



The Madmen of Benghazi: A Malko Linge Novel

By Gérard de Villiers

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THE MADMEN OF BENGHAZI, available for the first time in the U.S., is a gripping, racy, ripped-from-the-headlines espionage thriller set in volatile post-Qaddafi Libya.

Gérard de Villiers (1929–2013) spent his five-decade career cultivating connections in the world of international intelligence, which allowed him to anticipate geopolitical events before they occurred—and to masterfully blend fiction with an insider’s knowledge of international affairs. Published from 1964 until his death in 2013, his bestselling SAS series of 200 spy novels, starring Malko Linge, was long considered France’s answer to Ian Fleming, with Malko as his James Bond.

Its hero, Malko Linge, an Austrian aristocrat, spends his time freelancing for the CIA in order to support his playboy lifestyle.

When terrorists try to shoot down a plane carrying Libyan prince Ibrahim al-Senussi, it is clear that someone wants him dead. But the CIA has its own plot for the prince: Now that Qaddafi has been overthrown, al-Senussi is their best bet to set up a constitutional monarchy and stem the Islamist tide in Libya. The CIA, which needs Malko as much as he needs them, sends the Austrian aristocrat to Cairo to learn more about al-Senussi’s plans by seducing his companion, a ravishing British model. This mission is enormously appealing, but also proves enormously dangerous, as the same madman of God who is trying to kill al-Senussi also takes aim at Malko.

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Editorial Review

Review

“Blazingly fast. . . . Entertaining. . . . Readers may wonder why American publishers waited so long to bring the series to this country.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

"Linge has been called the French James Bond, but no Bond novel was ever as sexually graphic, or as politically relevant, as this one. It's so good, though, in that guilty-pleasure, over-the-top Bondian way that it will make American readers impatient to get their hands on the entire series." --*Booklist*, starred review

"The Spy Novelist Who Knows Too Much. . . . De Villiers' books contain information about terror plots, espionage and wars that has never appeared elsewhere. . . . [They] are ahead of the news and sometimes even ahead of events themselves." --*The New York Times Magazine*

About the Author

Gérard de Villiers (1929–2013) is the most popular spy-thriller writer in French history. His hundred-odd books about the adventures of the Austrian nobleman and freelance CIA operative Malko Linge have sold millions of copies.

Malko Linge, who first appeared in 1964, has often been compared to Ian Fleming's hero James Bond. The two secret agents share a taste for gunplay and kinky sex, but de Villiers was a journalist at heart, and his books are based on constant travel and reporting in dozens of countries.

On several occasions de Villiers was even ahead of the news. His 1980 novel had Islamists killing President Anwar el-S?d?t of Egypt a year before the event took place. *The Madmen of Benghazi* and *Chaos in Kabul* vividly reflect the current upheaval in Libya and Afghanistan.

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Excerpted from Chapter One

Ibrahim al-Senussi was stark naked when he stepped out of the shower, and he stopped dead at his bedroom door. Cynthia was sitting on the edge of the big bed, making a call on her cell phone. That wasn't sexy in itself, but between the lapels of the young woman's Chanel suit—his birthday present to her—he could see her nipples straining against the raw-silk blouse.

Cynthia's shapely legs were bare from her upper thigh to her tawny, very high-heeled boots. The length of her skirt had once been quite proper—until she had the hem raised.

Al-Senussi felt the blood rushing to his crotch.

It had taken him months to get Cynthia Mulligan into bed. When he first met her, the thirtyish blonde was so

gorgeous it made his head spin. She was wearing a practically transparent blue muslin Dior dress that set off her slim body and long legs to their best advantage.

She didn't seem standoffish, either. When al-Senussi smilingly approached, she'd been happy to chat. And he didn't have too much trouble persuading her to have dinner with him at Annabel's, one of the few places in London that still served decent caviar. Between glasses of champagne, they took a spin on the small dance floor.

Al-Senussi wanted to pull her close, but Cynthia modestly kept her distance. Still, her almond-shaped eyes hardly looked shy. He forced himself to be patient, figuring she might not like public displays of affection.

For the Libyan, disappointment came at midnight.

"I have to go home," Cynthia said with an apologetic smile. "I'm getting up at seven tomorrow."

"But why?" he stammered.

"I'm working. I have a shoot for Vogue at eight thirty in the morning."

A top fashion model, Cynthia Mulligan had a job that involved tricky schedules and lots of travel.

Feeling aggrieved, al-Senussi took her back to her apartment on Mulberry Walk in Chelsea. They parted with a kiss that was almost chaste, though it let him taste Cynthia's lips and feverishly brush one of her full breasts.

