The Promised Land

by StaciNadia

Summary

Pushed away from the pack, Stiles has had enough of Beacon Hills.

Notes

My fourth, and final (late! ^^;;) entry for Sterek Bingo 2017! This one is for two themes: Derek Returns and Canon Divergent! This fic was originally meant to be for the Lyrics day of Sterek Week 2016, but I finished it in time for Sterek Bingo. Well, a little bit late... ^^;;

The song "Thunder Road" by Bruce Springsteen (the acoustic version) just screams Sterek to me. It makes me imagine Derek coming back and taking Stiles out of Beacon Hills with him. =3 You can listen to the song here.

The title is taken from one of the lyrics of the song.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Back at the beginning of his freshman year, Stiles had imagined that he would spend his high school
graduation with Scott at his side, the two of them cheering each other on and having a celebration afterwards with their parents. Scott and Stiles, two peas in a pod, brothers from another mother, and each other’s only friend.

But then the supernatural had happened.

Scott had gotten bitten near the end of their sophomore year. He’d gained super senses, super strength, and friends besides Stiles. He’d even become a True Alpha and was the current leader of their pack. The number of pack members had changed through the two remaining years of high school, but despite all the deaths and everything else that had happened to the pack, Stiles had hoped that Scott would always be his friend.

But that’s not what had wound up happening. An old friend of Stiles and Scott’s from elementary school, Theo, had returned to town at the beginning of their senior year, now a chimera. Stiles hadn’t trusted this new Theo one bit, but Scott had, and the rest of the pack had followed their alpha. As a result, Stiles had been gradually pushed away from the entire pack, including Scott, ever since. He wasn’t even certain if he was considered pack at all anymore.

*Maybe you weren’t meant to be pack after the Nogitsune anyways*, a tiny part of Stiles worried. The Nogitsune, an ancient trickster fox spirit, had possessed Stiles during Junior year. Though the Nogitsune had been the one who’d actually killed people, including Scott’s ex-girlfriend, Allison, he’d always been scared that he had been the one truly at fault, despite the therapy sessions he’d had with Miss Morrell. He usually managed to keep the worries buried, but sometimes they snuck up to the surface.

Whatever the cause, Stiles was tired of not being Scott’s friend anymore and not being a part of the pack. He’d been needing to get away from Beacon Hills for a while now. Now that he had graduated and was no longer a minor, he finally was going to be able to do it.

The house was quiet as Stiles rummaged around his bedroom and bathroom for anything he might have forgotten to pack and stuffed what he found into a large duffel bag. He was home alone because his father, as the sheriff, had to go back to the station after taking the morning off to be at his son’s graduation.

He realized he was still wearing his things from graduation that morning. He took the cap off his head and stared at it for a few moments. He gave a derisive snort, then tossed it unceremoniously onto the bed. Besides his father and Coach Finstock, no one had spoken to Stiles on what should have been one of the most important days of his life. Next, he pulled his gown over his head, then dropped it onto the floor. Underneath, he was dressed in a dress shirt and pants with a tie around his neck. He quickly changed into some jeans and a Batman t-shirt and laced up his sneakers. He would most likely be spending many hours in a car tonight, so he needed to be comfortable.

Satisfied that he had everything he needed, he grabbed the pillow off his bed and the duffel bag and went downstairs. He looked around the living room of the Stilinski house. Everything was neatly in its place except for one suitcase sitting by the door, waiting to be taken away. Stiles set the duffel bag and pillow down next to the suitcase, then he sat on the couch and tapped his fingers against his leg anxiously. Outside, the sky darkened and the streetlights turned on.

Eventually, the silence in the house was broken by the sound of his father’s cruiser coming into the driveway. Stiles sent off a quick text and stood up to greet his father. A few moments later, John Stilinski came into the house looking tired. He looked at the things Stiles packed sitting in the corner.

“Looks like you’re all ready to go,” he said with a sad smile.

The only regret that Stiles had about leaving Beacon Hills was that he would also be leaving his
father. His heart hurt every time he thought about it. Who knew what horrible cholesterol-laden foods he would eat or some other unhealthy habit he might pick up without Stiles there to watch out for his health? But he knew that the deputies and even Mrs. McCall would watch out for the Sheriff in his absence.

“I’m sorry, Dad,” Stiles blurted out. “I’m so sorry for everything! I wish I could stay, but I can’t.” He bit his lip.

John quickly stepped forward and hugged his son tightly. “I know, son. I know you need to leave, and I understand. I’ve never said it as much as I should have, but I am so proud of you, Stiles. Your mother would be, too.”

Stiles couldn’t speak, but he just enjoyed the feeling of being hugged by his father. It would be one of the last hugs he’d get from him for a while.

A car horn suddenly sounded from outside and father and son separated. Stiles ran to the window and his heart began pounding as he saw a familiar black Camaro park in the front of their house and a tall, dark-haired figure step out from the driver's side door. He flung the door open and watched as the figure stepped onto their porch and into the light.

It had been over a year since he had last seen Derek Hale in the flesh, and massive crush that Stiles had on him was already coming back stronger than ever. He was as handsome as before, with his chiseled face, neatly trimmed stubble, and trademark leather jacket. But there was a softness to him that hadn’t been there before he’d left with Braeden all those months ago. There was a smile on his face as he stepped into the house that made him look even more amazing than before.

