

Depart

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Depart

by [cathcer1984](#)

Summary

What are you doing here?" Stiles asks, defeated when he sees his front door is blocked.

"Derek called me." Peter eyes Stiles carefully. "Said you were leaving."

"And what? He thought the Enforcer could stop me?"

Peter tuts. "I am not Scott McCall's Enforcer."

Stiles shoulders at him until Peter moves enough that he can unlock the door and head in, Peter following behind.

"You're not going to convince me to stay." Stiles hates the way his voice wobbles a little.

"No I'm not." Peter tips his head to the side. "I'm here to ask you to take me with you."

Or the one in which Stiles is pushed out of the Pack and Peter wants to go with him.

Notes

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

"How did you know you were in love with mum?"

"That's a serious questions kiddo." Stiles' dad puts down the water he was just about to take a sip of. "Why do you ask?"

"I think I fell in love." Stiles admits, he glances around the diner as if there is someone nearby who'll hear him.

John tilts his head, eyeing Stiles seriously. "What's makes you say that?"

With a shrug, Stiles answers as honestly as he can, "I seek out his company. I want his approval above anyone else's. I want to see him smile, be the reason he smiles. I see something and I think, oh I can't wait to tell him about this." He flaps a hand. "Something like that."

"Sounds serious. It's not Derek is it?" John asks suspiciously.

Barking out a laugh Stiles shakes his head. "We might be partners on the force dad but he's too sour for me."

Stiles' dad is still Sheriff and Stiles followed in his footsteps. When he was made Deputy he'd been partnered with Derek. Two of four deputies *in-the-know* to solve the Supernatural crimes that happen in Beacon Hills. The other partnership is Parrish and Boyd.

Derek and Stiles had become surprisingly good friends. Surprising to Derek, Stiles always knew they'd be great friends.

John's gaze is too perceptive, and he knows his son. "This isn't like the Lydia Martin phase."

"No." Stiles admits quietly. "It's not. It- He's so much *more* to me than she ever was. Not that Lyds isn't my friend, she is and I love her dearly. You know, like a sister not that I have a sister, as you know, but-

"Stiles. I get it." John says holding up a hand. He takes a sip of his water, Stiles will allow him a diner meal once a month as long as he's there to supervise and if his dad has water to drink instead of a soda. "I take it you haven't told him?"

"Fuck no. Sorry." Stiles apologizes for his language at the look on his dad's face. "I can't do that. He doesn't feel the same and I'd make a fool of myself and I'd never be able to face anyone again. I'd have to leave town dad! You don't want me to leave town!"

John looks at his glass of water as though it's personally offended him, muttering "sometimes I do." When Stiles glares at him, John laughs. "Sorry, son. No I don't want you to leave. Surely this bloke of yours will be nice enough to let you down gently, *if* he lets you down."

Stiles snorts. "He will let me down. And he's not a nice enough guy to do it gently. He'd be cruel and keep it as blackmail material until the right time to announce it in front of everyone and make me feel even more stupid for falling in love with him in the first place."

He slaps his hand down on the table making their plates clatter a little as it wobbles. Stiles breathes hard, he's frustrated with himself and annoyed that he couldn't have loved someone nice and kind and *boring*.

His dad has his investigation face on. Like Stiles is a puzzle, a case to be solved. "Aw heck." John groans, eyes clenching shut as he tips his head back towards the ceiling.

"What?" Stiles demands.

"Peter Hale. Stiles, really, goddamned Peter Hale."

Stiles gapes at his dad. "Wha- how? I never said-"

"Son, I've seen the way you look at him. At Pack things, parties. You talk around him a lot. Conscious not to talk too much and draw attention to your *feelings* for him, so much so you say too little. You gravitate towards each other when you're both in the same room. And, Peter Hale is many, many things however he is not nice."

"He's a good man, dad."

"Perhaps. He isn't a nice one though." John fixes Stiles in place with his knowing gaze. "And that's part of why you're attracted to him, right?"

"Yeah." Stiles grins. It fades quickly though, reality sinking in. His head falls forward and thunks onto the table.

A strong hand settles on Stiles' shoulder as his dad says "you should say something, ask him out. You might be surprised." Stiles groans in response and his dad chuckles, taps him on the shoulder a couple of times before saying "you can get this one then, since I had to listen to you whine about your love life."

"You don't have a love life to whine about." Stiles mumbles into the sticky table top.

"That you know of." Stiles sits up so quickly his vision goes black but he still hears his dad's comment. "My love life is problem free and fantastic, thanks for asking." Then he whistles as he saunters his way out the diner, leaving Stiles with the check.

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When Stiles heads into the station an hour later his head is still reeling from his dad's casual mention of being in a relationship.

"What's up?" Derek asks as Stiles sinks into the chair behind his desk.

"My dad's in a relationship."

"Yeah." Derek nods, the unspoken *and you're problem is what*, hangs in the air.

"Uh." Stiles blinks rapidly. "You know?"

