Blooming Marvellous

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Summary

Sylar and Claire had sex at the Stanton. When he returns to the Carnival after 4x12, he finds Claire pregnant with his child. Sylar is delighted. Claire is a bit less thrilled.

Notes

Based on the following prompt on the Sylar/Claire Kink Meme: "Sylar and Claire have a one night stand and a few months later Sylar discovers she’s preggers. Seeing her that way is a complete turn on for him. Claire's not so thrilled with any of it."

Could also be a sequel to The Darkest Hour, albeit with a completely different tone!

It was strange to be back at the carnival. He'd only been gone a couple of weeks, but it seemed as though a lifetime had passed; not entirely untrue, given what had happened to him. Sylar turned up his collar against the winter wind and looked around, his borrowed eyes scanning the area.

He hadn't intended to come back. The carnival was insignificant compared to his vendetta against the Petrellis. But his latest attempt to best Peter Petrelli had ended in failure -- again -- except for one thing; before attacking him, Sylar had eavesdropped on the boy wonder's conversation with Bennet and overheard the words "Claire", "Carnival" and "You must be kidding". He had surmised that Claire had run away to the carnival and her family didn't approve. Which was hilarious and ironic in some ways.

Sylar hadn't seen Claire since the Stanton. Even when everyone apparently believed that he was Nathan, nobody suggested that he actually see his daughter. There had been a couple of phone calls
right at the beginning, presumably when he was at his most Nathan-like, but he hadn't seen her in the flesh. No doubt Angela thought that would be pushing their luck a bit too far. In fact, between the powers manifesting spontaneously and the business of being shot and amnesiac, Sylar had given Claire very little thought at all over the past seven months. It wasn't until Peter beat him into pretending to be Nathan that Sylar remembered Claire. His various other children apparently didn't feature heavily in Nathan's memories.

So now Sylar was back to himself, and back at the carnival. He had an idea that he might be able to use Claire for revenge – maybe reveal to the world how he had had her in the five minutes they'd spent alone in that hotel room – but first, he wanted to see what she was doing at the carnival.

A Carnie whose name he'd already forgotten pointed out Claire's trailer. Or to be more precise, the man thought about the location of Claire's trailer while he refused to tell a shapeshifted Sylar where it was. Sylar loved having Parkman's ability. He didn't know why he hadn't acquired it years ago.

Sylar strode up to Claire's trailer, turned back into himself and knocked on the door, leaning nonchalantly on the door frame for maximum effect.

Claire opened the door and stared at him open-mouthed.

"Sylar?" she exclaimed. "You're supposed to be dead!"

Sylar looked her over with deliberate rudeness. "And you're supposed to be..." His eyes fell on her belly. "...Not pregnant."

Claire rolled her eyes and slammed the door in his face. Sylar simply blew it open again with a wave of his hand. Claire had moved to the front of the trailer and was holding a knife. Sylar flicked it out of her hands.

"So, what happened? Did you meet some nice frat boy at college? Shack up with someone back home?"

Claire shook her head and turned away from him. Seeing her sideways on as she sat heavily on the couch, Sylar realised that she wasn't just pregnant, she was very pregnant.

Her arms and legs were as slim as ever, but Claire looked as if she'd swallowed a beach ball. Her breasts had expanded as well, transformed from rather flat little dumplings into two pointed globes resting on the beach ball, the shape of their enlarged nipples clearly visible through the maternity top she wore.

Sylar had never been close to any pregnant woman, let alone one he had known when not pregnant. He wondered what her belly was like under her top; would it be soft and squishy, or hard and firm? Either way, her gravid body seemed to awaken some primal Mother Earth adoration tendencies and he had to fight a vague urge to get down on his knees and worship such a gorgeous specimen of womanhood. Either that, or knock her over and have his wicked way with that fantastic body. Several of his abilities were tingling with the amount of energy and warmth flowing off her.

"Are you expecting twins?" he asked, eyeing her large bump with curiosity and trying to keep his thoughts coherent and sex-free.

"No, just the one." Claire gave him a funny look, probably because she was still getting used to the idea of him being alive. On the other hand, he got the feeling she was looking at him as if he was an idiot. "I'm seven months pregnant."

Seven months rang a... "Oh."
"Oh" was about as much as Sylar could muster at that moment. He instinctively focused his abilities on the round lump under Claire's shirt, but all he got was the information that there was a baby boy in there, curled up into a little ball and sucking his thumb. His ability also provided a bunch of interesting but useless information about the amount of blood pumping through Claire's womb and nether regions, the hormones coursing through her veins, relaxing and tensing various muscles and cerebral functions in preparation for birth and motherhood... and the rather more intriguing awareness that Claire's body temperature had risen since the beginning of the conversation.

"You're supposed to be dead," said Claire accusingly. "If I'd known... Oh god, I can't believe this is happening!"


