vale – the boy who'd become Agent XXV – understood something the masters never taught: rules were scaffolding, not walls.

Charm was his first weapon. When a prank released pigeons into chapel, his blue eyes flickered with such well-practised remorse that even the sternest dons almost smiled.

He learned early: a smile could open doors.

But silence –
well-timed –
could topple
fortresses.

Early nature notes
by Xander Vale

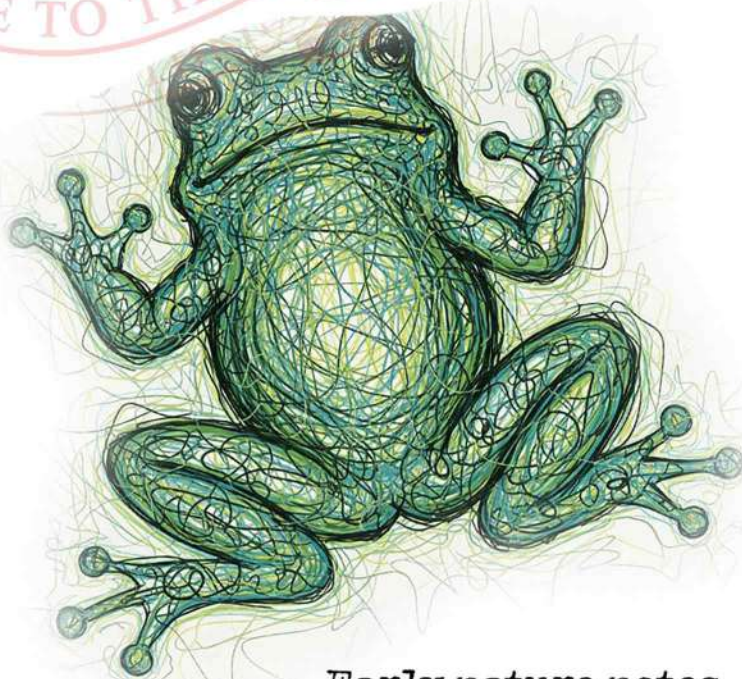


Harrow: The Apprentice Years

Harrow catalogued its boys by pedigree and cricket scores. Xander catalogued them by weakness. One buckled under gambling debts, another under a father's expectations. Xander didn't exploit — he observed, storing their flaws like cards in a gambler's pocket.

It wasn't cruelty. It was survival. Here, he first tasted the thrill of secrecy and power.

At seventeen, he was caught in the masters' lounge — a decanter of whiskey in one hand, a cigar in the other. Caught, yes — but never punished.