Derek's cheeks go pink. He glances around as if there is someone to get him out of the conversation. Jokes on him, they're practically the only ones there, it's late night. Deputy Smithe is on the front desk, manning the phones, and Deputies Perez and Anderson are out on patrol. There's no one to save Derek.

"They smell like each other."

"Fucking who?" Stiles hisses.

"The Sheriff and-" he stops. "If he hasn't told you himself yet maybe he doesn't want you to know."

Stiles rolls his eyes. "He hasn't told me Derek, just so he can lord it over me how my love life is a mess and his isn't. Like he did, an hour ago." Stiles gives Derek a pointed look.

He has a choice now, Stiles thinks, Derek can either comment on Stiles' love life or the Sheriff's. Derek looks down at his desk, swallows then glances up at Stiles. Stiles can see the moment he gives in, Derek's shoulders slump a little. "Melissa. He's been seeing Melissa."

With a frown Stiles says "he sees Melissa all the time."

"They smell like orgasms Stiles." Derek says pointedly.

Stiles gags. "Gross. I did not need to know that."

Derek smirks, because at heart he's a little bit of an evil little shit, like all the Hales Stiles has met. It's more pronounced in Peter and Cora than it is in Derek. "Be glad you don't have to smell it."

"Urgh. I hate you." Stiles flops back in his chair.

"No you don't." Derek says amiably. "You're going to use it as ammunition."

"Why yes, Derek, yes I am." Stiles smirks. He can get back at his dad by mentioning Melissa in specific and pointed ways, until his dad caves and admits he's dating her.

Something rough hits Stiles in the face and he see the balled up piece of paper in his lap.

"What?"

"You have reports to write up. I'm not doing them for you, Stiles." Derek frowns, eyebrows of doom joining together.

With an exaggerated sigh, Stiles pulls his desk drawer open harshly and yanks out his messy notes for the reports he has to write up. "Fine," he bites out. "But I'm driving next time we're called out."

"No."

"I'll sing really loud and obnoxiously."

Derek rolls his eyes, "everything you do is loud and obnoxious."

"Excuse you!" Stiles is actually a little bit offended, not even pretending. He doesn't know what he's projecting but Derek sighs.

"Alright. You can drive next time." It's the closest to an apology that Stiles will get. He'll take it.

*

It's been almost a week since that fateful diner conversation, and Stiles' subsequent talk with Derek. Unfortunately for Stiles, he can't stop thinking about Derek's comment.

He's always known who he is, Stiles has always been comfortable being an acquired taste of friend. But now, something is niggling at his brain, maybe he's not the friend he thought he was.

Maybe Scott's only still friends with him because of shared experiences, that's a thing right? Where childhood friends are only still friends as adults because they have shared experiences and history however if they met as adults they wouldn't like each other. Is that him and Scott?

Do the rest of the Pack actually like him? Do they consider him a friend?

Stiles thinks with a dawning sense of dread that he doesn't see the Pack outside of Pack meetings. He doesn't spend time with them as individuals, except for Derek and sometimes Boyd, at work. Stiles sometimes spends time with Lydia and Peter, when they are researching for Pack purposes.

Sinking down onto the floor of his shower Stiles has the epiphany, he's got no friends. The Pack probably only keep around because he's useful, a Spark and a cop. They have two other cops, comes the traitorous voice in the back of his mind, they need the Spark that's all.

Stiles knows he can be a bit much, as Derek said, he's always loud and obnoxious. Scrubbing the water off his face and standing, Stiles turns it off and makes the decision to be less loud, less obnoxious and more of a friend. He'll start with the Pack, that'll be easier than finding new ones, right?

*

Scott is the logical, easy place to start. They've known each other since first grade.

Except, whenever Stiles tries to meet up with him Scott is busy. He always has some excuse, work, Kira, the baby... it's like Scott is trying so hard to *not* meet when Stiles is free.

He tries Kira next, because maybe he can get the two of them together and she's not working because of the pregnancy.

"Oh, Stiles that's really sweet." Kira says over the phone when he calls and asks. He can sense the 'but' coming. "I can't leave the bed, though. Bed rest apparently means rest in a bed forever."

"Hey, that's no problem." Stiles keeps his voice quiet. "Just thought I see if you wanted some company."

"You okay, Stiles?" Kira asks.

"Totally cool." Stiles closes his eyes, he's such a fucking idiot. "I'll let you get back to- uh - resting."

"Oh." It's almost as if Kira is disappointed. "I can talk for a bit, you know, if you want."

"I don't want to bother you, Kira. I'll let you go. See you, um, whenever." Stiles hangs up quickly and taps the corner of the phone against his head.

Lydia is the next one. He calls her, almost immediately.

"I'm busy, what do you want, Stiles?"

Stiles is taken aback by her blunt tone. She's always talked to him like this, and he's seeing it now for what it is. He's an annoyance, a stone in her shoe, a thorn in her side that she has to put up with for the good of the Pack.

"Stiles!" Lydia demands an answer.

