

# Fifteen

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*Noodle's 15th birthday coming up soon.*

*But she's been keeping a little something secret from the boys, and she feels she needs to tell them. And most importantly, MEET him.*

*(Set around Summer timeish)*

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# 1 - Boyfriend Talk

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*He walked down the corridor, stumbling over cracks in the floor on the way. He looked to both his sides, trying to find any evidence of where he was. But he only saw bleached walls, and a few messageboards here and there. How long he had been walking now? He couldn't remember. But he was damned if he was gonna stay in a place so... white. It was making his vision all blurry and he swore he started seeing purple spots everywhere. He cursed to himself over every crack he tripped over and at everytime he looked at the wall.*

*Singing...?*

*Could he hear singing? he looked for the source of the sweet voices, finally relieved that there was someone here other than him. He eyes traveled to a large, wooden door at the end of the corridor. He marched towards it, eager to grab ahold of the bastard that put him here and take him out of this place at once. He swung the doors open and walked right inside.*

*Slap.*

*He was mentally slapped in the face. He stopped on his heel and his expression of pure anger and fury had soon turned to shock and rather.. disgusted. People around him were dressed in various colours, ranging from white to pink. Some had cheerful faces, and some were full of tears. Of joy? he didn't know. They all seemed to be focusing their attention on one thing. And that was the couple at the front. One was dressed in a white, bridal gown, which was flowing right down below the ankles, and wore a veil which covered the face. The other, was wearing a jet black suit with a pair of ultra shiny black shoes. A red rose hanging from his chest pocket. But it wasn't the fact of what the suit looked like. It was a fact of 'who' was in the suit.*

*'Do you take Murdoc Jacob Niccals, to be your husband?'*

*'I do..' Spoke the fair-voiced bride.*

*'And do you, Mr Niccal's?'*

*'I do..'*

*'Good. You may now kiss the bride..'*

*The veil was then lifted by the bride's hands to unveil an cherub faced Blue haired bride. Murdoc J. Niccal's leaned in to lock lips and..*

His head shot up from the filthy pillow and broke out into a small cold sweat. He squinted with every pant

he took. He had never experienced a dream like that before, and he didn't want to again. He wiped the back of his hand along his forehead, clearing away some of the sweat from his rough, black hair and skin.

'I must remember to give Dullard a punch today..' He swore to himself. 'Trying to ruin my sleep..'

He sat up and grabbed the nearest trousers his hands could get hold of. He slipped them on, and put on his unwashed combat boots. There was no need for a shirt. No one minded. Unless, they wanted to hear insults coming at them from the Bassist's mouth, they didn't mind at all. A 'qwarck' from the corner of the 'bago made Murdoc come out of his sleepy mood. He went over to Cortez and offered an arm out to him. The raven didn't refuse and jumped on happily, hungry for some breakfast. Murdoc grabbed his keys off the kitchen side and opened the door to be welcomed by the cold air you could only find at Kong Studios at this time of season.

"Ere ya go, Cortez. There must be some rottin' zombies out 'dere. Go 'nd feast on them" And with that, Cortez flew off out of the carpark.

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Murdoc was welcomed with a chorus of 'Mornin' 'Good morning, Murdoc-san' and 'It's way too early for you, man'. He sat down in his usual position at the table and grabbed the bowl of sugar that was in front of him. He held it protectively like it was a rare jewel.

"Thanks for 'der greetin', Russ. I suppose good mornin' and 'ello aren't traditional anymore.." He sarcastically said, scooping up mouthfuls of sugar.

Russel looked over the newspaper he was reading to look at Murdoc. "Seriously, is it really necessary to eat sugar like that? and for breakfast?"

His answer was a sugar-muffled 'yes'. Russel returned back to his newspaper, shaking his head.

Breakfast went normally that morning. Nothing out of the ordinary. Well, that was what Murdoc thought halfway through. He had deserted his sugar bowl to a mug of coffee now and was drinking rapidly. He longed to be back in the safe haven of his Winnebago, where he could drown himself in hardcore music, alcohol and other needs he called 'Not for the fain' of 'art'. The only time he ever showed his face was breakfast, dinner and band practice. And he wanted it to stay that way.

A slight giggle from Murdoc's left made him turn around and look at a certain Blue haired vocalist in the eye. "What are you smilin' 'bout?"

2-D looked at his 'sister' beside him, who also smiled in return. He then looked back at Murdoc, unable to control his excitement any longer.