Early nature notes
by Xander Vale



Harrow 2007



Vale — Languages Society



Debate



Vale — Languages Society Captain



Rowing Team for Skiffing



Rowing Team for Skiffing



Fencing Squad



Fencing Squad



Debate Society



Fencing Squad



Cauld Steps



Fencing Squad



Rowing Team



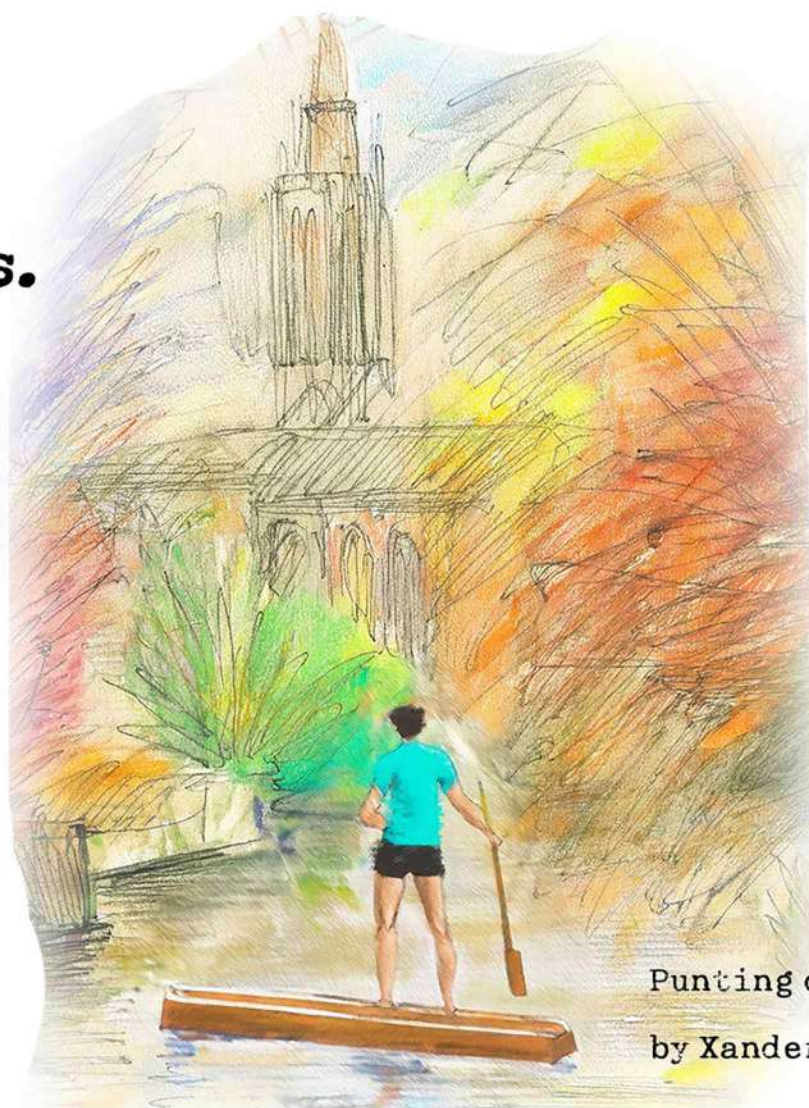
Debate Society

Cambridge Nights

The master of languages, a sharp-eyed Scotsman named McInroy, once told him, "Vale, if you're going to steal, do it in French." By term's end, Xander spoke it like a native.

Cambridge refined what Harrow had forged. By day, he drifted through lectures in philosophy and history, absorbing not just lessons but the rhythm of power. By night, the punts on the Cam became his classrooms.

College balls, champagne towers, string quartets — each became rehearsal for a life of improvisation.



