

Simply Nothing Worse

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Simply Nothing Worse

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

For the Yuletide prompt, "Surely there were a couple of times NPH lived the lie a little too convincingly.... ;) David/Neil, and how they may have come to their little 'arrangement?'"

Notes

For Mina Lightstar (ukefied), who I was assigned to for Yuletide! It's definitely not my best, and I'm very sorry about that. In fact, this only covers part of the prompt--"how they may have come to their little 'arrangement.'" I had originally planned to write the whole thing, but finals and school got in the way, so I could only write part of the prompt.

The 11th episode of How I Met Your Mother is referenced in here, and the title is derived from Panic! At the Disco's The Calendar.

This probably also has a lot of errors; I had sent it to a beta, but...I got too impatient, haha. I hope you enjoy anyway!

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

Neil ran.

He turned his head back and choked a little as the hoard of girls bombarded him, and sped up, turning a sharp corner in attempt to dislodge them. God, they all weren't even girls, there were *old women*, holding their *babies* in their arms as their legs carried them further. Closing in on the studio's back door, he ran to the knob and twisted it, hoping that it wasn't locked.

Just his luck. It was.

Fumbling for his keys, he picked through the eight, searching for the silver one that matched the shade of the knob, a chrome-silver color, and held up two keys in comparison. Both were silver, and *goddamn it*, he should've labeled them. He turned and found that two girls were catching up, and thrust one of the keys into the knob and twisted. Nope. He pulled it out in desperation and put the other key in and *viola*.

He pulled the door open and found himself face to face with a cart. The man pushing said cart grunted something, suspiciously sounding like "move." Instead, Neil pushes the cart forward, along with the man to the side and ran in, closing the door as the girls caught up, their nails screaming as they scratched the door.

Neil sighed in relief, and then turned to his side to the man below him, having fallen on the floor when Neil had pushed him down along with the cart. He gulps as the glare focuses on him, inching backwards to the door as the man stood up, crushing his fists together.

He was trapped, back against the door, ear pressed against the solid wood, and the girls hadn't relented, not yet anyway, and he can hear them screaming--no, screeching--his name, scratching with their ridiculously long and durable nails in attempt to get through. And not to mention that guy--that guy standing in front of him, getting up from the cold floor and cracking his knuckles as if he meant to be intimidating (in that case, he's succeeded, though Neil would never admit it).

His eyes were full of rage at the fact that fucking *Neil Patrick Harris* made him fall down on his ass (in front of that cute girl, no less, who chuckled then, but is now quivering with fear, pressed against the wall) and hadn't even bothered to damn *apologize*.

Yet Neil tries, tries *damn hard* to push back against the door, wishing that he was invisible. But he knows he's trapped, trapped between screeching fangirls and an angry, bulging man.

He's speechless and God, that's really an accomplishment because freaking NPH has *never* been speechless before, he tells himself in third person. The murderous man stomps forward and it seems like it's taking forever, so Neil just closes his eyes tightly and prays to God, even though he doesn't particularly believe he's even real.

Dear God, I promise that I'll be good, please don't let me die, spare me my life!

And he prays faster when the man gets close enough that he can smell his fumes, *does this guy have any deodorant?* He's not even sure what he's saying, jumbling his sentences. *I*

promisepromisepromise, I'll be good, please, pleasepleasepleaseplease--

"Uh."

Neil's eyes opened, for he's pretty sure that that voice was too soft to be the big man's voice. When his eyelids rise, a man stands before him, frowning slightly.

Neil looks him over, noting that he was not particularly special looking--wavy brown hair, straight nose, a typical guy, he supposed. If he had passed him on the street, Neil would have never given him a second glance. But this was different, because the raging man before was now on the floor, face down and most-likely unconscious.

Neil blinks, and it's almost like a dream, but he knows it's not because he takes the time to pinch himself secretly with his hidden left hand. The man's stare turns into a sort-of glare and he pushes Neil aside and opens the door, intending to go through.

You know the phrase, *what he doesn't know won't kill him*? Bullshit. He opened the door, startled to see a crowd, mostly women, charge in, and in the process almost run him over--which, Neil is almost 100% positive that the man hadn't known that was going to happen. The man is pushed back into Neil and when the girls poured in, cameras went off almost surely blinding the man.