"It's Noodle's 15th birthday in a few days.." He grinned. Murdoc looked up from 2-D to Noodle.

'Man, she's growing up fast..' Murdoc thought, while sipping his coffee. '..Way too fast'

"So.. fifteen, 'ey? I suppose you'll be gettin' a boyfriend soon.." He smirked, leaning back on his chair.

Noodle blushed. You normally couldn't tell what she was doing or thinking under those thick bangs of hers, but it didn't take a genius to know she was turning pastel pink.

Russel, who was playing with the top half of his cap out of boredom, suddenly turned his attention to the word 'boyfriend'.

"She ain't gettin' no boyfriend as long as I have my baseball bat..."

"Why not, Russel?" Noodle piped up. She was, and never had been interested in boys before. But she had wondered about it from time to time.

"Because boys your age only want you for 2 things. To make them look good and for sex. They don't know what real love is"

"So then.. when would be the right time for me to have a boyfriend?" Noodle asked, brushing the bangs out of her bright, emerald eyes.

"Well, by the way Russel's makin' it out to be...never" Murdoc sniggered. He literally dropped his mug into the dirty sink, with all the other dishes and cutlery. "Later kiddies, Daddy's got's some buisness to do.."

And then he left, but not before receiving a frown from Russel. He sighed.

"I just don't want you to get hurt, girl"

Noodle cocked her head to the side and smiled. "Thank you for the concern Russel-san. But I can take care of myself" she said, patting his hand.

The fine figure of Murdoc came through the door again, and walked over to 2-D. And with a swift hand, whacked him over the head. Causing 2-D to drop and spill his tea.

"Ey! what was 'dat for?" 2-D questioned, rubbing his head in pain.

"For terrorizing my dreams, face-ache!.."

And walked off without another word.

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## 2 - Restless Summer Nights

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Noodle wrapped her quilt over her chest tightly. It was particularly cold that night, despite it being Summer. She had that 'boyfriend' talk on her mind all night, and it never seemed to go away. It was also keeping her from her sleep.

She sighed to herself, eventually giving up on the thought of sleep. She thought she should just run things over in her head, so then at least, her mind would be put at peace.

'Ok..' she started.

'They do not actually know that..'

She stopped herself, and looked around, as if people were reading her thoughts or something. Satisfied that there was no one, she carried on her her thinking.

'I have one.'

She sat up from her feathery pillow and moved over to the end of the bed. She sat on the ledge and glanced at herself in the mirror in front of her every now and then.

'He was only a fan. He was charming and he was interested in me. That's all..'

She took a long hard look in the mirror, pointing out each and every facial feature.

'I mean.. it must be fine. We've been going out for about 2 weeks now. And he hasn't treated me badly whatsoever..'

Some dark purple bangs fell over her face, so she quickly brushed them behind her ears so her eyes weren't covered. Oh, how she loved her bangs. She even refused to cut them when Murdoc once ushered her to go to the hairdresser's. She lightly smiled at that memory.

'Wow.. what would the boys say if I told them I had a boyfriend..?'

Her soft smile slowly faded at the thought of Murdoc and Russel throwing a hissy fit and grabbing various weapons. And 2-D.. well, 2-D would always be one who was always suspicious until he got to know that person. He wasn't a very violent person. And that's why Noodle gave more affection to him than he actually needed. She did really love Murdoc and Russel too, but it was 2-D who Noodle seemed to put all her trust in.

'I guess.. I would have to tell them about him sometime, sooner or later'

She walked over to the mirror, and leaned her face nearer to the reflective object, until her nose was practically touching. She looked deep into her slightly slit eyes..

'Because I won't be able to keep it a secret for long..'

Her attention was soon taken from her eyes to the sound of booming footsteps coming from the corridor just outside.

'Sounds like Russel-san..I have a matter of seconds to get back to bed'

In one swift move, she scrambled under her cushiony duvet and rested her head on the pillow. She closed her aching eyes and waited for the sound of her door to open.

Which indeed, did happen.

The light from the corridor outside flooded into the room and shone on the back of Noodle. She saw the large shadow of Russel's towering over her, as she opened one small eye.

"G'night, Noodle girl" Russel loudly whispered. And with that, darkness consumed the room once again, as she heard the door click closed. She closed her single, green eye again, feeling a lot better.