Punting on the Cam
by Xander Vale

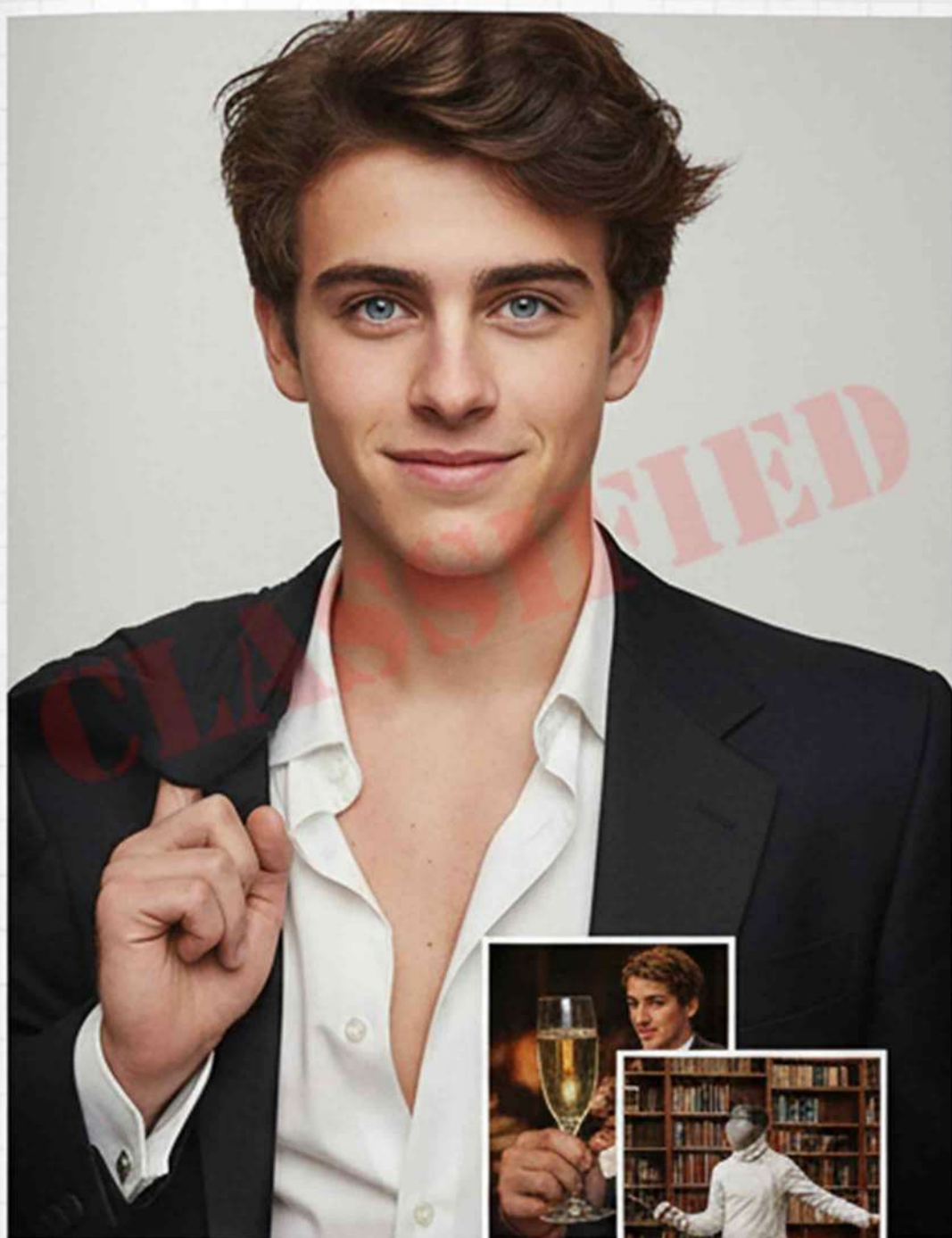
St John's College on the River Cam

He mastered the art of persuasion – a glance, a pause, the silence that lured more than words. Every conquest was practice; every rejection, rehearsal. Behind the glitter, he sought darker truths. Cambridge's secret societies mistook curiosity for ambition.

He joined their rites, learned the coded knocks, and breathed the bitter smoke of initiation. What he took wasn't loyalty but knowledge: men reveal their truest selves behind masks.



St John's College on River Cam by Xander Vale



Gereşli silve clevende

Alexander Vale

Languages: French, Farsi, Flirtation

Swimming Captain

Swimming Captain (and field for party)

The Army Commission

His British Army commission stripped away polish and replaced it with grit. Afghanistan was no ballroom – its rhythm was mortar fire, its dance, survival.

There, Xander learned endurance of mind as much as body. Days without sleep, nights without certainty – the kind of education Cambridge never offered. He learned the weight of a rifle, the silence of patrol, the chill of mountain wind.

Courage, he discovered, wasn't the absence of fear – but the decision to step forward anyway.



