

## Two Billion Baby

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# Two Billion Baby

by [orphan\\_account](#)

## Summary

"Derek Hale," Stiles instantly realizes who he was, looking back up at Chris with a disbelief look on his face. "He wants me to murder Derek Hale? Why?"

Stiles is an international assassin. The mafia manages to get their hands on him, threatening his family unless he does a job for them. The job? Kill successful businessman Derek Hale.

# Chapter 1

He can hear the music blaring as he approached the club. There was a long line to The Pavillion, but he needn't stand in line. You see, he was on the VIP roster thanks to his friend, the owner. He had every right to bypass the other pedestrians between the rope stanchions, who protested and cursed him as he did, but he just smirked as he passed them.

He doesn't say anything to the bouncers when he comes up to the entrance to the club, but he does pull out a black, sleek card from an inner pocket from the suit jacket he was wearing. The bouncers nodded in understanding, unhooking the red velvet rope from the stanchion blocking the entry to The Pavillion and allowed him to step through.

"Je vous remercie," Stiles Stilinski says to the men with a grin, putting the card back in his pocket. "Bonne nuit, messieurs."

The Pavillion was a massive club in France. It could fit over four thousand people, and from the looks of it when Stiles stepped inside, it was nearly inhabited by that estimate. There are multicolored flashing lights on the dance floor, people dancing up against each other to a Lady Gaga remix, and the smell of sweat and cigarette smoke fill his nose when he inhales.

He makes his way towards the VIP section, dancing sweaty bodies press and rub up against him. He doesn't mind, though, it's the fastest way across the room. He feels their eyes on him as he passes. He always felt a little out of place at places like these, but he needed to meet up with his *friend*.

When he gets to the VIP section, he is stopped by a short, thin woman with brown hair.

"Monsieur, êtes-vous sur la liste?" she asks, pushing her glasses up the bridge of her nose. She was asking him if he was on the list.

"Ah, yes," Stiles says, "Sam Williams."

"Sam Williams," the woman repeats, eyes flicking down at the roster in her hand. She goes flips through it and finds his name almost instantly. "Ah, vous voilà. You are Mr. Diaz's guest, droite? Suivez-moi, I will take you to lui."

"Merci m'dame," Stiles giving her a sweet smile before following her up the stairs and into the VIP lounge.

There was a few occupying the VIP lounge, but it was slightly hazy due to cigar and cigarette smoke in the air. It made his nose twitch. The woman brought him to a large booth and Stiles could see his *friend* laughing with a couple of other men sitting in the cubicle. The man happened to glance up at the time they approached, and a wide grin spreads across his face when he spots Stiles.

"Sam, you made it. I was worried that you weren't going to show up," Josh Diaz says excitedly, "Come sit with me."

Stiles thanks the lady again before he slides into the booth directly onto Josh's lap, entwining his arms around his neck, smiling softly, "I told you I'd be here."

"Gentleman, this is Sam, my new boyfriend," Josh informs the men sitting the opposite of them, wrapping an arm securely around his waist. "Sam, these are some of the Russian investors I've told you about."

The looks the men gave him could only be defined as *hungry*. It crept Stiles out a bit, but he leaned into Josh more, fluttering his eyelashes at them.

"Nice to meet you all," he smiles, flirtation in his voice, "I hope you've been treating my man well."

"Your little boyfriend here is quite the cutie," one of the men spoke with a thick Russian accent, leering at Stiles, "Where did you find him?"

"We met at my art gallery in Bordeaux a couple of weeks ago," Josh replies. "He was visiting from America, but I've convinced him to stay for a while. Anyway, Sam, would you like anything to eat or drink? We're going to be here a while."

"I'm not hungry yet, but I would love a Long Island Iced Tea," Stiles simpers at his boyfriend, playing with a strand of his hair, twirling it around his finger.

"Oh? A Long Island Iced Tea? You're starting off strong off tonight," Josh returns the grin, his free hand sliding up and down his thigh.

"Mhmm," Stiles brushes his lips against his boyfriend's, feeling daring, "I wanna get smashed tonight."

There's a predatory glint in Josh's eyes as he whispers into Stiles' ear, "You'll definitely get smashed tonight."

Stiles couldn't help but laugh. We'll see about that.

x

Stiles sat contently perched on Josh's lap, sipping on his second Long Island Iced Tea while they talked sales. He was a little tipsy, and he tuned most of their chatter out, watching as the people below dance their night away. If he wasn't so awkward, he'd be down there with them.