"Oh, sorry Lyds." He says faintly. "Wrong number, I meant to call Kira. Sorry to interrupt. Bye." Stiles hangs up. He doesn't even bother with Jordan, Lydia's boyfriend, he's at work Stiles knows that. It'd be a lost cause anyway.

Boyd is at work too, and Stiles could try Erica but she'd probably be *too busy* as well. It's no use, he's not liked by anyone he thought was his friend.

His dad probably only puts up with him because he's Stiles' dad. And Stiles is just as loud and obnoxious with him as he is with everyone else. It's not New Year's however Stiles has some resolutions. If you're going to set goals in life do it now, not on December thirty-first.

Number one, be less loud.

Number two, be less obnoxious.

Should be doable, difficult but not impossible.

Stiles nods to himself. He can totally do this.

**

He so can't do this.

It's Sunday mid-morning, Pack meeting time. Stiles wants to shout with Erica about Batman and Catwoman. He wants to laugh loudly at Kira's adorably disgruntled face as the Pack pile into her and Scott's bedroom.

He wants to clap Scott on the shoulder, get in his face and be as close to him as possible. Stiles wants to talk shop with Lydia, he's come across a text in Latin that she could translate for him but he's not going to ask because she's *busy*.

Stiles wants to stand shoulder to shoulder with Peter and trade barbs. He wants to talk to Peter about that article in The Onion, about the magic text Stiles had loaned Peter a couple of weeks ago.

He wants to needle Derek and Boyd, make them tell him to shut up. He thought it was in jest but it probably wasn't. They were both probably pissed and actually wanted him to shut up, it's not the joyous end-zone Stiles thought it was.

Instead of doing everything he wants, Stiles stands just outside the bedroom door. He doesn't say anything, when he feels himself twitching or tapping a foot or drumming his fingers Stiles hastily tucks his hands into his pocket, or stands on his toes.

Stiles doesn't ask any questions, even though they are burning in his brain. He doesn't make any comments, bites on his tongue to stop them from coming out and when the meeting is over. When official Pack business is no longer being discussed and the conversation has turned to Kira's pregnancy, Erica's new job (that Stiles knew nothing about), Lydia's research. Scott's latest foster pet and the hilarious cases that Jordan, Boyd and Derek all talk about. No one asks for Stiles' input there either. Even though he was the one who had to get Derek out the tree because he was terrifying Mrs Pickles the cat.

Two grown men up a tree because of one fluffy white cat. Derek has everyone laughing, his cheeks pink from all the attention. Normally Stiles would add some comments from his point of view, today he doesn't. He just sees how much he isn't needed.

Stiles doesn't see a space for himself anymore. The Pack have closed ranks, nobody is even looking in his direction anymore. When he's not being loud and obnoxious and putting himself into people's conversations and lives Stiles is unnecessary.

He slips away, closes the front door behind him with a soft click even though he wants to bang it. Not in anger, though he just feels sad at how wrong he was about himself and his relationships with these people.

Driving to the station Stiles thinks about how he's going to say what he wants to say. How he's going to have this conversation with his boss and his dad. He needs to be quick though, Stiles glances at the clock on the dashboard, he only has half an hour before his and Derek's shift starts. Derek is notoriously early. Stiles just doesn't know how early he'll be.

Sundays are usually quiet, it means that his dad catches up on paperwork and there is a two hour gap between the end of one Supernatural partnership shift and the beginning of the next.

Luckily for Stiles the station is neither quiet nor too busy. He won't be noticed much but also knows he won't be interrupted when speaking to his dad. He knocks on the partially open door and waits for the "enter," before slipping in and shutting the door behind him.

John eyes the closed door for a second before closing the file in front of him. "I take it this isn't a personal visit, son."

"No." Stiles comes forward and sits on a visitor's chair.

"You okay, son?" John asks, eyes flicking over Stiles taking everything in. "You've not been yourself this week."

"Sir," Stiles starts, and his dad's eyebrows rise at the formality. "I would like to request a transfer, as soon as possible."

John sits stunned for a long moment and Stiles sits on his hands to keep from fidgeting. "Is this Peter Hale's doing?"

"What?" Stiles is shocked, not expecting that. "No. Dad, Sheri- Sir, this has nothing to do with Peter Hale."

Rubbing a hand across his jaw, Stiles' dad sighs. "Off the record now son."

"That's for reporters." Stiles points out knowing it's hopeless to argue against his dad.

John stands and moves around the desk to sit in the other visitor's chair, he puts a hand on Stiles' knee. "What's this about, son? If it's not Peter's doing what makes you want to leave. Two weeks ago you were all about staying."

"It's not Peter, dad. I promise."

His dad's hand squeezes in comfort.

"It's me. I- someone said something about me and I realised that none of my frien-, none of the Pack are actually my friends."

"What makes you say that?"