Damn it, his memories of the day he'd been brainwashed were so vague that he couldn't even remember what Claire's reaction had been. All he remembered was that they'd had sex, so Sylar presumed that he had forced her.

"What you did," said Claire, her little pink mouth tense with hatred. Okay, forced. That made sense. "You forced yourself on me and then this happened."

That's right; the details came flooding back. But mainly, what Sylar remembered was Claire moaning erotically when she had an orgasm. Which was actually a big deal, because neither Maya nor Elle had enjoyed the actual sex with him, and Lydia had simply faked an orgasm. Mind you, she'd been poked by so many guys it was amazing she felt anything at all. He didn't count Janice because Parkman's body was doing the sexing – ew – and anyway she was in love with the oaf, which probably made her more prone to orgasms. But Claire, a sensible teenage girl who saw him exactly for what he was, had had an orgasm.

Now that he came to think about it, Sylar realised that his love life so far was spectacularly pathetic.

"Um, Sylar, are you okay?"

No. "Yes. Thanks for your concern," he said with a grin. "So, um, does your dad know about this?"

Claire narrowed her eyes and looked down at her bump. "Yeah, he kinda noticed I was pregnant. He doesn't know about you." She shook her head. "Oh god, I thought you were dead. Now you're going to be all creepy and horrible and killing people and... I should have listened to Mom. I should have had an abortion while there was still time, but then I thought it wouldn't work anyway because I'd just heal when they cut me open..."

"I'm pretty sure that's not how they perform abortions," said Sylar. He assumed he'd got that information from one of Nathan's memories but decided not to examine it too closely.

Claire wasn't listening anyway. "...then when I threw myself out of the window to prove that Annie was murdered, which was totally the case anyway, I was all beat up but I was still pregnant afterwards and the baby is fine."

"You threw yourself out of a window while pregnant?" exclaimed Sylar indignantly. "That's-- that's irresponsible!"

"I wasn't exactly happy about it," snapped Claire. "You have no idea what it's been like, walking around on campus like this, everyone talking about me behind my back. Oh, look at Claire Bennet, the knocked up Freshman who couldn't keep her legs closed!"
Sylar thought that actually sounded kind of hot, but Claire looked upset, so for once he let his empathy guide him and said nothing. In fact, he even sat down beside her and patted her hand. It didn't really help with the urge to push her over and test how closed her legs would stay under an onslaught of creative powers. Sylar swallowed hard and tried to concentrate on what Claire was saying, though he wasn't sure why. Maybe Gabriel fucking Gray was resurging.

"It's been sooo humiliating," continued Claire, getting tearful but still looking incredibly sexy. "Guys either think I must be up for a quickie because I'm already knocked up or refuse to even talk to be because they imagine I'll be making them marry me and we'll end up in a trailer park with fifteen kids and no job!"

Sylar looked at the tin trailer they were sitting in. "I see, so you figured you'd move straight into a trailer and get the guy afterwards?"

"And I hate being on my own and being treated like a slut and people thinking I'm a pathetic single mom who's going to scrounge off hand outs for the rest of her life because I'll have to drop out of college to earn some money for me and the baby and without a degree I'll have a crap job and I'm going to live forever with a son who's practically the same age as me and I'm so horny I can't even sleep and why is the universe so laaame?"

She started sobbing in earnest. Sylar didn't need Intuitive Aptitude to know that she was crazed on hormones, probably overproduced by her hyperactive metabolism. He congratulated himself on having the good fortune to have been born a man, ruled by a single hormone that made him aggressive, unreasonable and single-mindedly incapable of multitasking, shopping, or leaving toilet seats down. Not to mention listening to anything profound or important being said in a female voice.

But then the tiny part of his brain that had actually been listening to what Claire was saying connected with the testosterone-addled rest of his body and he was suddenly very interested in their conversation.

"Did you say you were horny?"

Claire groaned. "No! This is all your fault! I definitely don't want you."

Sylar grinned evilly as his head tingled with her lies. "Well, if you have a problem, I'm the one who'll solve it. I'm not letting any other guy have a poke. I mean, that's my son in there!"

My son. Sylar paused to examine the extraordinary news that he was going to be a father. And he promised himself right then and there that he was going to be the best father ever. He wasn't going to sell his son, or wipe his brain, or experiment on him if he had an ability, or try to kill him in a staged car crash, or any of the other things that normal fathers did. Sylar was going to be a special father, who never did anything wrong.

Overcome by emotion, Sylar put his hand on Claire's belly; even through her top, he could feel how hard and warm her pregnant bump was. Her emotional outburst apparently over, Claire looked at him with amusement, as if she too could read minds, and thought the idea of Sylar being a father was hilarious. He was about to pull his hand away and say something suitably evil when the whole surface of Claire's belly rippled as the baby shifted position.

"Oh wow. That's awesome!" exclaimed Sylar. "The baby moved! Can I have a look?"

