

## The Best of Friends

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# The Best of Friends

by [secretspaceskeleton](#)

## Summary

Leo and Max are the best of friends. There's really nothing to it.

Seeing as this is the first fic for this fandom in awhile, I don't expect this to do well. But hey, it's only my second fic so it's probably not that great anyways. I'm open to constructive criticism, just be kind please

## Notes

I just discovered The Producers and MAN do I ship Leo and Max. This is just a quick one shot I did because I've already read all the Max/Leo fics I can find and I want mooooooreee. This is based off the 2005 version because I think they're a little more shippable in that one. Also I have a thing for Nathan Lane (and who doesn't honestly)

Also, I wrote and posted this on my phone, so if formatting is weird that's probably why. My apologies.

Leo and Max have had a great couple of years. After Prisoners of Love, the pair have continued to produce hit after hit. As their popularity grew, Max joked that he wasn't the king of Broadway anymore; he was now a God. As was Leo of course.

The younger of the two has changed a lot since that first day. Although he was still timid and anxious, he was becoming less so. In fact, when a young boy ran up to him and Max, crying that he lost his mother, the ex-accountant gave the child his blanket, telling him it would keep him safe. It was worth it, when Leo looked over at Max, who was beaming at him like never before. Leo was blushing so hard he had to look away.

He wasn't the only one who's changed. Max, after years of pursuing his own best interest, completely changed his outlook on life. The veteran producer now looked out for others, especially his best friend. And, he supposed, that would have to mean caring for Roger and Carmen. But this didn't bother him as much as he thought it would. He found that making others happy, made him happy as well. He quite enjoyed being someone that others counted on for support...he wasn't great at it just yet, but at least he was trying. He still had somewhat of a short fuse, but since he's been nicer overall, Max claims they cancel each other out.

Now, if you asked Leo about his newfound courage, or Max about his kind streak, each will blame the other. "Max kept calling me a mouse; I had to start sticking up for myself!" "I got tired of making Leo cry, that's all."

Ask Roger or Carmen, and you get a different story. "Oh, they're head over heels for each other. Have been since day one. They've changed because they want to be a better man for other. Only thing is; neither of them have realized they're in love. Ignorant fools, the both of them."

Max and Leo have noticed the looks Roger and Carmen share with each other whenever they do something, anything, that could be seen as...overly friendly. It could be as simple as when Max will place his hand on the small of Leo's back when guiding him somewhere, to something innocent but admittedly questionable...like how Leo will kiss Max on the cheek when excited. But hey, people in France kiss each other on the cheek all the time so...it's not that weird.

Yes, Leo and Max are just the best of friends. There's really no need to question what they've been doing in that closet for the last 10 minutes.

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