It was his last night in France for a while, after all. He should enjoy it a little bit.

Stiles slide off Josh's lap when the men concluded their meeting, and Stiles supposed it went well because the man was thanking them, grinning ear-to-ear, and shaking their hands. He really wasn't into this businessmen lifestyle. He just liked the money that they spoilt him with.

The next thing Stiles knew, after bidding their farewells, Josh was escorting him out the club and into his limo, whispering the nasty things to him when they got his house in his ear. They

ended up making out sloppily in the backseat on the drive home, their hands exploring, caressing, and stroking until the vehicle came to a stop.

"C'mon," Josh whispers against his lips, "I want you on my bed as soon as possible. Naked, withering, and screaming my name."

"Okay," Stiles replies, a little bit breathless and dazed.

Josh grins at him before he gets out, hauling Stiles along with him into the house. Stiles stumbles along, a slow, mischevious smile pulling at his his lips.

x

It's a quarter after three when Stiles steps out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped securely around his waist while he towels his hair with another. On Josh's nightstand, he hears his phone buzzing.

"Wonder who that could be at this time of night?"

He shuffles over and grabs his phone. It was a text from one Cordova.

***Have you fucking done it yet? I'm going to take a million off our deal if you haven't finished the job before sunrise. I've waited long enough, Genim.***

Stiles huffs, exasperated, "Wow, this guy is really pushy, isn't he? Josh, was Cordova always such an overbearing client?"

There is a muffled whimper in response, and Stiles glances out the corner of his eye where Josh was sitting in a chair, bound and gagged. There was blood running down his temple when Stiles smashed the butt of his gun down on his head when got into the bedroom. He was also shaking as big, fat tears rolled down his face.

It was rather pathetic, really.

Stiles pursed his lips, laying his phone down and slowly sauntered towards him, "Is that why you decided to dupe him, huh? I mean, I don't blame you, really. When he contracted me to kill you, he was rather aggressive. I hate that in men. But I guess he does have good reason to kill you...."

Josh jerked in his chair, trying to say something to him, but the gag prevents him from doing so. Stiles sighs, taking pity on him and unties the gag. The dude deserved a few last words before Stiles killed him.

"Please!" Josh croaked, looking at Stiles with pleading eyes. "Don't-Don't kill me, please! Whatever Cordova is paying you, I can double it!"

"You're willing to pay me four million dollars?" Stiles scoffs. "As much as I would love four million, babe, I'm still under oath with Mr. Cordova. Besides, I've heard how you started your little business. Were you really a sex trafficker? Is that what you did to your other boyfriends that went missing over the years? To Mr. Dordova's son? Did you sell them? Were you going

to sell me to those 'investors' at the club, too? You're disgusting. I'm actually going to take pleasure putting a bullet between your eyes."

"Sam, please-- -!"

Stiles places a finger over his lips to quiet him, giving him a malicious smile, "I'm not your little precious Sam. He was merely an alias that I made up. They call me Genim. I am an assassin."

When Josh starts wailing and blubbering about not wanting to die, Stiles sighs and forces the gag back in his mouth. He walks back over to the nightstand where he also laid his gun, an AMT Hardballer with its fitted silencer. This was gem he found in Lyon and he wished he could keep it. But like his phone, he would have to dispose of it before he heads to the airport.

"As much fun I've had with you these past couples of days, I'm afraid that our little fling must come to an end," Stiles says as he turned towards the man, aiming the gun at his head and pulls the trigger. "Goodbye, Mr. Diaz."

Blood and brain matter splatters the wall behind him and he slumps forward. It's over, he's dead. Stiles grabs his phone, takes a photo for visual evidence, and sends it Cordova with:

***Target assassinated and the information you were wanting is in an envelope on your desk. Two million better be in my account by the time I get ready to fly out of here or this will be you next.***

Let's just say, by the time Stiles gets his underwear on, his phone pinged with an update from his bank saying that a deposit of two million had been just deposited into his savings account. Stiles grins smugly.

x

After an eleven-hour flight back to California, Stiles could literally get on his knees and kiss the ground when he got off the plane. He was so happy to be back home after five long, insufferable weeks of being in France. Don't get him wrong, France is amazing and beautiful, but having to work instead of enjoying it, completely sucked ass.

