Glue and Oil

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Glue and Oil

by orphan_account

Summary

"Noodle was both the glue needed to hold everything together and the oil needed to keep it all running smoothly". 3 chapters, one from each person's point of view, detail how Noodle, Murdoc, and 2D all come to be in a relationship with one another.
2D

Chapter Notes

2D’s chapter. I kind of accidentally came up with the headcanon of him being Demisexual while writing this, and I really like it.
TW this chapter for dub-con, mentions of blood, and physical abuse.

He was drunk the first time he came onto you, calling you things like “twink” and “pretty boy”, and it made you uncomfortable the way he touched you, but also strangely excited.

You hated when he put you down and when he hurt you, but it was all becoming so familiar it was hard to remember it not being a constant. With your bad memory you took comfort in anything that was consistent, even if it was abuse, and all in all you considered him a good friend. Plus, you were never exactly straight. You weren’t much of anything really until you got to liking someone a lot, it just so happens that the most recent times it was with girls.

You let him take you, and it hurt because he didn’t use enough lube and when you told him to stop biting you he laughed and bit down harder, but you couldn’t find it in yourself to hate it totally. You just wished he would go a little slower and maybe not hurt you so much, but that was just how he was.

It happened a few more times since then, but it didn’t become a regular thing until years later. He was sober this time, unlike every time previous, and Noodle was out grocery shopping. He pushes you against a wall and pulls your hands behind your back and tells you that you’re too fucking pretty to be a guy, which sounds to you like a compliment poorly disguised as an insult and you take it as such. He keeps saying stuff like that as he fucks you, telling you how he must’ve caught your stupid for thinking you look good and how he wants to keep going rougher until you bleed but the crying afterwards is too annoying and you feel like you should be scared and insulted but instead you feel like your nerves are on fire in the best way, and even though you hate how rough he is you love it when he talks to you and you’re moaning and hard as a rock and you can feel the bruises forming on your arms but you ignore that to focus on the friction of your dick against the wall because he isn’t even touching you but you’re light headed and turned on anyways, and it’s gross when he comes inside but you can deal with that later.

He turns you around and says you look like a needy tramp (“but I like needy tramps” he whispers in a way that can only be described as menacing), and jerks you off roughly until you cum all over yourself and laughs as he walks away, leaving you there to clean yourself up.

It makes you feel conflicted, how much you love it and hate it at the same time, and you consider asking Noodle for advice before deciding that would be weird. You quickly come to embrace the part of you that loves it, loves the little compliments he pays you hidden under venomous insults, loves the fact that you’re a weakness to him and you know it makes him mad, loves that you think you love him and you know you like him and as much as it scares you at times you can’t stop now even if you wanted.

So you deal with the pain, because after is the best part, where you’re both tired and vulnerable and you fall asleep with your head on his chest and he holds you and it feels nice, loving, like he just doesn’t know how to love someone without hurting them, and you’ve learned to be ok with that.
But one day Noodle asks you about the marks on your neck, and you were never a good liar so you just tell her, and you end up saying more than you meant to and suddenly you’re telling her you’re scared but you think you love him, and you just wish he wouldn’t hurt you so much but it’s ok because you’re getting used to it, and she looks like she’s…scared maybe? Sad? You aren’t sure, and you’re worried you said something wrong, but she just hugs you and says she’ll make it all better, and you don’t know what that means but Noodle is smart, and you think you might love her too but you’re putting too much effort into sorting out how you feel about Murdoc to think about that right now, and if anyone can help it’s definitely her.
Noodle

Chapter Notes

Noodle's chapter. I actually wrote the sex scene from this before anything else, and the story kind of evolved from there.
Tw this chapter for mentions of physical abuse.

You had been shocked to find out that Murdoc and 2D had been sleeping together, mainly because 2D usually told you everything about his life and had never mentioned it. But when you started noticing bite marks on his neck (and he hates biting, he told you so once when they were putting a makeup hickey on his neck to shoot the cover for Demon Days), you finally asked him what was going on and he told you everything.