Petra, Jordan by X. Vale

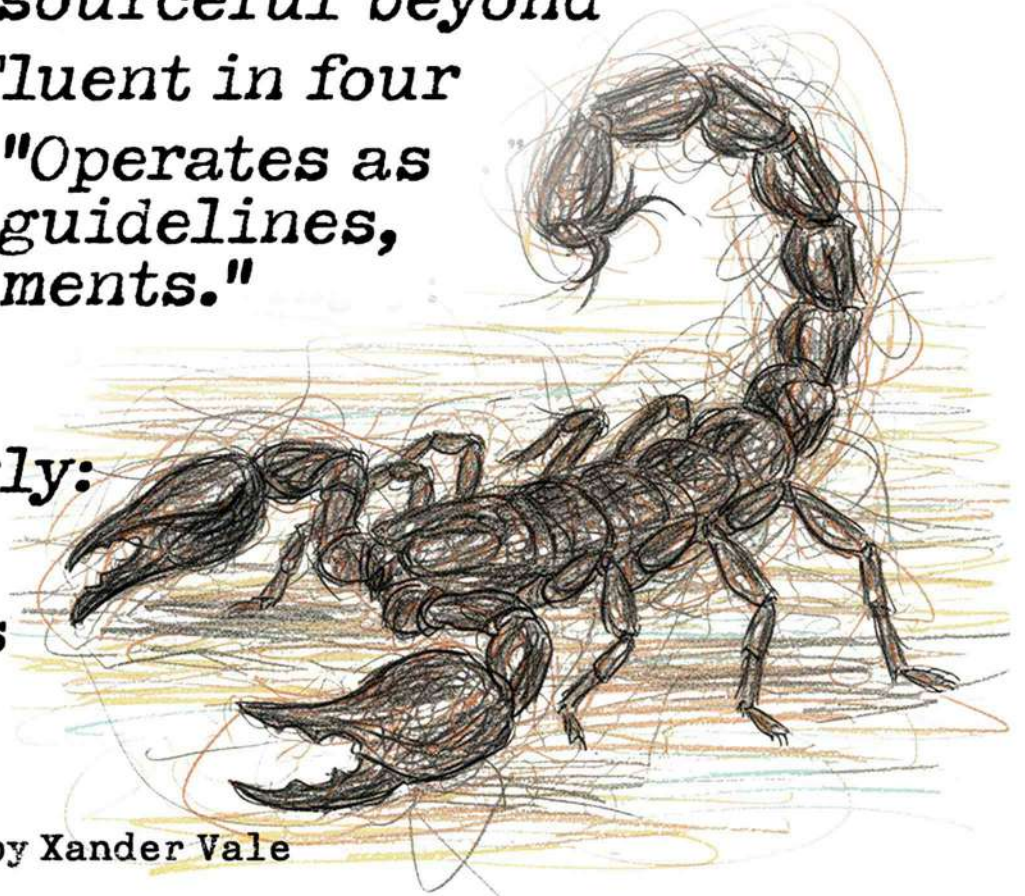
Desert Scorpion

Even amid dust and blood, charm had its uses. An Afghan tribal leader, wary of outsiders, warmed to the young officer who listened more than he spoke, who repeated proverbs in perfect Dari, who drank without flinching.

Deals were made in candlelit tents where interpreters were dismissed — Xander needed none. In those mountains, MI6 first took notice.

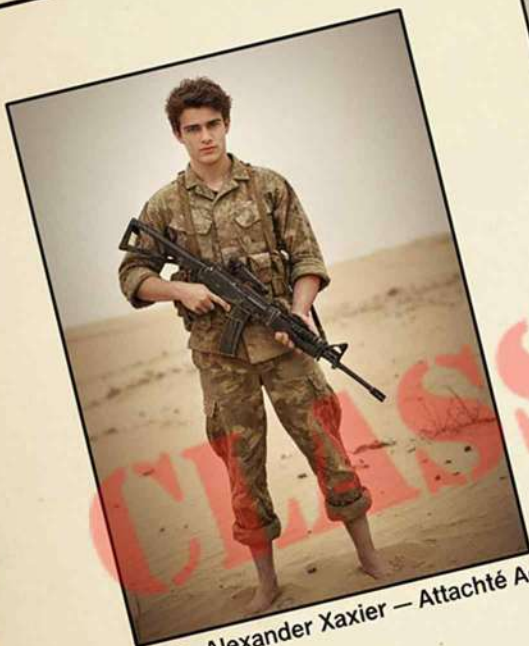
Not for medals or record — though both were there — but for the notes scribbled in margins: "Resourceful beyond protocol." "Fluent in four languages." "Operates as if rules are guidelines, not commandments."