Stiles shrugs helplessly. Now that he's talking about it, Stiles feels sad, empty and so humiliated. "They don't need me. I never see any of them outside of Pack meetings and if-" Wiping harshly as his eyes Stiles swallows back a shout. "Fuck, I've been so fucking stupid dad."

"Hey now," his dad pulls him into an awkward hug. "You're not stupid. Where has this all come from?"

"I went to the Pack meeting today and I kept my fucking mouth shut. Didn't say a damned word and none of them spoke to me. None of them fucking asked for my opinion or-"

"You usually don't need to be asked, son. It's part of your charm, you voice your opinions as soon as you've formed them."

Stiles scoffs derisively. "Yeah, loud and obnoxious, that's me."

"Woah, son." John smooths a hand down Stiles' side. "That's not-"

"It is. He fucking said it was." Stiles almost shouts but can't because of the thickness in his throat.

"Who? Scott? Peter?"

Stiles shakes his head, turning his face into his dad's chest. He's twenty-four years old and crying like a child. "Derek."

"*Derek.*" John says incredulously. It's a little hard to believe Derek hardly offends anyone. "Alright, son. If you're sure."

"I am." Stiles sits up and wipes his face then he looks into his dad's eyes. "I tried to get together with them individually or as couples and got rebuffed. I haven't contacted any of them in a week or so and they haven't got in touch with me. I was a few minutes late to the Pack meeting and hovered in the doorway. No one spoke to me, didn't acknowledge I was there. They'd started the meeting without me."

John nods seriously. "Alright, son. I'll see who needs a Deputy, give you the options and then you can officially request a transfer."

"Okay." Stiles gulps and gives his dad a wan smile. "Thanks, dad."

"What are favourite parents for?" His dad's smile is equally watery.

"If I wanted to talk to my favourite parent I'd have gone to Melissa." Stiles shoots out with a smirk. "You only got the lowdown because you're my boss." Stiles winks and then waits for the floundering look on his dad's face to fade before he gives him a tight hug.

When Stiles leaves his dad's office he ducks into the bathroom to wash his face. Derek is already at his desk when Stiles gets there. "Ready for patrol?" Stiles says as soon as he sees him.

Derek nods quietly.

They make their way to their cruiser and Derek drives around town as they patrol. It's a quiet shift, hardly a word exchanged between them both of them lost in their own heads.

After their shift is over, Stiles heads for the jeep and is surprised to find Derek waiting for him.

"I'm sorry." Derek says quickly. "I didn't mean it, not really."

"Didn't mean what, Derek?"

Derek's ears go red and he looks at the ground before squaring his shoulders and facing Stiles. "When I said everything you did was loud and obnoxious. Please don't go."

"You were listening?"

"I didn't mean to but I saw your Jeep and didn't see you and..." He trails off with a lift of his shoulder as though it explains everything.

"No sense of privacy with you werewolves is there?" Stiles throws his hands up in despair. "Fuck off Derek."

Stiles gets into his jeep and this time slams the door. He feels a vindictive sense of satisfaction when it makes Derek flinch.

He wants to drive off furiously but he's a cop and a cops kid. He doesn't want to get a ticket and he doesn't want to kill anyone. He just wants to go home.

Home is a small apartment on the outskirts of town, it was all he could afford on his deputy's salary while still be able to help with his mom's medical debt.

Stiles' apartment is on the second floor, which he's glad of because there is no elevator at the moment. Some idiot pushed all the buttons and broke it, it hasn't been fixed in three months.

"What are you doing here?" Stiles asks, defeated when he sees his front door is blocked.

"Derek called me." Peter eyes Stiles carefully. "Said you were leaving."

"And what? He thought the Enforcer could stop me?"

Peter tuts. "I am not Scott McCall's Enforcer."

Stiles shoulders at him until Peter moves enough that he can unlock the door and head in, Peter following behind.

"You're not going to convince me to stay." Stiles hates the way his voice wobbles a little.

"No I'm not." Peter tips his head to the side. "I'm here to ask you to take me with you."

Stiles is stunned. "What?"

"You heard me."

"Why?"

"I hate this godforsaken town. If you go, I have no reason to stay. I'm hoping you'll help me find an old, feral Alpha and let me kill it."

"Why the fuck would I do that?" Stiles looks at Peter as if he's crazy.

"So you can become my emissary of course." Peter takes a step closer, he's within touching distance now. "You're special, Stiles and I've said before that I like you. Together we'd be formidable."

Shaking his head, Stiles can't quite grasp that Peter is here and asking to leave with him. "You- Peter."

"You've not been yourself these past few days." Peter licks his lips. "So focused on everyone else you didn't notice when you were being watched, did you?"

"I'm sorry, what?" Stiles is a little afraid that Peter is aware of his *feelings*.

Peter smirks, "I see you Stiles. I noticed when you were late to the Pack meeting. When you said nothing, tamping down on your instincts to talk and move. I saw the way you left even though no one else did. I know you have heard nothing from the Pack. They don't value you, sweetheart, they never have."

"And you do?" Stiles is doubtful.