This wouldn’t do at all, you decided. You knew you could never fully stop the torrent of abuse Murdoc directed towards 2D every day, but it needed to be controlled a lot more if they were going to be anything more than friends. So, you take it upon yourself to step in.

You confront Murdoc about it first, and after you get him to stop making jokes that implied his relationship with you to be that of a pedophilic uncle and his young niece (a feat in itself, really), he agrees to it easily. You weren’t totally surprised; you had seen the way he would look at your ass when you wore shorter skirts, and noticed how the way he would jokingly and drunkenly come onto you seemed to hold a glimmer of sincerity. You would be offended that he seemed to disregard the father/daughter-like relationship you still seemed to share if not for the fact that you found it easy to disregard as well.

You confront Murdoc about it first, and after you get him to stop making jokes that implied his relationship with you to be that of a pedophilic uncle and his young niece (a feat in itself, really), he agrees to it easily. You weren’t totally surprised; you had seen the way he would look at your ass when you wore shorter skirts, and noticed how the way he would jokingly and drunkenly come onto you seemed to hold a glimmer of sincerity. You would be offended that he seemed to disregard the father/daughter-like relationship you still seemed to share if not for the fact that you found it easy to disregard as well.

2D had been a bit harder to convince, but he came around.

"I’m just worried about you, Two-Chi." you explain to him. "He’s hurting you, it’s a problem and it’s one neither of you can fix on your own. I care about you, about both of you, and I know sleeping with him makes you happy. I don’t want to take that away, but I’m not going to sit on my hands when I know I can keep you both safe!".

"I just feel like it would be…weird maybe? Embarrassing? I don’t know. I guess you can join if you want, I do like the idea of him not biting me anymore", he rubbed his fingers absently at the healing bruises on his neck as he said this, "but…I haven’t really…you know, been with more than one person at a time, and I really care about you but I don’t feel like it’ll be…wait a second. Are you, you know, would this be your first time if you did this?"

You honestly hadn’t even though about it like that, but it would be. You almost start to laugh out loud at the absurdity of it all; here you were, a barely legal virgin orchestrating a pseudo-incestuous threesome. In fact, you do laugh a little. “You know, I guess it would be. Is that a problem?”

"Yes! I mean, no? Not if it isn’t to you I guess but…well, isn’t it supposed to be special and all that? It sounds to me like you’re only doing this for our sake."

"It is but…not totally? I love and care deeply for both of you, and this love was always familial. And it still feels that way, which sounds perverse given the situation but it doesn’t feel that way. I never thought about sex much, in the context of me having it. But in this instance, the fact that I am
keeping you two safe…I believe that is why I am attracted to the idea. I want to be your safety, 2D. Please let me. Not only in this way, but other ways too."

He looks at you thoughtfully as he considers what you told him.

"…I can let you be my safety, Noodle. I think…I think I want to, be kept safe by you. But it still feels, I don’t know, wrong that your first time is going to be a three way. Or at least weird."

You think about this for a second. “…It doesn’t have to be my first time, if you don’t want it to.” you tell him. “We could, perhaps, make it my second time.”

"Well then what would be your firs-mmmph" you cut his question off by kissing him gently, but firmly, so he can pull away if he wanted to but he doesn’t seem to want to. Instead, he smiles into the kiss and returns it, and you are glad that you were having this conversation in his bedroom because it feels like leaving would ruin the mood now.

You make out like teenagers for a while, and you quickly find yourself straddled on his lap and feeling his growing erection through your clothes. He seemed scared to escalate anything, leaving the direction the night took up to you entirely. You could probably get up and leave without a word and he wouldn’t even ask you why. He was too nice for his own good, and you wouldn’t change a thing about him.

You take it upon yourself to remove your shirt, and he stares dumbfounded at your breasts for a good amount of time.