She smiled when she felt more or less restful now, and gradually, fell into that deep sleep that she had wanted just a few minutes ago.

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### 3 - Birthday Suprises

"I'm sure your meant t' put carrots in carrot cake.."

"Not *whole* carrot sticks, dullard.."

"Yeah, only lil' flakey bits.."

A small silence was heard amongst the three men. They stood around the glass bowl, looking at the ingredients it contained and the bag of carrots in turn.

"... are ya sure?"

Russel sighed. "Yes, 2-D, I'm sure that whole carrots do not go into the bowl"

"Yeah, but our las' cookery teacher at my ol' school told us we 'ad to put 'ole carrot chunks in, not flakes, 'nd I'm pretty sure it was carrot cake she was makin'. She told us that.."

"Oi, stop ramblin' 'nd 'elp us out with this" Murdoc's stern voice said.

2-D shrugged and picked up the bag of carrots. He held both ends of the bottom of the bag and watched the carrots tumble out. Murdoc then grabbed a carrot one by one, washing them under the tap with a bored expression on his face. Russel would then take the carrots out of Murdoc's hands and grate them, until they're turned into fine shreads.

After continuing this routine in silence, 2-D's voice perked up once again.

"Couldn' we 'ave just *bought* a cake instead of makin' one..?"

His answer was two pairs of glares. "What are you? a question machine?" Murdoc sneered at the blue haired vocalist. He then looked at Russel, "'nd why didn't we just buy one? you got me up at 7.30 to *bake* ..!"

"Well, it's not my fault that nearly every store in Essex closes on a Sunday, is it? And I'll be damned if I'm going out to buy a cake in early mornin'.."

It was quiet again, and the three boys countined to follow their routine until there was no more carrots left.

"What time is it?" 2-D asked, watching Murdoc and Russel put all the dirty stuff in the sink and pack away. Murdoc glanced at the kitchen clock above the door.

"8am.. now go 'nd make yourself useful and wake Noodle up" Murdoc said, boredly.

"Ok!" He grinned, a little too brightly for 8am. He eagerly bounced out of the kitchen and made a dash for Noodle's room, which was situated just across.

He gently knocked on the door. "Noodle?"

There was no answer. He knocked again, but a little louder. "Noodle?" His voice volume increased as well.

Again, no answer.

He was clearly banging his fist now. "NOODLE!?" He shouted, hardly containing his joy any longer.

There was an answer this time. The door opened ajar, to show Noodle dressed very smartly. Her purple hair was put up in a low ponytail, light makeup but heavy eyeshadow shadowed her face, and her clothes consisted of a silky gold sleeveless shirt, which showed a bit of a midriff. And a black skirt that came just above the knee. She wore no shoes or socks, only barefoot.

"Good morning, 2-D" She grinned.

"Happy birthday, Noodle" He happily said, throwing non-existent confetti in the air. A giggle escaped Noodle's lips.

"C'mon, c'mon, c'mon! I wanna see ya open your presents!" He playfully whined, while pulling on Noodle's hand.

"Ok, ok.." she stepped out and closed the door behind her, while 2-D pulled her along back into the kitchen, to meet up with Murdoc and Russel.

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Noodle sat cross-legged on the sofa, while Monday morning cartoons blared out from the TV. Brightly coloured wrapping paper covered the floor, sofa and anywhere else she had flung it after ripping open her presents.

From Murdoc, she got a golden chain, but later discovered that it was a replica of Murdoc's own. He pointed out that you could take off the cross after seeing Noodle's playful frown. From 2-D, she got a bunch of DVD's, from humour to horror, and a pile of video games. And from Russel, she received a new electric guitar she had been wanting for ages.

The half-eaten cake was laid out on the table, with 15 candles sprawled out next to it. It turns out 2-D actually put a whole carrot in the mixture when neither Murdoc or Russel were watching. This resulted in a punch from Murdoc, who had nearly choked from 2-D's carrot.

Noodle was sitting on the sofa, watching the cartoon's flicker across the screen.

*'What about your boyfriend, Noodle?'*

She shook her head. Was her mind tormenting her? Trying to make her slip up?



She tried hard not to focus on what her mind was telling her but what was happening on the television screen.

*'You've got to tell them some time'*

She sighed and forcefully told herself to not listen. But it seemed a little too late, as every word that she heard seem to scream out 'boyfriend'.

