

My December

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by [LobbyLane](#)

Summary

A little Christmas fluff... Max having a bad day, hating Decembers... Leo/Max; The Producers (c) Mel Brooks

Usually New York was an exciting place to be. The lights, the traffic, the people and the endless streets seemingly piercing the sky as far as the eye could reach and no day was like the other. Just like any big city in the world people sometimes said, but hey this was New York. No place on earth was closer to an adventure than this one.

And yet, there were the days Max simply hated to be here. And this was definitely one of them.

A gray carpet of clouds made the skyscrapers look like their tips were covered in cotton candy and yet there was a heaviness in them that made that quilted ceiling appear rather dangerous; almost as if it was about to crush everything in their way. The air was chilling cold and one could only divine the faces of the passersby even if they passed closely, for the people used to hide every little speck of skin underneath huge scarfs or the collars of their dark coats and pulled their hats as much into their faces as it was possible. And even though the city was already dressed up with colorful ornaments and a million lights as soon as the sun vanished, which was almost the whole day this time of the year, Max felt like this was only meant for tourists and children. The beginning of December had never been a time he was looking forward too. Christmas was something for dreamers and lovers; it always had been. But not so for someone like him. Someone who only had his business to find some comfort in. And it's been years since he had really seen lights in trees and been able to even recognize the magic in the air everywhere around him.

The day was more or less as gray as the sky painted it. And instead of a wintery white, big drops of icy rain fell to the ground for days and all the lights reflecting in the decorations around just blurred in the wide-spread puddles on the ground and became turbid, freezing in the edges of the curbstones.

"Unpleasant as always," Max sighed, looking at the streets from the door frame where he was standing. "You're not really showing yourself in the best light, old pal."

One more look into the sky and he pulled his coat tighter. This day had been tiring. Not only had the negotiations with this partner he was seeing been not exactly successful. No, it had been devastating. He had been working hard to get an appointment there, but hadn't been able to completely convince them of what he was planning. Therefore, they've pulled themselves out of the deal before it even had started.

Furthermore, Roger had forced him to meet up with an actor this morning who was the 'perfect' choice to put it in his words. Max hated these meetings and was under the impression that it was more or less Roger's job to do this, but all he'd earned were all kinds of explanations why it was impossible for him to do it himself and so, despite a full schedule, Max had agreed to do it. His anger increased even more when that guy didn't bother to show up. Whatever his reasons might have been, Max was certain not to give him a second chance. Roger would simply have to find someone else after this.

And now, after standing on the street for what seemed like an eternity without being able to get a cab, his mood didn't change much. The cold air began to creep up his body until his feet almost felt numb.

He shrugged and decided he'd wasted his time long enough. Slowly, he began to walk, hoping to feel his feet again. But the icy wind wasn't exactly on his side and began to blow its chilling veil into his face until he almost covered all of it in his coat as well.

"This day probably can't get worse," Max thought. But just when that thought crossed his mind and he didn't pay attention for once, some tourist loaded with bags and boxes ran past him and jostled him rudely, causing him to almost losing his balance. He was able to catch himself just before he stumbled on the street again and eyed the huge puddle which lay only inches away from where he was standing.

"Whoa! That was close," he thought and slowly straightened up. Just a little step parted him from being wet to the bones and marking this day as one of the baddest ever for all eternity. He almost had to laugh at the obscurity of the situation. Those stupid tourists. At least, they could watch where they were going, right?

Max was just about to yell something after that guy, when he heard the foreshadowing horn of a car, sounding dangerously close. He turned and only managed to jump back when it passed him without any sign of braking and drove through that puddle next to him, causing the icy water to splash up. Just seconds later that wave of frosty liquid gushed all over him and made him lose his briefcase without realizing it at first. Only when it crashed to the ground, sprung open and the now useless contracts spread themselves all over the street, Max noticed what just had happened.

Lifelessly, they soaked up the water from the cold stones and the bit of ink on the papers slowly bled over the printed black letters.

Max rolled his eyes. Worst day ever, so much on that case.

He looked up to the sky. But instead of finding the somehow comforting floating of clouds in the winter air, the sky seemed to lower itself like a steamroller and seemed to withdraw the last bit of light from the relics of this day.

Again, Max sighed. And when he bend over to pick up the remnants of today's work, a shower of bitterly cold rain crackled down on him. It didn't even take any more than two blinks for him to find himself soaking wet and cold in the middle of Manhattan.

"Great," he murmured grumpily. "I hate Decembers!"

It was no use though. He tried to get the few papers he could reach and the few he may could save, so he finally could call it a day. The rain was dripping down his face and all he wished for was to finally sit in his armchair and curse the world.

He bend down once more, but when his hand nearly reached a paper close to him, another hand reached for it as well, softly touching his skin.

Max's eyes widened for a moment and suddenly the rain seemingly had stopped. Slowly, he lifted his head only to stare into a pair of brown eyes, smiling lovingly at him.

Leo knelt in front of him, carefully holding a red umbrella over the two of them. It was as though they were caged between watery bars that moment.

And all of a sudden, the cold was forgotten and this gray December day brightened a little.

"You've forgotten to take an umbrella," Leo smiled. "I told you it was gonna rain."

Max couldn't help but smile. He didn't take his eyes away.

He hated Decembers. And he had always hated days like this. But actually, all of this disappeared long ago.

He could see the lights and the magic floating the city during the Christmas season. He had experienced what it felt like to feel enchanted like a child and he definitely knew what it was like when an unknown warmth melted the ice and snow all around.

Ever since he met Leo his point of view was different. Everything had changed.

And while they both walked slowly through the rain, surrounded by lights and melodies; just blocking out all the other people in the city, he knew this day might not have been a complete disaster.

~The End~

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