Maybe during the summer he could take Scott, his dad, and Melissa for a little vacation there. But right now, he just wanted to get home, crawl into his bed, and sleep for about two weeks straight. He decided he wasn't going to take any more jobs for a while. Stiles had ***plenty*** of money in various bank accounts, so he didn't really need to, anyway.

There was a white Hyundai Equus waiting for him when he exited the LAX. He automatically assumed it was Scott's doing since he knew that he was coming home today because Stiles distinctly remembers not calling anyone. Besides, Scott usually did this for him when he comes back from a job overseas.

He was such a good best friend. He was definitely going to spoil him with video games and soda when he gets home.

The Uber driver holding a sign with his name written on it was about his about height, blonde, very built for his age, and had piercing blue eyes. If he was into DILFs, he'd climb that like a tree.

"I suppose you would be Stiles Stilinski?" the man inquires, eying him when Stiles approaches him.

"The one and only," he replies, giving the man a wink before turning serious. "I hope you don't mind if I pass out in the back on the way home. I'm simply worn out. There was so much turbulence on that plane. I was too fucking terrified to sleep."

The man chuckles, giving him a small smile, "No, I don't mind at all. Do you want me to take your luggage for you?"

"Oh, yeah, here."

He hands over his bags to the man, who take them to the back of the car and begins loading them up in the trunk. Stiles pulls his real phone from his back pocket and shoots Scott a quick thank you text before getting into the back. Stiles buckled his seat belt before leaning his head against the headrest with a tired sigh. The man closes the trunk before he hops in the vehicle, starting up the engine.

"Feel free to nap, Mr. Stilinski. It's going to be a long ride," the man tells him, adjusting the rearview mirror before pulling out onto the road. "I will wake you once we reach our destination."

"Okay, thank you," Stiles replies, glancing at the man. "What's your name, by the way?"

"Chris. Chris Argent."

Argent. For some odd reason, that name sounded familiar to him. Before Stiles could ponder further, his phone pinged when a message from Scott came through.

***Scotty, sent at 5:43: Thanks for what?***

Stiles blinks at the message. Did he seriously forget?

***Me, sent at 5:43: For sending the Uber, dumbass.***

***Scotty, sent at 5:44: What? Stiles, I didn't send you an Uber. I'm coming to pick you up.***

If Scott was coming to pick him up, then why did an Uber....

It was like someone poured ice water over his body as it slowly donned on him where he heard Argent before.

Argent.

As in the Mafia ***Argent***s.

They were the largest and most wanted criminal syndicate in California, but most of them infiltrate Beacon County. The Argents are the most successful groups running around these days, raking in an estimated over nine billion per year on everything from sexual exploitation, firearms trafficking, human trafficking, drug trafficking, counterfeiting, usury and extortion according to his father's case file against them. And the Argents has been at it a long time since Gerard Argent's father, Benjamin Argent, started way back in the 1930's.

So when Benjamin died in 1961, Gerard took the reins, and the crimes got worse over the years as the group started to grow and expanded throughout California. However, in 2015, the ratings started declining and no one understood why, but Stiles has a gut feeling he's about to find out.

"You look a little pale there, Stiles," Chris Argent spoke up, sneering at him through the rearview mirror. "You okay?"

He must have noticed the sudden change in Stiles' demeanour.

"I'm peachy," Stiles says, flicking his eyes up to meet his in the mirror. "What...What do you want?"

"You were hard to find, Mr. Stilinski," Chris laughs, "You see, we need some help cleaning up."

"What do you mean?" Stiles doesn't like the sound of this.

"You *are* Genim, right?" Chris asked, "I mean, when I first laid my eyes on you, I thought 'how could a kid like this be the world's best assassin?'. I hope you haven't lied to me."

Stiles didn't know how to react. He *knew*. Well, *of course*, he knew. Why would he be picking up a fucking twenty-two-year-old college student out of the blue? But *fuck*, for years he tried so hard to keep his real identity a secret. *Years*. How the fuck did they find out?! He would always use different identities when he was on a job.

*So how?*

"How did you find me?" Stiles bit out, glaring at him.

He watched as Chris smirked in the mirror at him, "Like I said, it was hard. That's all I'm going to say."

Stiles was trembling in his seat, fingers digging into his thighs, "I'm not working for you people. I fucking refuse."

