

## Honesty

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# Honesty

by [LobbyLane](#)

## Summary

Leo always claimed his life changed a big deal when he met Max... But he hasn't been the only one accepting something new... Max's point of view. Max/Leo The Producers (c) Mel Brooks

Ever since the first time I met him, he changed... A lot. Every day. And everything...Not in a bad way, so don't get me wrong. Oh no, but I could see it. And I wasn't the only one to notice. Everyone around us realized it too.

He was so much more open now; so much more willing to really be among people and to gather his own experiences. I always assumed he'd never really had the chance to live a normal life before... But since I knew very little of his past this remained only an assumption. After all, all those nerdy little habits, and worst of all the panic-attacks must have been connected to his past somehow.

"Did you notice how much more he talks lately?" Roger asked me once. Of course, I did. He appeared to feel safe among them, almost as though he only needed his time to make sure it was okay to speak up in front of them. I remember Roger blushed hearing it. He told me it's a great piece of trust to bestow. I agreed, yet in the glimpse of a second felt that disillusioning sting of jealousy for the first time. The feeling of something like his trust should only belong to me... But, I abandoned it somewhere in the depths of my mind, telling myself it was stupid to think that.

When Franz asked me whether I knew how amazingly funny and smart that boy really was, I answered: "Of course. Why else do you think did I ask him to work with me?"

But the truth was, I enjoyed it as well. When he'd appeared in my office that first day I thought he was a lunatic. A mousy little nobody. Someone I needed to get rid of as quick as possible... Oh, shut up! I know how idiotic that was... but it didn't take long and I realized he wasn't as stressed and as frantic as he had seemed and I had to admit I'd only been watching a little bit of the surface of the person he really was. And I grew to love putting him in situations I knew would freak him out...just to observe his reactions. And he trusted me every time... It was flattering as well as scary at the same time. I often felt so mischievous, having had a lot of bad conscience about doing this to him. And he knew I was doing it on purpose. I could feel it... Yet, I didn't have a clue why he let it happen.

When Carmen came to me and asked if I was blind, I didn't quite know what he meant at first.

"Just open your eyes... Look at the way he looks at you for once and you'll understand," he said.

I acted as though I didn't know what he was talking about.

But of course, I knew. I've noticed it a hundred times before. I knew that look. I knew what it meant, but somehow I couldn't allow myself to believe it was true. For how could it? I'd given up on love for that matter... I had admitted to myself I was done a long time before. So, why now?

Yet, he didn't leave his chosen path. He stayed with me. He continued believing me. And the confusion inside of me grew even stronger.

I knew he thought of me as some kind of hero. He told me. And I heard him speak to Roger and Carmen about how I supposedly changed his life all the way; how I've literally ripped him out of that misery he had always perceived as 'only being there'.

I didn't quite know whether I should talk to him about that or not. I felt uncomfortable about him thinking that way somehow. Why?...I didn't know... Okay, maybe I knew... a little...somewhere in the back of... Alright! Yes! I knew exactly why...

As if I didn't notice the way I changed as well. I let him in. Not only in my office; in my business...not even only in my life... He had entered my whole world. My way of thinking and as hard as I've tried I just couldn't ignore the way I cared about him anymore. I had been desperate... Oh yes, even though that's putting it mildly... I never had anybody by my side. I trusted no one and imagined I was happy the way it went. What a lie. I can't count the amounts of time I sat in that damn office alone, wishing it was finally over. I was a fraud... I was a loser... My luck ended long before and I felt alone. Always. And just when I thought I couldn't go on anymore and painted horrific pictures of just letting go in my head ... he appeared.

When he told me he loved me I did something I never believed I would... I cried.

And I was surprised how little embarrassing it felt. It was a relief. And it was evidence enough.

Evidence of how much wrong Leo was all along...

He wasn't the one who needed to meet me to change. Damn it, he would have been able to do it sooner or later... with anyone really. He was so much stronger than most people I knew...

So much stronger than me...

No, the truth is I needed to meet him. He was the spark of hope I needed to get back to life. He was the one who ended my misery all along and eliminated those wicked thoughts circling in my head all the time. He managed to make me a better person. He made my 'being there' something I would call a life...

I could put in in other words. I could move around it as long as I was possible to. Hell, I even could go on denying everything... The fact would remain.

He did rescue me... not the other way round...

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