Stiles couldn’t help but go right to him and wrap his arms around him tightly. He closed his eyes to keep the tears in his eyes from falling. “Derek,” he mumbled. “You’re here. You’re really here.”

He felt a pair of strong arms wrapping around his back. “It’s okay, Stiles.”

Tears flowed from Stiles’ eyes despite his best efforts. His arms tightened around Derek, as if he couldn’t be close enough to the other man. “I missed you so much,” he said, his voice muffled by the leather jacket he had his face buried in.

“I missed you, too,” Derek said.

A huge sense of relief fell over Stiles now that Derek was here. It wasn’t just his crush on the older man that made him want to see Derek again. He was also the only pack member who Stiles was sure would have believed him about Theo and wouldn’t have just pushed him aside.. He pushed gently away from Derek and gave him a watery smile.

John walked over to the two of them and put a hand on Derek’s shoulder. “Good to see you again, Derek,” he said, squeezing gently.

Derek nodded. “You, too, sir.”

“I know you two probably want to get going before it gets too late,” John said, then stepped up and looked right into Derek’s eyes. “Take good care of my son. Please. I’m counting on you.”

Derek stood up straighter and looked right back at John, determination shining through his gaze. “Yes, sir. I’ll take good care of him and make sure he gets safely to New York.”

The Sheriff stepped back and smiled. “Good.”
“You really are amazing for doing this,” Stiles said softly. “You’re my hero.”

Derek looked stunned, then turned away. “No, Stiles. I’m not,” he said hoarsely, shaking his head. “I’m just helping a… pack mate out.”

“On the contrary,” John interrupted, stepping over to the werewolf. “I think you are a hero. You’re getting my son away from this place that causes him so much pain. I can’t take him myself because of my job, but you are able to, and I’m so grateful for that.” He held out a hand to Derek, who looked surprised.

“See?” Stiles nudged Derek in the side and smiled at him. Derek looked uncertain, but smiled tentatively back and shook John’s hand with his strong grip.

Derek carried all of Stiles’ things outside with Stiles and John following. Stiles stopped on the porch looking out at Derek’s Camaro. Derek and the Camaro meant freedom from all the pain that came from Beacon Woods, but it also meant that he would be away from his father for a while.

As if John could read his thoughts, Stiles felt his father wrap an arm around him. “It’ll be okay, son. We’ll see each other again. I’ll be there when you move into your dorm in a few months, okay?”

“Promise?” Stiles asked. He felt like a little kid, but even at eighteen, he still needed that reassurance.

“Of course, Stiles.”

“I’ll send you lots of postcards so you can see where we’ve been!” Stiles promised with a grin. “I’ve already got a bunch of postcard stamps in my bag!”

John laughed. “My boy, always so prepared.”

“Darn right!” Stiles winked, then squeezed his arms around his father one more time. “I’m gonna miss you so much, Dad.”

Derek was waiting next to the Camaro’s passenger side door. He opened it when Stiles approached. “Are you sure you’re ready?” he asked, looking into Stiles’ eyes as if searching for something.

Stiles took a deep breath and nodded. “I’m ready.”

Derek looked into his eyes for a few moments more, then smiled, seemingly satisfied with what he’d seen. “Well, let’s go.”

Stiles smiled back and slid into the Camaro and shut the door. He looked out the open window at his father. “Hey, Dad, take care of the jeep for me, will you? Roscoe probably wouldn’t do too well going cross country.”

“I will, son. You two take care of yourselves, and try not to do anything too stupid!”

“Hey!” Stiles shouted in mock offense.

“You two get going now,” John said with a gentle smile. “I’ll see you both before you know it.”

He waved madly out the window as Derek pulled away from the curb. “I’m gonna see you real soon! I love you, Dad!” Stiles yelled at his father as he waved madly out the window as the Camaro drove away from the Stilinski house. He heard a shout of “I love you!” back from his father as they turned the corner.

There was an ache in Stiles’ chest as his father and his house disappeared from view. He reminded
himself that August wasn’t that far away, then he just quietly looked out the window and enjoyed the feeling of the wind blowing through his hair. “We’re really leaving Beacon Hills, aren’t we, Derek?”

“We are, Stiles. We can go anywhere in the country you want.”

“Awesome,” Stiles grinned. “We’re gonna have the best summer!”

They hadn’t talked yet about why Stiles needed to get away, but Stiles knew that that discussion would happen eventually. Glancing over at Derek’s profile, he hoped that maybe something else might happen, too.

As they passed the “You are now leaving Beacon Hills” sign, Stiles felt lighter than he had in a long time. He was out of Beacon Hills, he’d be spending his summer on the road with the man he had feelings for, and no matter what happened, it was going to be amazing.

End Notes

This might become a series, where Stiles and Derek go on their road trip, and Stiles goes to college, and Stiles and Scott make up and stuff. =3

This diverges from canon at the beginning of season 5. Theo shows up and gets himself into the pack during senior year, but there are no Dread Doctors, no Donovan, or anything else from season 5. He just wants to manipulate the McCall pack. Stiles sees right through him.

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