"No, Sylar," said Claire though she leaned back a little on the plump cushion behind her to give him better access.
Sylar knelt down in front of her. Claire sighed and said nothing as he lifted her shirt and pulled down her maternity trousers, uncovering her swollen, lightly tanned belly. It was firm but gave slightly when he pressed his fingers into one side. The baby shifted only a little; concerned that he might have injured it, Sylar concentrated and smiled when his abilities gave him news of the baby's status.

"He's gone to sleep," he said with amazement. "I guess there's not much else to do in there."

Claire's face lit up with delight. "You know what he's doing? Can you tell what he'll look like? Is he healthy? Does he have an ability?"

"Um, I can tell he's a baby," said Sylar cautiously. He pressed his ear to her skin. "I can't tell about the ability, but then it isn't something I can detect just like that. He has a very strong heartbeat, though. I can hear him just like this. It's too soon to tell if he'll have my eyebrows, if that's what you're worried about."

Claire smiled weakly. Sylar could tell she was ambivalent at best about having her son's evil serial killer dad back in the picture. But at least she seemed quite calm and accepting, and hadn't yet renewed her usual vow to kill him. Sylar assumed that Claire's docility was another result of the hormones, and he decided to make the most of the situation.

With his face against her soft warm skin, sexual desire was beginning to overcome paternal pride again. Claire's bellybutton was sticking out slightly, like a little flat nipple. Sylar pressed his lips to it, sucking gently before giving it a quick prod with his tongue.

"Oh god, yes," moaned Claire, grabbing Sylar's hair to keep his head in place.

Seeing no reason to deny her request, Sylar kissed and stroked her large belly, letting his fingers linger on the soft underside. Claire groaned encouragingly and Sylar tried to slip his hand into her pants, but her belly was resting on her upper thighs, trapping the garment firmly in place. He decided to deal with that problem later and headed upwards instead.

Claire's hands were still embedded in his hair when Sylar stood up to kiss her. She opened her mouth immediately, sticking her tongue out for a sloppy kiss. She tasted of strong tea and some kind of vitamin supplement; her arousal practically screamed at his empathic senses and Sylar was overcome with desire. He pushed her over onto her side on the couch and pulled at her pants, using a couple of powers to get them off.

Meanwhile, Claire pulled her top up above her breasts, leaving it rolled up under her arms as she couldn't take it off completely in her prone position. She was also unable to reach the back clasp on her maternity bra, and settled instead for unfastening the flaps at the front. Sylar liked tits well enough, but he'd never seen anything as arousing as Claire's large, pointed breasts protruding through the openings in her bra. Clearly, she wanted him to play with these.

Sylar barely had time to get himself out of his own underwear before Claire made her message even clearer by grabbing a handful of his hair and pulling his mouth onto one of her enlarged nipples. Sylar had to bend his back to keep his mouth in place and still get what he wanted too, but it was worth it. Claire was totally into this; even though she was practically immobile, lying on her side with Sylar wrapped over her, she was moaning loudly and her fingers kept twisting in his hair, keeping time with the rhythm of his hips.

Sucking harder on her breast as his pace became more frantic, Sylar was surprised to get a small taste of something sugary. The thought that after the baby's birth, these same magnificent breasts would be producing milk made Sylar's head spin. He had never imagined that motherhood could be so sexy. No wonder there were 7 billion people on Earth.
Testing to see what would happen, Sylar tickled her nipple with the tip of his tongue and discovered that Claire liked that a lot.

"Oh god, Sylar, yes!" screamed Claire suddenly, practically ripping his hair out.

Telekinetically easing her painful hold on him, Sylar rubbed her full belly as she spasmed and moaned. He was amazed to find that her womb had become rock hard, contracting with the force of her orgasm. Safe inside, oblivious to everything, the baby continued to sleep peacefully. The contentment radiating off both mother and baby – his very own little family – connected with Sylar's desire, leading him to an unexpectedly gentle, tender orgasm unlike anything he had experienced before. Sylar closed his eyes and moaned as his entire being seemed to rush into Claire's beautiful pregnant body.

They both stayed still for a moment. When he finally raised his head from her breast, Claire gave Sylar a little embarrassed smile. Incongruously, it occurred to him that she probably didn't know he had murdered her father. But he decided to sort that little detail out later.

For now, he was content to gaze up at Claire's pretty young face and think how incredibly lucky he was that she was bearing his child.

"I guess I'll stick around," said Sylar. He wasn't letting this beauty go, not this time. "I'll look after you and the baby. No one will be making fun of you and you sure as hell won't be living off hand outs or dropping out of college!"

Still trapped under Sylar's body, Claire sighed heavily, her eyes half closed, but she didn't sound unhappy when she said, "Yeah, I guess that would be nice."

"I tell you what, though," continued Sylar, patting her belly with a grin. "You're gorgeous like this. As soon as you've dropped this one, I'm knocking you up again."

Claire's eyes flew open in horror.

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