And perhaps most tellingly: "Survives where others would not."



CLASSISIED

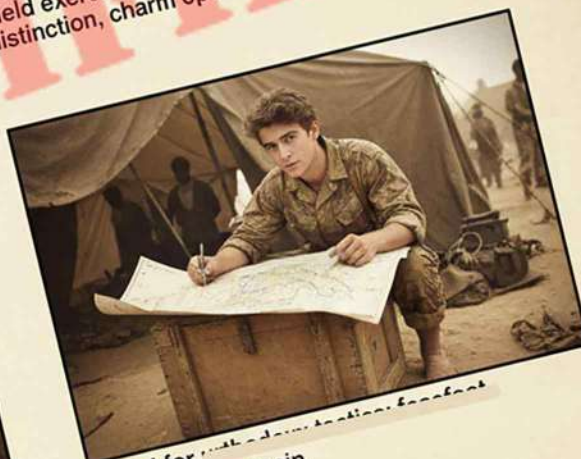
OPERATION EAGLE EYE



Vale, Alexander Xaxier — Attaché Agent.



Field exercise: Kabul, 2009 — passed with distinction, charm optional.



Noted for ~~noted for~~ in the desert, again.



London Prep: Spent more time in Soho than in Sandhurst.



The Threshold

After an ambush left his patrol limping back to base, Xander sat alone in a canvas tent — shirt open, bare feet against the cold earth, the night air sharp as memory.

He had taken to going barefoot whenever he could — a habit born in Harrow's cloisters, hardened in Kabul's dust. It grounded him, reminded him he was never entirely armoured.

The lantern light caught the tattoo on his lower back — the curve of an octopus, earned in Macau, already part of his legend. He traced it absently, as if it still held secrets he hadn't learned.

The tent flap shifted.

Not his commanding officer — a man in a dark suit, collar open, voice polished and dangerous.

"Vale," he said. "You've been noticed."

LONDON 2012 – EARLY SPY DAYS

**MI6 TRAINING -
CLASSIFIED**

Filed: London, 2012. Attaché, X Division

Pub and Social



Known to subdrink thugby team
— still made lectures



Preferred reading – claimed
sharp instincts



Preferred park runs – Hyde Park, 2012

Training & Landmarks



Early tradecraft: drop points
disguised as pub nights



Buckingham Palace drills: blending
tourists, everything



Buckingham Palace drills: blending
tourists, everything



The Becoming

Recruitment wasn't an invitation — it was a seduction. Over months, Xander was tested — subtly, then bluntly.

An assignment in Istanbul where he was told nothing but expected everything. A rendezvous in Paris where persuasion mattered more than survival.

Each test followed the same rule: MI6 handed him rope. He never hung — he wove.

By the time he returned to London, Xander Vale was no longer just a soldier or scholar. He was something else. Something that required a number as much as a name.

The director slid a folder across the table. The digits on the cover read simply: XXV.

"You'll need a codename," the director said. Xander smiled, slow and sure. "Don't worry," he said. "I've been practising."

- The Secret File: 100 Classified Facts

The following details have been redacted, distorted, or deliberately leaked from MI6's X Division archives. Officially, none of this exists. Unofficially, it is all true.