But then the girls--women, kids, old ladies, *all of them*--freeze, because that is definitely *not* Neil Patrick Harris. They turn their attention to the man behind him and yep, that's NPH. The girls burst forward, swarming around the man instead of running over. By impulse, Neil grabs the nearest hand, which happened to be the man's, and runs the other way. His legs scramble, turning two corners into an alley, while the man behind him stumbles, chest heaving.

When they're finally alone, fangirl-free, the two stop to catch their breath, hands on their knees. The man is practically wheezing so Neil pounds his back in order to help. Once their coughing stops, they look up and exchange glances, which are not exactly friendly.

The man holds out his hand and introduces himself, "I'm David."

Neil's glad to finally have a name for the man because he's pretty damn tired of calling him *the man*.

He scoffs in response, "I don't think I have to introduce myself."

There is silence and Neil looks up at David, blinking when he sees the clueless look in his eyes.

"Oh come *on*," he says cockily. He's sure that David's just joking but the look is still there.

"*Really?* Y'know, NPH?"

"NPH?"

"Neil. Patrick. Harris." Neil's teeth are grinding now, a habit he hadn't had the time to get rid of. The look on David's face is still there for a moment--which is really starting to irritate him--and then he beams.

"*Oh*. That guy in How I Met Your Mother who's gay?"

It's almost comical, the way Neil's jaw drops, but David doesn't laugh.

"*Gay?*"

"Yeah. That blonde guy who looks exactly like you?"

"Barney's not gay."

"Uh. *Sure*. That's why Ted and Barney adopted a baby together."

"What--" and then Neil realizes what he's talking about--that episode. "Ted and Barney didn't really adopt. The baby was his brother's, remember?"

David blinks. "No. But maybe that's because I didn't watch the whole episode because it was so *gay*," David stretches out the word *gay* for 3 seconds.

"What, you got something against being gay? And anyway, Robin said she was pregnant at the end, so how could Barney be gay?"

"Like I said, I didn't watch the whole episode. I was just channel surfing. Anyways, it's just so obvious. And, so? You could be bi or something?"

"Wait, *you*? You're suggesting that I'm gay too?"

"Of course--"

"He's there!"

Neil's head snaps up, "Oh shit."

Without thinking, he grabs David's hand again and starts running; the girls are catching up, though they're wearing flip-flops and heels and *how the hell do they run in those anyway?* They run through another alley, and this time David's with him, running at the same pace. They forget to look forward and before they know it, they've rammed into a wall. Neil falls backwards first, hitting the ground and David falls on top of him.

The girls have caught up, and they are a much more forward and bold group than the last because 5 of them are rushing forward, a few feet away from Neil, shouting various things;

"Neil! Neil Patrick Harris!"

"Kiss me! No--fuck me!"

"Can I have your autograph?"

Meanwhile, Neil is pressed against a wall a second time that day, but this time with a companion--

Who unexpectedly yells, "He's taken, ladies!" and delves in to kiss him. On the mouth.

The girls gasp, and some actually squeal--but Neil can't seem to focus because *those lips*. They were soft, like a woman's, so he can't help but kiss back just a little bit--but that's when David pulls back and stares at him.

"You're gay?" a girl of sixteen asks.

"Uh," after a moment's hesitation, he pulls David towards him, wrapping his arm around his shoulders, "Yeah."

The fangirls are mumbling now, some grunting, and the men don't hear a thing because they're staring at each other.

"Not bad."

"Huh?" The clueless look is back, but now it's kind of *endearing* for some reason.

"You're my beard from now on," he states, and it's definitely not a question because he's completely serious.

"What?"

Neil grins, "Yeah! It'll solve all my problems!" He thinks it through, and yeah, it will solve all his problems--or, just the fangirls, anyway. They were a big problem.

"*No fucking way*. You don't even know who I am, do you?"

"No. But so what? It's not like you're a big celebrity, right? Otherwise, I think I'd know you."

"Oh my god, you know I've been on *How I Met Your Mother*, right?"

"Huh? Seriously?"

"I play Scooter."

"Who?"

David scoffs, "Oh, right. You only pay attention to yourself."

They stare at each other, quiet as a mouse.

"You know, it's quiet," Neil mumbles. He turns; the girls are gone.

"You are totally my beard," Neil insists.

End Notes

Mina Lightstar (or ukefied if you prefer to be called that...) I hope you like it! The ending, I know, is not very satisfying, but I did the best that I could.

I *may* continue this to the point that Neil & David actually become a couple, but I'm not entirely sure. :)

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