"Oh I would." Peter arches an eyebrow. "If you'd let me."

Stiles, for some reason, is breathing faster than normal. "Why do you think I wouldn't let you?" Stiles murmurs breathlessly.

Peter comes closer still. "Do you trust me?"

"Yes." Stiles doesn't hesitate. "With my life. With my *dad's* life."

With his head marginally tilted to one side Stiles knows Peter is listening to his heartbeat. He's telling the truth, there is no deception for Peter to hear. "I would have you as my Alpha." Stiles decides to be brave. It's not quite the love confession his dad suggested but it's pretty damned close.

Peter eyes flare blue. "You don't know what that means, sweetheart."

"I think I do."

"And you'd be my emissary?" Peter takes hold of Stiles' wrist, much like he had all those years ago in the parking garage. "I'd have to bite you." He lifts Stiles' arm, extends his fangs and holds Stiles' wrist gently. He could pull away again.

Stiles doesn't. If anything he sways closer. "I'm not sixteen anymore Peter."

There's a twitch of Peter's eyebrows, a frown of confusion that disappears almost as soon as it came.

"I know what a bite on the wrist means. It's not the usual place for an emissary bite, nor a turning one."

Peter's fang retract and he drags the tip of nose against the skin of Stiles' wrist that shows under his uniform cuff. Stiles can feel the soft rush of air as Peter exhales against his skin. "It's a sign of respect," Peter whispers.

"Of equality." Stiles agrees. He knows this, he's read the books. Beta bites are on the side, or hip for submission and the lowest ranking in the Pack Hierarchy. A bite on the shoulder is usually for an emissary, impersonal and safe, can be shown to other Packs, if necessary. A

bite on the wrist is a sign of trust because it could easily go wrong and the recipient could bleed out. Trust and respect is given by both involved. And a bite on the neck is a mating bite. It's intimate, high trust is involved to expose the throat to an apex predator, let them sink their fangs in and not kill you. It's the only bite that will scar a born werewolf, and shows them as half an Alpha Pair.

Slowly Peter lowers Stiles' arm, his hand lingers then he takes a step back. Stiles watches him, feeling calm. "Is this a yes?" Peter's voice is soft and delicate even though the subject matter is not.

"I don't have to give my answer yet." Stiles responds, eyes crinkling with amusement as Peter huffs. "You're not an Alpha."

"Yet." It sounds like a threat when Peter says it. He heads for the door.

When its open, Stiles agrees, "yet", only he says it like it's a promise. Peter pauses in the doorway then continues out Stiles' apartment.

He's alone with his thoughts, and Peter has given him a lot to think about. Stiles heads for the kitchen, turning his phone off. It's time for dinner, a shower then bed. He'll deal with the fall out from Derek's eavesdropping and his conversation with his dad in the morning.

**

It takes a couple of days, filled with awkward apologies from Derek and silence from Peter, before Stiles' dad calls him and invites him round for dinner.

Stiles lets himself in and smiles at the soft humming coming from the kitchen. It reminds of his mom, the song is different and so is the tone. Hearing the feminine humming in his childhood home, the delicious smells filling the air and his dad's low chatter as he talks himself through a recipe. It gives Stiles comfort to know his dad won't be lonely when he leaves.

"Sup," Stiles announces in the kitchen doorway after watching his dad and Melissa for a few minutes as they move around each other, touching softly. Melissa humming and swaying, his dad chopping and muttering. "Pops, Mama, something smells delicious."

John pauses. "You're early."

"Nope." Stiles shakes his head. "I'm late. You're just loved up and time has flown by you-" Stiles is cut off when Melissa swinging the tea towel at him halfheartedly. He ducks and then tugs her into a tight hug. "I'm glad he's got you Mama."

She cups his face in both hands, they're warm and slightly grainy from flour, her brown eyes are glassy and she plants a wet kiss on his cheek. "Go, set the table."

Stiles complies, clapping his dad on the shoulder as he goes passed. Once the table is set, Stiles gets himself and his dad a bottle of beer each, and he pours Melissa a glass of wine.

"Dinner will be about half an hour." John says picking up his beer and taking a long pull from it. "Take a seat."

Stiles looks between them as he sinks into a chair. "Sounds serious."

"It is, honey." Melissa smiles kindly. "Doesn't mean it's bad."

They sit down across from Stiles, and reach out to hold hands. Stiles' dad looks at where Melissa is holding him for a moment, blinking rapidly before looking up at his son. "I've found something. In Colorado. Denver, they need two deputies and a Sheriff."

"Dad." Stiles says, realizing what he's offering.

"We've talked about it, honey. I know Scott is here and he's my son, but so are you. He's happy, Stiles and you're not." Melissa reaches out with her free hand and Stiles takes it. "He hasn't been a good friend to you, and for that I'm sorry. He and I aren't as close as you and John are. Scott will be fine if I move a little bit away. It's only a two hour flight."

"This. This is huge." Stiles' mouth is dry. "Are you sure?"