1-20: The Boy Who Would Be XXV

1. At Harrow, he hacked the chapel bell to ring in Morse code – spelling out his own initials.
2. He once rewired a master's umbrella to shock him lightly during inspection.
3. Expelled twice, reinstated twice – his charm outlasted their patience.
4. Smuggled champagne into Latin class by disguising it as cough syrup.
5. First kiss: the French ambassador's daughter at age fifteen.
6. Held a record for running the Harrow cloister barefoot in under 40 seconds.
7. His first poker game ended with him owning three bicycles and a pocket watch.
8. Invented a false society called "The Order of Silence," tricking classmates into paying dues.
9. Caught copying exam answers – but only after the master realized Vale had improved them.

Continued next month...

The Octopus Mark: Spy's Tattoo Becomes Underworld Legend



Shanghai - The Mark of the Octopus

In Shanghai's back alleys, amid neon haze and gaming smoke, one story refuses to die.

It's whispered in Hong Kong's mahjong parlours, Macao's casinos, and Guangzhou's teahouses — the tale of the foreign agent marked by an octopus.

Once dismissed as rumour, the mark has since been verified through leaks: etched across the right flank of operative XXV.

The tattoo was born in Macao — a creation of a Pearl Triad master whose inks were no ordinary dyes. Coral dust. Pearl powder. Compounds that lived beneath the skin.

Each tentacle aligned to nerve paths and pressure points.

With the right current, light, or touch — it could become a circuit. Art and weapon. A symbol — and a weakness.

The Living Key

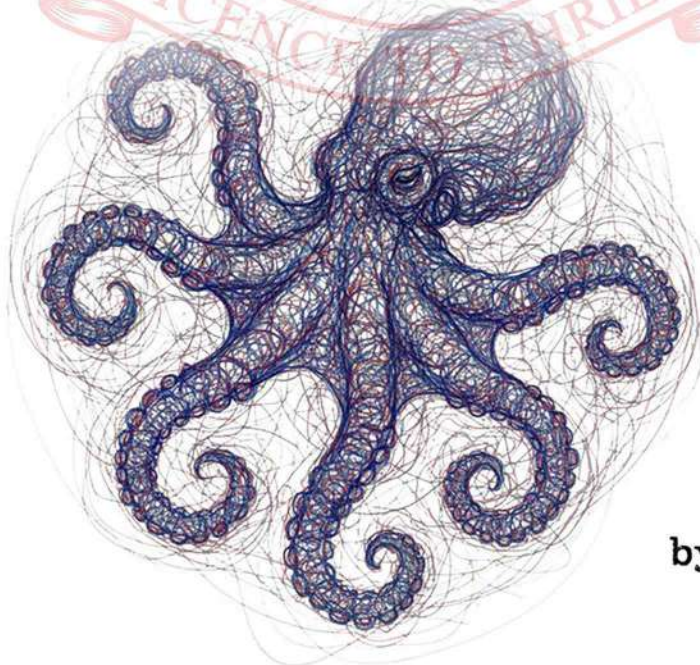
In the underworld, they call it the living key. Its revelation spread fast. In Chongqing's opium dens, they joke that the spy can be undone not by bullets but by ink.

In Hong Kong's casinos, gamblers bet on which syndicate will claim him first. In Bangkok and Manila, the story is legend — that the octopus will one day strangle its master from within.

Rumour, truth, or disinformation — it no longer matters. The mark itself has become currency. To know it is to hold power over the man once untouchable.

Across the underworld, one truth remains: the spy's greatest secret is written on his own skin.

— XV



by XV

MI6:
CEMAN TGERUMP

TOP SECRET

OPERATION THUNDERCLAP
SUBJECT: AGENT X69

RESTRICTED FILE



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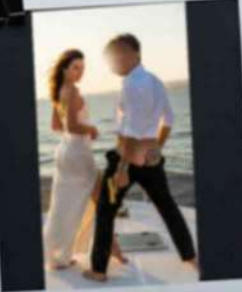
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DEDICATION

For those who followed XXV into danger,
desire, and every breath between —
the X Division thanks you.

He'll be waiting for you on the next page
or at the next rendezvous.

Unlock what comes next:

👉 thebarefootspy.com