"You can't refuse. I mean, it would be such a damn shame that the sheriff, your step-mom, and your step-brother died from a house explosion due to a gas leak, now wouldn't it?"

Stiles' heart was beating rapidly in his chest, his breathing laboring. Fuck, fuck, *fuck*. They knew about his family, too. They were going to kill his family if he didn't agree to help them.

"...Fuck you," Stiles growls.



“We really don’t want to hurt them, Stiles,” the Argent continues, not taking his eyes off the road, “So, if you cooperate, they will be left alone. Now, are you in?”

“You’re not leaving me many options, now are you?”

Chris chuckles, “Not exactly. You see, Gerard is needing your help. He needs you to take someone out. It has to be quick and clean. If you do this, he said he’ll pay you handsomely and you’ll never have to hear from us again.”

“Why isn’t Gerard talking to me himself? I’ve never had a client send his or lackey to negotiate,” he snipes, folding his arms over his chest.

"Gerard isn't...feeling his best these days," the mobster hesitated.

Stiles makes a humming noise in his throat, giving Chris a suspicious look, "Right, okay....So, who is this person he's wanting me to take out?"

Chris reaches over toward the passenger seat, picking up a manilla file and handing it to Stiles. The assassin takes the file and opens it, relieving a picture that looks like it was pulled from a security or traffic camera and it seemed to be focused on a handsome man getting out a car.

"Derek Hale," Stiles instantly realizes who he was, looking back up at Chris with a disbelief look on his face. "He wants me to murder Derek Hale? Why?"

Derek Hale was a self-made billionaire and celebrity. His family died in a house fire when he was sixteen, and he and his sister used the life insurance they got when they turned eighteen to build Hale Enterprises, New York's second largest and successful company.

"Personal reasons," Chris replies coldly, staring straight ahead.

"Oh," Stiles grumbles, looking back down at the picture.

"Gerard said he would pay you ten percent now of what you'll be getting when you finish the job. It should pay for your travel fees, hotel room costs, and so forth. You don’t have to go to New York today since you just got back from Paris, but the sooner the better. There is a contract in the back of the file. I will be picking you up Thursday, so make sure you have it read and signed before I pick you up. I will fill you in the rest then."

"How much is he laying on the table, by the way?" Stiles asks, flipping through the file some more. Holy shit, they had everything on this guy. Where he lived, his favorite bars, restaurants, his favorite color, etc.

"Two billion."

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Stiles believes that his brain has short-circuited. He sat the backseat gawking at Chris as if he grown a second head, dropping the file in his hands onto his lap.

Two billion, he thought. ***Two fucking billion dollars***. He was incredibly lucky that he persuaded Cordova to pay him *two million* to eliminate French personality, Josh Diaz. His usual guaranteed pay was around thirty thousand to five thousand dollars, and collectively in his separate bank accounts, Stiles had approximately eighty million dollars.

Yeah, he was doing pretty damn well in this business, as you can see, especially since he started this gig almost five years ago when he turned nineteen. He'll be twenty-three next month.

But *two fucking billion dollars*. If this was legit, Stiles would be set for *life*. He could infinitely retire from the business and never look back. His family would never want again.

"A--Are you for real?" Stiles blurts out suddenly. "I mean, it sounds promising, but how do I know that I'm not getting played here?"

There's a second of pause and then all then Chris is chuckling. He pulls off onto the shoulder, parks the car, and turns in his seat to face Stiles.

"We may be criminals, Mr. Stilinski, but we never let an employee go unpaid for their work or treat them dirty. We have a code. We treat those who treat us the same. If you are faithful to us, we'll be faithful to you. However, if you deceive us, we'll kill you," he looks Stiles straight in the eye when he says this. "Do you understand?"

"Y-Yes," Stiles nods. "But...why are you contacting *me*? Don't you typically send a mafioso to whack someone? You know, for *less* investment."

"We would, but, recently we've become aware that this thing of our has been...*compromised*."

"Compromised? What do you mean?" Stiles couldn't help but ask, narrow his eyes at Chris. "Are you telling me you have a mole running around your little family of criminals?"

Chris smirked at him, "You've hit the nail right on the head."

"Does this mole have something to do with Derek Hale?"

The older man doesn't say a word, just gives Stiles a tight-lipped smile before he shifts back in his seat and pulls back onto the highway. Stiles takes that as a big, fat yes. He glanced down at the man in the photo.