"Yes." They both say simultaneously and then smile at each other.

"Shall I let them know?" John asks.

Stiles nods. "When do we need to be there by?"

"We've got a month." Melissa says. "We have to give notice and pack up two houses and an apartment."

"Two apartments." Stiles amends. "Peter's already said he'd come with me."

"Peter, hmm?"

Stiles sighs and rolls his eyes. "Not like that dad. He hates it here and I maybe sort of promised to help him become an Alpha."

"You what!?" Melissa screeches.

"So I can be his emissary." Stiles shrugs and curls in on himself. Melissa's fierce grip on his hand eases and she softly murmurs an apology.

Taking a sip of his beer, John stands. "Better tell him to pack warm then, son." He heads into the kitchen, stopping to press a kiss to Stiles' hair.

Melissa squeezes his hand before following John. She, too, presses a kiss to Stiles' hair. Stiles pulls his phone from his pocket.

Better pack warm.

Oh? And why's that, darling?

Stiles stares at the 'darling' a little too long. Peter slips endearments into his speech but never has he put one into a text. It makes Stiles' heartbeat faster at the possibilities.

We're going to Denver, Colorado in a month.

The reply is as instantaneous as the last one. *They need a deputy there, then.*

Two. And a Sheriff. Stiles let's Peter figure it out.

A second later his phone lights up with an incoming call. Settling back in the chair Stiles answers with a smirk. He doesn't say anything.

"I take it I'm booking three tickets then."

"Four." Stiles corrects automatically. "Wait, what? Peter you're not paying for the flights."

"Four? Are we filling the other deputy role as well?" Peter hums. "Is Derek coming too? And of course I am darling, you're taking me with you. It's the least I can do."

"It's really not. And no, not Derek. Mama. Melissa." Stiles smiles a little. "She's coming with dad."

There's a pause on the line. Stiles can just picture the slight arch to Peter's brows as he's surprised and takes in the information. "I'm not sure our illustrious Alpha will approve of that."

Stiles snorts. "I don't think Mama wants or needs our Alpha's approval." Sighing, Stiles gets a bit serious, "Peter, if you want out or to go another way I-

"It's your dad, Stiles. I understand how important he is to you, darling. It is absolutely fine with me if he, and Melissa come with us."

"Thank you."

"Oh darling. For you, it's not a problem at all." Peter's voice is smooth but it holds a tone filled with promise.

Stiles feels his cheeks heat. "Peter," he whispers, soft.

"Not now, Stiles."

It's like a bucket of cold water over him. "Oh right of course."

"We have plenty of time sweetheart. Let's just get out of Beacon Hills first. When we're in Denver, I promise we'll stop circling around this." Peter says *this* but Stiles hears the unspoken *us*.

"Okay."

Neither says anything for a while, Stiles is comfortable listening to his dad and Melissa in the kitchen and knowing Peter is too.

"Dinner time," Melissa sings out and Stiles jolts.

Peter hims across the phone. "I'll let you go, Stiles. Enjoy your evening and all of that."

"Alright," Stiles murmurs. "You're still not paying for the tickets."

There's a chuckle. "I don't fly economy, sweetheart. Have a good night."

Then Peter hangs up. Stiles lets out an amused laugh, pocketing his phone. He turns to the kitchen to see his dad eyeing him knowingly and Melissa smiling widely as she dishes up.

"Shut up," Stiles grumbles at both of them, with no real heat behind it.

"Didn't say a word, son." John says barely containing his laughter. Stiles let's it go because he hasn't heard his dad sound like that in a very long time.

**

For the next month things are both the same and completely different.

Stiles stops going to Pack meetings and nobody but Kira calls to ask why. Only she goes into labour and leaves Stiles alone after she has the baby.

He goes to work, his shifts with Derek are better. There are quiet rumours around the station that Stiles is leaving. How John has managed to keep quiet that he's going too, Stiles will never know.

Slowly over the weeks Stiles has packed up his apartment and helped his dad pack their family home. When it's pretty much all packed his dad hands Stiles a beer and they sit on the front porch looking out over the street.

"You sure you want to do this?" Stiles asks.

"I'll follow you to hell if I have to son."

Stiles takes a swallow of beer. "But this town, this house, you chose it with mom and-"

"Stop right there." John puts a hand on the back of Stiles' neck. "Your mom is not in this house. She's in the pictures and knick knacks and clothes. She's in my memories but most of all, she's in you Stiles."

Eyes burning Stiles faces his dad.

"I look at you and I see her eyes, her nose, her smile. I see her spirit and determination. You, son, are my greatest reminder of Claudia and that is why I'll follow *you*."

Unable to speak Stiles just pulls his dad into a tight hug. They hold each other for a while then pulling back with gruff coughs and clearing of throats.

"The Pack probably know." John says after a couple of pulls of beer.

"Why'd you say that?"

"They've made Parrish interim Sheriff. He'll tell Lydia and she'll tell the rest of them."