"Yeah, well, I don't care if your triple glazed windows are 'alf price. I ain't buying them!" Murdoc wandered into the living room, shouting down the phone to what seemed to be a telemarketer. "I ain' buyin'.. now bugger off and stop callin'" and with that, he slammed the phone down on the arm of the sofa, and snaked his way onto the free space next to Noodle.

"Damn telemarketers.." He mumbled.

"Um.. Murdoc-san?" She said, unsure of whether this was the right time to say this or not.

"Yeah?"

Lowering her head a little, she responded by, "I've got something to tell you, Russel and 2-D. And it's kind of important too.."

"Uh.. okay.." He leaned over the back of the sofa and called with whatever energy he had "Oi! you two in the kitchen! c'mere! Noodle want's to tell us somethin'"

Before the Noodle knew it, Russel and 2-D had made their way in and looked at her with mixed expressions.

"Ok.." She began, already getting nervous with the awkward silence.

"What's up, girl?" Russel asked.

"Um, I have a..." She glanced up and felt all eyes on her. "...a boyfriend"

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## 4 - Reasoning

There was an awkward and unearthly silence. 2-D looked at Noodle, Noodle looked at Russel and Russel looked Murdoc. No one was sure what to do in that moment. Until a small hoarse cough came from Noodle's side.

"Ya wha'?"

Noodle felt slightly annoyed but felt herself going a little red too, seeing as she knew she would have to repeat herself.

"I have a... boyfriend..?" She glanced at each face again.

Silence.

"Ya wha'?"

"Shut up, Murdoc" Russel glared. He also looked affected by this news.

"Y don' you make me?" Murdoc leered back.

"Y don' you two stop arguin'?" 2-D voiced in, hoping to stop Russel and Murdoc bickering.

"Y don' you go and bug someone else?" The green toothn bassist sneered.

"Why can't you all just like grown men...please?" Noodle's voice decided to pipe in too.

The three men quietened down, and began to shuffle and fidget in their seats or where they were standing.

"So.. you have a boyfriend, huh?" Russel seemed to twitch a little as he said it.

"Um.. yes"

"Ok.." Russel put his finger to his chin in thought, then motioned 2-D to go through the corridor "Please get my baseball bat..."

"No wait!" She quickly ran over to 2-D in a flash and grabbed his lower arm before he had chance to move.

"Please Russel-san, don't do anything stupid. He's not just some random boy who I picked off the street at first sight. I got to know this him first, and he is really nice and sweet and charming. And just don't do anything to hurt him or anything like that; I just want you to get along with him" She then took a deep breath, and paused to see what reply she would receive.

Murdoc studied 2-D's confused face to Russel's concerned/over-protective face, then Noodle's hopeful one.

"Ow long ya been going out?"

Noodle turned her attention to Murdoc. "Um, about.. 2 and half weeks.." She did seem a little wary of Murdoc at the moment. He was not freaking out and this kind of worried her.

"And.. he hasn' done anythin' out of the ordinary?"

"No.."

"Nothin'.. nothin' at all? done all the normal things a boyfriend would normally do?"

"Yes."

"What's 'is name?"

"Tyler.."

"Is 'e good lookin'?"

Noodle's cheeks grew a small tint of pink. "Uh.. I guess so."

"Does 'e 'ave nice 'air and eyes?"

"Yes, I suppose so" Starting to grin a little.

"Does 'e wear really nice clothes 'nd smell good?" He said, propping his head on the arm of the sofa.

Russel soon thought this was a good time to step in. "Murdoc, dude, stop with the questions. They're starting to scare me."

"Okay, okay..." Murdoc sighed. "Jus' take care of yourself, girl"

The bassist soon noticed that 2-D was grabbing ahold of the remote and quickly snatched it out of his hands before the vocalist even had time to react. He turned to Murdoc when he soon realised that only thin air were in his skinny hands.

"Heeey, gimme tha' back" He whined.

"Come and get it then.." Murdoc smirked, fiddling around with the buttons as if it was a child's play toy.

Before Murdoc had time to breathe, 2-D had pounced on him and tried to take back his beloved remote control. Of course, Murdoc wasn't giving up without a fight and so, kept his grip firmly on the object.

Russel and Noodle had watched on with blank faces while their bandmates fought.

"Hey, you wanna order some pizza? I'll let you choose the toppin'." Russel patted her head, showing all was forgotten about their earlier conversation. The Asian guitarist nodded and followed Russel back into the kitchen to make a few phone calls.

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