"You can touch them D, they won’t bite" you say, before guiding his large hands to your modest chest. He squeezes a little bit, and the feeling is…new, but not unpleasant. You reach behind yourself and unhook your bra, and let him remove it the rest of the way. The feeling of his hands against your bare chest is exciting, and your nipples harden quickly as he plays with them and kisses your neck. You’re breathing hard now, and you tell him you aren’t going to be the only one half naked here.

He lets you take off his shirt, and when you see his chest you feel guilty for not stepping in sooner. He had bruises and scratches all over, although you knew he didn’t like sexual pain.

That aside, however, he is very attractive. You start kissing his neck and then moving down, and now it’s his turn to quicken his breathing as your kisses reach his stomach, and he starts to laugh a little because he’s ticklish, which is adorable.

You let him unbutton your shorts and he makes a comment that your panties are very cute, which sounds weirdly innocent and you could tell he didn’t mean it sexually. He just legitimately thought your pink strawberry-patterned panties were cute. He then reaches his hand down and starts stroking you through your panties and the innocence is gone. It feels good, his fingers are long and big and it’s just the perfect amount of pressure, and you can’t stop making little breathy noises. He looks pleased with himself to be making you feel good, and you return the favor by reaching down under his waistband and palming his cock. You’re both shaky now and breathing hard, flushed with arousal and ready for each other.

You lay him down on his bed, and place little kisses to his stomach around his pleasure trail as you unzip his jeans and pull them down along with his briefs. He makes an unhappy noise as his erection is exposed to the cool air, but is quickly cut off when you take it in your hand and stroke it gently.

"Ah, Noodle stop-haah, stop teasing."
"All right, all right. I feel like I should have asked this before but, do you have any condoms?"

"Yeah, in the nightstand I think." You root around and find them, and let him put it on. It’s a little annoying to wait, and you make a mental note to schedule a doctor’s appointment soon to talk about taking birth control. Once it’s on, you take his dick in your hand and inch your way onto it. The stretch burns a little, and he must see the uncomfortable look on your face because he starts rubbing around your clit and suddenly everything feels a lot nicer.

Once he’s inside you lean down forward so your torso is nearly flush with his, and he rests his free hand on your hip. You pull back slowly and push yourself forward, and he feels big but not uncomfortably so, and it all quickly becomes very pleasant.

Soon you’re both moaning, as you roll your hips forward and he rolls his up to meet yours, and you find yourself whispering things to him in not just your native language, or in English, but in any language you knew (and there were many). Curses and praises and proclamations of love flowed forward freely in everything from Arabic to Welsh, with English and Japanese taking center stage, and if his breathy groans were anything to go by he found it all incredibly hot.

You were both soon writhing and moaning and desperately kissing any part of the other you could, and you were going to cum soon and he was too. You came first, moaning a curse word as you thrust faster and tightened before releasing and thank god he was smart enough to stop rubbing you after you came. He came soon after, with a choked off moan that might have been your name, pushing your hips down and holding them as he finished. You rolled over off of him and he did something with the condom before hugging you tightly in a way that would seem brotherly if you weren’t both naked.

"That was—that was amazing! Like, wow, that didn’t even hurt at all!" he exclaimed innocently, which makes you a little worried and reenforces your decision to get involved.

"It felt really good for me too, Two-Chi. Now are you ok with me getting involved with you and Murdoc?"

"Yes, of course! This is going to be great! Hey, does this count as one of those ‘alternative lifestyle’ things?"

"I guess," you laugh, "but really, it’s not like we had much normal going on for us to start with". 
Last but not least, Murdoc’s chapter. I don't have much to say here except the sex scene just kind of...happened, and I didn't mean for it to be that kinky (although 2D liking being tied up and Muds liking gentle domination were already headcanons of mine). Tw this chapter for mentions of physical abuse.

The three of you fell into this strange (well it should feel strange, but honestly it feels as natural as breathing) three person relationship with surprising ease, and it honestly changed very little about the way you interacted with each other outside of the bedroom. You were all much happier for it, too. Noodle was both the glue needed to hold everything together and the oil needed to keep it all running smoothly.