Stiles shrugs, "well they were bound to find out sometime. At least it's only a couple of days now. Do they know where you're going?"

"Not sure. Won't be hard to find us with our name though."

"No," Stiles murmurs his agreement. He stops before saying anything more when he recognises the car driving towards them.

John shifts closer to Stiles and they sit shoulder to shoulder, presenting a united front.

"You're really leaving. Both of you." Derek says after he's approached them. He's standing on the path a few feet away.

"Yes." Stiles answers, he tips his head studying Derek. Their patrols have been normal, not awkward and Derek has tried to contact him outside of work. It's mostly blurry pictures or one-word texts. He's still not great with technology.

"I want to come with you."

"What?"

Derek shifts from foot to foot. "Uncle Peter said there are two deputy positions available. He's the only family I have left. You're my friend, Stiles and I don't want to work with anyone else."

"Dude." Stiles breathes, taken aback.

"Uncle Peter told me to ask you. He said it's fine with him, but ultimately you make the call."

Stiles shares a look with his dad. "What about Scott?"

Derek shakes his head. "He's not an Alpha. Not a proper one like my mom."

"Sit down, son. Let me get you a beer." John says as he stands, he heads back inside the house and Derek hesitates for a moment then sits next to Stiles on the step.

"What do you mean?" Stiles asks.

"There should be a hierarchy in Packs. Born betas are higher because they've been wolves for life, bitten ones in order of when they were bitten. Age comes into play as well. The Alpha mate has the same power as the Alpha." Derek pauses looking out over the street. "Kira is

Scott's wife but she isn't the Alpha mate. The bonds are skewed based on who Scott likes not the hierarchy. He has no emissary. He uses Deaton and you do things, unofficially."

"And you think coming with us, with Peter after all he's done is a good idea."

Derek gets an intense look on his face when he turns to Stiles. "When Peter killed Laura he was insane. His Pack had died, he'd burned and his Alpha, Laura abandoned him." He shakes his head. "She wouldn't stay and he could have healed with us a lot faster. I'll never forgive him for killing her and he'll never forgive me for leaving him. We're both at peace with that now."

Stiles thinks on what Derek has said. If Peter's happy then why shouldn't he come? Stiles can't help but have reservations because Derek has been just as bad a Pack member and friend to him as the rest.

"I feel restless." Derek admits quietly. "My control is slipping. I need to leave and not come back."

"So go." Stiles flings an arm at the road.

"I want to come with you guys. Peter's my uncle, the Sheriff he's a good man and he treats me like a nephew. You, well we've never been close and I think that's my fault, Stiles. I don't know how to let people in."

"I don't think it's just your fault, Derek. It's mine too." Stiles holds out his hand. "Let's start over."

With a small smile Derek says "Derek Hale."

"This is private property." Stiles snarks and the laughter that bursts out of Derek is something Stiles hasn't heard before. "Want to come to Denver?"

"Yeah."

And it's as simple as that, Stiles bumps his shoulder into Derek's, pleased when Derek bumps him back.

**

Two days later the vans are all packed up with furniture and boxes to be driven across the country. The five of them are sitting in the diner for one last Beacon Hills breakfast before they leave.

Many townsfolk are stopping to say goodbye to their Sheriff. Stiles sits between his dad and Melissa on the end, Derek and Peter opposite. Every time he looks up, Stiles catches Peter's eye. There's an intensity in his gaze that sears through Stiles. He can't wait until they are in Denver when he and Peter can explore their potential.

Peter smirks and his nostrils flare, he closes his eyes presumably focusing on Stiles' scent. It grounds him, Peter had once said, in times when everything else is overwhelming he listens

for a heartbeat he knows or a scent he prefers. The way Peter had spoken about it made it clear to Stiles that he was Peter's anchor.

"Ahem."

Stiles looks away from Peter to see Lydia standing next to the table.

"Come to say goodbye, Lydia?" Peter asks, eyebrow quirked.

"I'm here to tell you, you can't go. Not you Melissa, or you, Sheriff. Just the Pack." Lydia flicks her hair over her shoulder and tilts her chin.

Unable to prevent the laughter that bubbles up in him Stiles practically cackles. "Now I'm Pack?"

There's a slight frown to her pretty face, Lydia is interrupted when someone else stops by for Stiles' dad. Derek gives a tight smile, "perhaps we could take this outside?"

"Excellent idea." Lydia flaunts her way out, hair flying behind her and heels clicking menacingly on the floor. Peter, Derek and Stiles follow her out and around into the mouth of the alleyway between the diner and it's Chinese takeaway neighbour. "You cannot leave."

"Is this you speaking or Scott?" Stiles asks crossing his arms over his chest, brushing his shoulder against Peter's as the werewolf stands beside him. Derek half a step behind Stiles.

Lydia rolls her eyes. "If you think I'm here on someone else's orders, you're a fool Stiles Stilinski."

"I just wanted to check if the Alpha of Beacon Hills gives a fuck that two of his betas are leaving." Stiles taps his foot on the ground. "Does he?"