Alas, after that semi-exquisite evening, he didn't see her again for another two months. And not for want of trying.

He invited her to Monte Carlo for the Rose Ball; to Marbella for a dream weekend on a friend's boat—he would fetch her by helicopter from Málaga Airport, he said, and fly her directly to a two-hundred-foot yacht moored at Puerto Banús; to Venice for a private tour of François Pinault's collection; to Paris and an ultra-luxurious suite at the Four Seasons.

Each time, Cynthia turned him down for the same reason: her work.

And then one day when they were having a drink at the Dorchester, she mentioned that her birthday was coming up. He seized the opportunity to ask her out, half threatening, half pleading.

Miraculously, the cover girl agreed: for dinner, again at Annabel's.

On the day, al-Senussi had a three-thousand-pound Chanel suit delivered to her—when you're in love, you don't pinch pennies. But when he came to pick her up, he felt a pang of disappointment: she wasn't wearing the suit. Instead she had on the dress she'd worn when they first met, but she had now put on black stockings—a look that always set his pulse racing.

The dinner went off without a hitch. When it was over, al-Senussi said:

"I have champagne and a birthday cake waiting at my place."

Heart pounding, he expected to be rebuffed. Instead, she smiled and said:

“That sounds nice.”

With Cynthia, al-Senussi always felt he was walking on eggshells, and by the time his Bentley pulled up at his Belgravia house, he was practically having a heart attack. As they entered the apartment she asked for a glass of water, and he ran to the kitchen to get it. When he came back, the young woman had lit the three candles arranged on the table.

He brought out a bottle of Roederer Cristal and popped the cork.

They drank a toast. “Happy birthday, darling,” he murmured. Their lips met and he slipped his arm firmly around Cynthia’s waist. Unmoved at first, the young woman then returned his kiss. She pulled back so their tongues could touch in the air, which she seemed to find more exciting.

This playful caprice sparked a frenzy of desire in al-Senussi.

His hands ran all over her body, caressing, squeezing, and exploring her like he was a high schooler in heat. When his fingers brushed the silky fabric of her panties, he yanked on the lace so hard that it ripped.

Her clothes in disarray, and leaning against the dining table, Cynthia seemed to enjoy this sexual tornado.

Encouraged by her silent acceptance, al-Senussi loosened his clothes, freeing his unusually long cock.

With an elegance that showed her good breeding, Cynthia gently took hold of it.

Frowning fiercely, al-Senussi couldn’t control himself any longer. Before they even reached the bedroom, he tipped Cynthia onto a black velvet sofa, knelt in front of her on the carpet, and jammed his cock in.

“Go easy, love,” she said softly, her legs now raised against her new lover’s shoulders. “You’re very big.”

Al-Senussi ignored her, focusing his attention on his energetic thrusting. He came with a yell and collapsed like a marathon runner crossing the finish line.

Cynthia gently stroked his curly head. “You must have wanted me very badly,” she said affectionately.

“I’ve been wanting you for months!”

Cynthia shifted slightly to make herself more comfortable.

“You aren’t leaving, are you?” he exclaimed anxiously.

“How could I?” she asked with a mischievous smile. “You ripped my knickers. I can’t go home without any underwear.”

Al-Senussi discovered that Cynthia was an expert at all sorts of erotic games, if a somewhat detached player. With that evening, their relationship really began. Cynthia refused to move into his house, but they saw each other often and went on weekend trips together.

For al-Senussi, it was a period of pure happiness.

Just the same, he'd pondered long and hard before suggesting that she come with him to Cairo.

"Why Cairo?" she asked, wide-eyed.

Taking the plunge, he decided to reveal a hidden aspect of his life.

"I have to tell you a secret," he said. "I'm the grandson of King Idris of Libya, the one Muammar Qaddafi overthrew in 1967. Some people want me to be the head of the new Libya, once we're rid of him."

Cynthia wasn't especially interested in the vagaries of the Arab world, but she always tried to be polite.

"What people?" she asked.

"I can't tell you yet."

"Why do you have to go to Cairo?"

"To meet with some Libyans who will support the new government. To talk about the future."

"Will you be there long?"

"A couple of weeks."

"Then I'll see you when you come back. I don't feel like going to Egypt." At that point, al-Senussi fell to his knees, ready to do anything to get her to go with him. He rattled on about the Pyra-mids, the pharaohs, Cairo's perfect climate, and the charms of the huge metropolis.