She was so small when she came into your life, and while she was far from defenseless she didn’t look it.

You tended to classify people into three often overlapping categories: people you hated, people who you could fuck, and people you could use to get ahead in life. And while she fell firmly into the last category, and was obviously not even considered for the second, you couldn’t place her into the first if you tried. Slowly, Noodle wormed her way into a fourth category all her own, one that you begrudgingly labeled “people you care about”.

She was said category’s lone occupant for a while, and 2D fell easily into category three, quickly into one, and (after a few too many drinks) stumbled accidentally into category two. But at some point he wormed his way into the fourth, and when you realized it, you were pissed.

Caring about Noodle you could do easily. She was like a daughter to you in some ways, and even though she was no longer a child (and in fact had slotted herself into category two quite neatly), it was still just one person, just one point of weakness. You could guard against one point of weakness.

2D however, he was stupid and annoying and you still fucking hated him, how the hell could you feel like you cared about someone when you still hated them? It made you angry and confused; it made you want to hurt him so you did, and it made you want to fuck him so you did, and it made you want to do nice things for him so you swallowed that feeling and used it to hurt him more.

Noodle’s presence, however, changed everything. She had almost a calming effect on you. Noodle was the one exception to everything. You never hurt her. You respected her. You always tried to do good things for her. And in this way you managed to spin being nice to 2D being not for his sake, but for Noodle’s. She didn’t want you to hurt him. You could do that for her. She gave you the ability, as she has so many times in the past, to do the right thing and say it was for the wrong reason, both to yourself and everyone else.

She was everything you weren’t and couldn’t be. She was gentle, and loving, and attentive; she was delicate when appropriate and harsh when needed; and she was also currently fucking 2D into her mattress with a strap-on and you find yourself wondering how a man who hates pain could love being restrained so much, although you suppose those are technically 2 different fetishes. But regardless, there he was, wrists bound and blissed out past the point of coherency while she
whispered encouraging words into his ear that you couldn’t hear, and you could scarcely keep from touching yourself. But she told you not to, and for the first time in your adult life you decide to actually do what you’ve been told.

She pulls the strap-on out and he whines at the loss, then she sits him up on the bed, and he’s flushed and panting and hard as a rock, with his hands tied together smiling dizzily like an idiot. She finally invites you onto the bed, and directs you to rub your dicks together in one hand, and when you do he starts nearly sobbing at the stimulation which goes right to your groin, and she’s masturbating while she watches the two of you which also does something crazy to you, and before long the two of you are cumming just seconds apart.

After 2D finishes with a sob he’s worn out and quite possibly dehydrated, and you can’t tell if he falls asleep or if he’s just too blissed out to keep his eyes open any longer.

You’re panting too, but Noodle isn’t quite finished with you. She pulls you toward her and kisses you roughly in the dominating way that you’d never tell anyone you like, and orders you, actually orders you, in a soft but firm voice to eat her out. “Finish the job with your mouth” she tells you, so you put your hands on either one of her thighs and go down on her, until she’s screaming in Japanese and pulling you up by your hair which hurts so good and she knows it, and kissing you roughly through the aftershocks of her orgasm.

The two of you rest for a moment, but then suddenly Noodle is taking action, untying 2D (who had in fact fallen asleep) and making him drink from the glass of water she had on the night stand, and she’s drinking one herself, and you kind of want to have a smoke but she doesn’t let you do that in her room and you’re too tired to get up and find your pants, so you just lay there in the dim lighting until you feel a pressure on your back. 2D had fallen back asleep, and decided that he needed to be flush against your back to do so. Technically this made him the “big spoon”, but it was hard to think of it that way when he was holding you like a jumpy child holds a teddy bear.

Noodle places herself on your other side with her head under your chin, and you hold her to you closely. She takes one of your hands in hers, and you and her both quickly fall asleep.

You would be lying if you said you never saw frequent threesomes in your future, but you could honestly say you never thought they would be quite like this.

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