She shuffles on her feet. Beside Stiles, Peter lets out a soft scoff of derision. "I'd take that as a 'no', if I were you Stiles." Peter sounds smug.

"You can't take his Pack from him." Lydia pulls herself up to her full height, even with her heels she doesn't reach Stiles' shoulders. It used to intimidate him, not any more.

"I'm not. They are leaving of their own free will." Stiles checks his watch. "Look, we have a plane to catch so if you want to say goodbye do it. If you want to go running to your Alpha then go."

"You used to be better than this, Stiles."

"You mean he used to treat you with the respect you demand rather than deserve. He's smarter, stronger and so much than you'll ever be Lydia," Peter's voice is strong and firm in his defense of Stiles. "That pup you follow around is chasing his own tail and you're all running rings with him. I am following Stiles because he's my Alpha."

There's a pause where Peter's words hang in the air. Stiles tries not to show how surprised he is by them, he just stares at Lydia. She gapes at them for a moment, mouth hanging open

unattractively. Lydia has nothing to say and Stiles just rolls his eyes.

"Goodbye Lyds." Stiles says gently before leading the way out the alley, Peter immediately behind him. Derek murmurs something indistinct then falls into step behind them.

The three of them get into Melissa's car, Melissa and his dad already inside. She's driving it to the airport and Scott, or one of his betas will pick it up from there. Stiles' jeep and Peter's cars are being shipped, another expense Peter took upon himself to pay.

Mind still reeling Stiles doesn't say anything. Not when they get in the car, not when his dad reaches around to squeeze his knee, not when Peter presses against his left side or when Derek presses against his right. He doesn't know what to say. Stiles' mind, for once, is blank and he feels numb.

Peter guides him through the airport, they check in and enter a luxurious private lounge for the first-class passengers. Peter makes sure Melissa, John and Derek are comfortable before he pulls Stiles away.

They end up in the bathroom. It's big, clean and pleasant, Stiles is a little surprised as he glances around. The lock of the door clicks in place and Stiles' attention is pulled to Peter.

"How are you feeling?" Peter comes close, hands on Stiles' shoulders.

"I- I don't know."

Peter purses his lips. "Do you want to leave?"

"Yes." Stiles nods, "absolutely. I guess I expected more from Scott."

"You expected him to care that *you* are leaving."

"Yeah." Stiles thinks Peter's got it spot on. Stiles wanted something, anything from Scott to acknowledge their friendship over the decades, the loss that Scott would feel.

Moving his hands to either side of Stiles' neck Peter holds him firm and tips his head so their foreheads press together.

"Did you mean it?" Stiles whispers, his eyes are closed. He can savours the heat from Peter's hands and forehead against his skin, he feels the way Peter's breath puffs against his mouth and cheeks.

"I did, sweetheart." Peter replies, just as quietly. He shifts and the heat is taken away, Stiles opens his eyes to see Peter sinking onto his knees. Peter tips his head back and exposes his throat. "I meant it, Alpha."

Stiles rests his hands on the side of Peter's neck, mirroring Peter's earlier pose. "Peter. Oh my god, Peter." Stiles feels a ridiculous laugh bubble up inside him and he can't stop the smile from spreading across his face. "We're not in Denver."

"I'm aware." Peter has this furrow between his brows as though confused by Stiles' comment.

Smoothing the frown away with his thumb Stiles leaves his hand on Peter's cheek. "You said we have to be in Denver before we stop circling. We're still in Beacon Hills so I can't kiss you yet."

"Sweetheart," Peter's hands come up to grip Stiles' hips, "you can kiss me anytime you want."

Stiles licks his lips and he bends over bringing their faces close. He ghosts his nose along Peter's jaw, seeing the way his shivers and his eyes slide shut. Stiles plants a butterfly kiss on the corner of Peter's eye then one on his cheek, and finally, Stiles brings their lips together.

He keeps it shallow. They just move their lips together and apart, and quickly back again. Peter's hands hold him tight and Stiles tries to keep from clutching too hard at Peter's face and neck. When they pull apart Stiles falls to his knees and into Peter's tight embrace.

"You can kiss me anytime you want, too." Stiles declares, his voice muffled by Peter's shoulder.

"Stop hiding and I will, darling." Peter responds after he's finished chuckling.

Stiles pulls back and they kiss again, wetter and deeper. Stiles moans into Peter's mouth and their tongues slide briefly together. He pushes himself closer, their chests are tightly pressed that it hurts Stiles a little. He drags his head back with a gasp as Peter's mouth lands on his throat. "Oh, fuck, Peter."

"That comes later, baby."

"Yeah?" Stiles asks breathlessly.

"As soon as we get to Denver I'll fuck you so good, you won't want to leave my bed." Peter sucks lightly at the hollow of Stiles' throat.

"Is that a promise?"

Peter lifts his head and grins sharply. "Yes, Alpha, that's a promise."

End Notes

[I'm on tumblr](#)

Unbeta'd as usual.

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