What the hell did Derek Hale do to these people? Why did they want him dead so bad that they're willing to pay out two billion to a professional assassin to kill him?

Stiles had an unsettling sensation in his gut.

The entire ride to his house was quiet until Chris drops him off at his house, reminding him that he would be back on Thursday to pick him up. He also tells Stiles that the Argents had eyes everywhere in this city and if Stiles tries to back out, there would be significant consequences before he was driving off, leaving him and his luggage standing on the sidewalk in a slight daze.

He was so fucked.

"Stiles? Is that you?" came a woman's voice from behind him, drawing Stiles out of his trance.

He looked over his shoulder, seeing his stepmom, Melissa, standing in the doorway, giving him an odd look.

"I thought Scott was coming to pick you up?"

Oh, ***fuck***, he forgot about Scott.

x

"What do you mean the Argents are paying you ***TWO BILLION DOLLARS*** to murder Derek Hale?!" Scott all but shouted, looking extremely aghast.

Scott had shown up forty-five minutes later following the text message Stiles sent him, informing him that he was home and that he needed to get his ass there ASAP. He was angry at Stiles at first, demanding an explanation why he wasn't at the airport, but Stiles quickly grabbed the collar of his shirt and hauled him upstairs to his bedroom so he can explain what was going on.

Scott is the only person in this family that knows what he does. In the beginning, he fooled everyone into thinking he that he joined an International Art Education Group at his university who traveled the world to spread the love of art. Scott bought it, too, until he started noticing the money that began flooding in.

He got concerned and nosed through Stiles' things until he started finding copies of the contracts and his stash of fake ID's hidden under a loose board in his bedroom. Scott, of course, begged Stiles to stop, but Stiles made it clear he was already in the game and wasn't about to back out now.

They needed the money, especially during that time.

"Shhh, Melissa is downstairs!" Stiles hissed, clapping a hand over Scott's mouth. "Do you want her to hear?"

His stepbrother shook his head with comically wide eyes, and Stiles sighed as he removed his hand.

"Dude," Scott says tentatively, "What are you going to do? What's so special about Derek Hale, anyway? I mean, he looks like an asshole on magazine covers, but look at what all he has done for America."

"I have no choice but to do it," Stiles murmurs, eyebrows knitting together as he made a face. "Chris Argent wouldn't tell me, but I do know that there's a mole lurking in the Argent's little empire that they've got going on. Chris wouldn't confirm it, but I'm pretty positive that it's Derek's mole."

"Why would Derek have a mole infiltrating the Argents?"

"No idea, but," Stiles trails off, biting his lip, "Something is telling him not to do this, that I'm getting into something way over my head, but...."

"But?" Scott asked, laying a hand on his stepbrother's shoulder.

He gives Scott a rueful look, "They threatened to kill you guys, Scott. I can't have that on my conscious."

"Then we'll leave! When the sheriff gets home, you can explain what is going on and we'll go into hid-- -"

"It's not that simple, Scott," Stiles quickly interrupts him. "They have people watching our every move! I can't back out of this. Besides, they said they'll leave us alone once I kill him."

"I-" Scott falters, letting his arm fall to his side. "You're getting involved with the flipping mafia, dude. You could get hurt or even worse, die. I don't want you to die."

"I'm not going to die," Stiles tried to reassure him, clapping him on the shoulder. "All I have to do is put a bullet between Derek Hale's eyes, simple as that."

So he hoped.

## Chapter End Notes

Derek will be in the next chapter, I promise. Also, I take prompts on tumblr. You can find me on [sourwoof . tumblr . com](https://sourwoof.tumblr.com). :)

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

Kinda lied. No Derek in this chapter. But he'll be in the next, I promise.

The week flashed before Stiles' eyes, and the next thing he knew it was Thursday morning. Chris was going to pick him around one to drive him to the airport. It was eleven fifteen AM, and he hasn't even packed yet because he wasn't certain how long he was going to be in New York pursuing Hale. "private jet?" Stiles repeated, pulling a face.

It could be days or even weeks. It took nearly two weeks to take out Josh Diaz, despite a majority of it was used to get information on Mr Cordova's son's location. The other half may or may not have been Stiles fucking around with Josh, but that... that wasn't the point right now.

He didn't mention it to Scott, but Stiles remembers that Chris had stated that he would 'fill him in on the rest' when he came to pick him up, so Stiles takes it as there is more than just putting a slug between Hale's eyes.