In fact, he mainly wanted to exhaust himself on Cynthia's magnificent body.

It took two days of repeated phone calls and a Bulgari wristwatch to persuade Cynthia to accompany him, but she eventually showed up at his apartment with an elegant Vuitton suitcase. The weather in London had been especially foul that week, which may have played a role in her decision.

"Aren't you getting dressed?" Cynthia asked coolly, having ended her phone conversation.

Al-Senussi was still standing in front of her, buck naked.

"You're looking very beautiful!" he muttered in a strangled voice.

She casually parted her knees, briefly revealing a flash of white underwear.

Though almost certainly innocent, this was the drop that made the bucket overflow. Staring, al-Senussi grabbed her wrist and pulled her to her feet. Their bodies were almost touching. He slipped a hand under the Chanel skirt, reached the young woman's stomach, and grabbed her nylon panties.

"One for the road!" he growled.

He was already pulling them down when the intercom buzzed. The sound was about as welcome as the

klaxon of a diving submarine.

Furious, he grunted and ran to the front door.

“A gentleman is waiting to take you to the airport, sir,” the building’s concierge announced smoothly. “He says there’s not a minute to lose, because traffic is very bad toward Heathrow. I’ll put him on the line.”

An equally smooth, but much firmer, voice now came on. It was Scott Ridley. “Ibrahim, you have to be downstairs in five minutes or you’ll

miss your plane.” He opened his mouth, about to protest—after all, he might be the future king of Libya—but yielded. Scott Ridley, the MI6 agent who was his handler, inspired in al-Senussi a kind of fearful respect. Always impeccably dressed, with his calm voice and cold eyes, the man was as smooth as a stone.

“Okay, I’ll be right down. I just got out of the shower.”

It was five p.m. as the last passengers for Cairo filed aboard British Airways Flight 132. The Boeing 777 was nearly full except in first class, which Cynthia Mulligan and Ibrahim al-Senussi had to themselves.

Takeoff from Heathrow was scheduled for 5:15, and the doors were closing.

“Who were those people who took us to the airport?” asked Cynthia when they were seated. “And how did they get us through immigration and customs ahead of everyone?”

“They’re police officers,” said al-Senussi. “My protection detail. With what’s happening in Libya, I’ve become someone—an important person.”

“What about the man in charge? You know, the one who looked like he was modeling for Burberry?”

Al-Senussi mumbled something about a chief inspector, and Cynthia seemed satisfied.

In fact, the man in the well-cut trench coat was with neither Burberry nor the police. Scott Ridley was the MI6 officer who had first suggested a new future for the Libyan prince.

The 777 pulled back from the Jetway and headed for the tarmac. A few moments later, as the plane prepared for takeoff, a cabin attendant made an announcement:

“Our next stop will be Cairo, where we are due to arrive at 10:55 p.m. local time. You will be served a meal shortly after takeoff.”

Outside, darkness had already fallen on London.

Al-Senussi spread a blanket across his lap, then took Cynthia’s hand and put it on his crotch.

She gave his swelling erection a squeeze through his pants, and smiled.

“You’re insatiable!” she whispered.

The idea of sex in flight appealed to her. She’d had her first orgasm while masturbating to an erotic scene

from Emmanuelle set on an airplane.

Shielded by the blanket, she playfully began to stroke alSenussi's prick. Her delighted lover leaned back, his eyes closed. He opened them only when the flight attendant reached over to unlock his tray table for dinner.

"We aren't hungry!" he hissed.

The young woman didn't insist, and instead dimmed the cabin lights and went to sit down. The 777 had reached its cruising altitude and was flying smoothly at thirty-six thousand feet. Aside from the rumble of its twin jets, the silence was total.

Al-Senussi pulled his zipper down, and his cock popped up like a jack-in-the-box. Cynthia glanced back at the stewardess. The woman seemed to be dozing, so she pushed the blanket aside and bent to take al-Senussi in her mouth. Now feeling very excited herself, she started energetically masturbating as she sucked al-Senussi off. Her mouth was dancing a wild ballet on his prick, and he was gasping. By now, he knew how skilled Cynthia was at blow jobs, but each time was a dazzling revelation.

Yielding to her incomparable mastery, he came, stifling a groan and arching his back in the seat.

Alerted by the sound, the flight attendant looked over just as Cynthia raised her head to reveal a still-erect penis—and give the woman a tingling in her own groin.

Now at peace, al-Senussi kissed Cynthia's hand. "It's going to be great in Cairo," he murmured.

Users Review

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