Stiles assume that Derek Hale must have had a run in with the Argents at some point in his life and it didn't go as planned. It wouldn't make sense if Derek owed them any money, seeing that the dude was practically rolling in it. Besides, why else would Gerard Argent put a two billion bounty on his head?

But the better question here was, what did Derek Hale do exactly to piss off a mafia boss?

Stiles knows he shouldn't ponder, but he was as curious as a cat. Nothing would stifle his curiosity until he found out. So, after deciding, Stiles packs two bags; one his clothing and essentials while the other his equipment.

Afterward, he takes a quick shower, gets dressed, and heads downstairs with both bags in his hands. He set the bags next to the door before he's padding into the kitchen where both his father and stepmother were, Scott, who already said his goodbyes and regards this morning, left earlier that morning to go to work at the vet clinic.

Melissa was standing at the stove, flipping a pancake, as his father was sitting at the table, reading a newspaper.

Stiles pretended that he didn't notice what today's headline was: ***FRENCH PERSONALITY JOSH DIAZ FOUND MURDERED IN HIS ESTATE!!***

"My ride should be here soon," Stiles spoke up, breaking the silence.

"You're really leaving again?" his dad asks, lowering the paper to look at his son.

"Yeah. There's this art gallery in New York that invited me to come down and teach," the lie comes out naturally as he pulls out a chair and sits. "You know I wouldn't be going if I didn't have to."

"I know, I know," John sighs, folding up the newspaper and sitting to the side. "It's just that you've been traveling a lot here lately. We get to see you barely two days before you're taking off again for weeks at a time without even a giving us a phone call letting us know you-- -."

"John! What did I tell you? Stiles is a man now, he can do whatever he wants," Melissa interferes, walking over with a full plate of pancakes and sitting it in front of Stiles before giving him a pointed look. "Though, a phone call once in while *would* help ease some concern around here."

Stiles winced, reaching for the maple syrup bottle in the middle the table, "I'm sorry, guys. Things tend to slip my mind while I'm working, but I'll try and call while I'm in New York. I promise."

"I'll hold you to that," his father says, getting up to refill his coffee mug. "You better bring me a souvenir back, too."

"Yeah, yeah," Stiles rolls his eyes fondly, shoveling a fork-full of pancakey goodness into his mouth.

He thinks two billion would be the perfect souvenir to come back home with.

x

Fortunately, Stiles' father and Melissa left to go to work before Chris rolled up. He was in a black SUV this time, and he wasn't alone, either. Two menacing looking men hopped out of the back, striding towards Stiles, and taking his bags from his hands.

"Take them to the back," Chris tells them, coming up the walkway. "Good afternoon, *Genim*, did you enjoy your time with you family?"

"What little time I had with them," Stiles grumbles his answer, turning to lock the door behind him.

"Well, let's not waste any time and head out...Oh, by the way, did you remember to sign the contract?"

Stiles nods, pulling the coiled up packet from his back pocket out and handing it to him, "I even tried to make my signature less sloppy just for you."

Chris takes the packet, humming to himself as he flipped through it.

"Perfect!" Argent acknowledged, folding it up neatly and sticking it inside his jacket. He turns to the side, motioning for Stiles to go in get in the SUV. "Let's head out, hm? There is a jet waiting for you at the airport."

"Wait, what?" Stiles makes a face. "I'm going to be riding in a jet?"

"Yes. Gerard was generous enough to lend you one of his private jets. It's a quicker alternative to New York than a regular American airline. Besides, there's less turbulence."

"Well, that's rather considerate of him."

"He likes to treat his contractors well."

Stiles got into the vehicle, scooting across the backseat to the other side so Chris could climb in next him.

"Did you bring any weapons?" Chris asked, buckling his seatbelt.

"I never bring weapons with me," Stiles replies, sinking into the seat with a sigh. "They're hard to get through airport security nowadays. I buy what I need from a local dealer, so there aren't any paper trails."

The two goons climb into the front seats, and the next thing Stiles knew, the SUV was roaring to life and pulling out into the street.

"That's smart," Chris admits, "but there will be no need to contact a dealer. We have weapons that you can use on the jet."

Stiles makes another face, "You guys trying to spoil me?"

"Don't you like to be spoiled?" Argent counts, smirking at him.

Well, he had him there.

"Anyway," Stiles quickly changes the subject. "I believe you mentioned there were more details you were going to fill me in on?"

"Ah, yes."

Chris snaps his fingers, and the goon in the passenger side pulls a paper out of the sun visor before passing it to Chris. From what Stiles could see, it looked like a drawing of some sort.

"You see, Derek stole something very valuable to us," Chris tells him, showing him the paper. "We need you to get this back from him before you kill him."

Stiles narrows his eyes at it. It was basically three spirals connected together within a circle.

"What the hell is it? A necklace or something?"

"It's a little more than that."

“A family heirloom, then? Is that why you want me to kill him? Because he stole an *heirloom*?” Stiles snorted, taking the paper from Chris.

“Our reason behind killing Derek is for our knowledge only,” Chris responded a little bit too firmly. “You are only to get this piece back and kill Derek Hale. No questions asked. Understand?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Stiles rolled his eyes, but let out a yell when Chris roughly clutching the collar of his shirt in his fist and yanked him towards him, their faces barely inches from each other.

“It’s yes,” Chris hissed, scowling at the boy. “Not *yeah*. Understand?”

Stiles winced, “Y-Yes.” Chris loosened his grip on his shirt, his face still hard.

“Good. Now, listen very carefully. I don’t care what you do to finish the job, but you will not ask questions. Just do your job.”

“Y-Yes, sir,” Stiles straightened up, rubbing his throat where the material squeezed. “No questions. Got it.”

If Stiles wasn’t already scared of this man before, he definitely was now.

x

Stiles has never seen the inside of a private jet before so you can imagine his excitement when he boarded the aircraft. It was more than what he expected. He had immediately noticed there was a forty-two-inch TV sitting on a credenza. Across from the television was a multifaceted seating arrangement and there was a queen-size bed that separated the rest of the cabins from the private bath.

He was definitely going to invest into his own private jet when he got paid.

The ride was smooth, less turbulence like Chris said. Stiles was content. He was flipping through the channels on the TV when the man came back from the cockpit.

"Come with me," Chris tells him, "We're almost in New York and we haven't gone through the weapons you'll need."

"Already?" Stiles makes a face, getting up. "But it's been like three hours since we took off."

"I told you, jet's are much faster."

Chris ends up leading him into a room lined with nothing but guns and other weapons and Stiles was immediately blown away because so. Many. Guns.

Was he in Heaven?



"Take whatever you like, Stiles," Chris tells him with a smile, "But choose wisely, and don't load yourself too heavy."

Stiles moves further into the room, mesmerized and a little bit torn. There was an AR-15 calling his name, but there was the Glock 17 in all its glory winking at him.

He couldn't decide. He just couldn't.

Then out from the corner of his eye, as if the gods themselves shined a light upon it, was a Beretta Model 92FS. He quickly swiped it.

Stiles didn't take much, just the 92FS, a PSG1, and a combat knife. It'll be all he required other than the ammo for the guns, which Stiles couldn't pinpoint, so he asked Chris where he kept it all.

"There's a box to your left. It'll have all the ammo you'll need. It should be labeled 'Aconit Napel Bleu Nordique'."

Stiles finds it, picking it up. If his French was correct, which he knew it was, the label read Nordic Blue Monkshood. Stiles just assumed it was some kind of French company.

He knew not to ask.

x

New York was freezing this time of year. Stiles, of course, wore a light jacket that wouldn't even protect him from the straight line of cold wind that hit him when he got off the jet. Thankfully there was a car waiting for him on the runway. Stiles made it to the door before he heard Chris behind him.

"This is where we'll be parting, Mr. Stilinski," Chris Argent had to shout over the jet's loud roaring engine, "You're on your own from now on. The driver will take you wherever you need to go, but after that, you'll have to find our own transportation. I'll be contacting you on your cell phone within twenty-four hours for an update!"

"Yes, sir!"

As Chris disappeared back into the jet, Stiles climbed into the car as Chris' goons put his things in the back. He already made reservations at the New York Marriott Marquis since it was rather close to Derek's apartment on Broadway.

"New York Marriot Marquis, please," he told the man behind the wheel, who nodded and drove off.

Stiles leaned his head against the headrest and sighed, feeling a little bit at ease now that Chris wasn't around. He could think freely about the things he needed to do, like figure out

Derek's schedule, how many bodyguards he had, and other things that the Argent's didn't provide in that file.

He had a lot of work to do when he got to his room.

He dreaded it.

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