(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Tyrion Time! Let's see how our favorite imp is doing~

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"Fuuuuck, it stinks down here…"

Tyrion bites his tongue at the Goldcloak's words, holding back the urge to make a comment even as he waddles through the sewers right alongside the rest of the men. They make an eclectic group to be sure, one over a dozen large. Him, half a dozen clerks from the office of Master of Coin, and half a dozen Goldcloaks from the City Watch to make sure they don't run into anything that wants to take a swipe at them down here.

Amidst all the grumbling from not just the Goldcloaks but also his own subordinates, Tyrion is very tempted to point out that the situation is even worse for him given his short stature. He's much closer to the ground, and therefore much closer to the smell. Still, he doesn't say a word, because of course, HE'S the reason they're down here in the first place.

Fortunately, there are stone paths alongside the sewer drains that travel beneath King's Landing, so at least they aren't outright wading through shit. Unfortunately, the stone paths aren't much cleaner, and the smell down here is worse than even the worst parts of the city above.

But then, that's why they're here. See, Tyrion has been Master of Coin for a few months now… and he's been doing a pretty good job of it, he likes to think. Even if things had started out tough given the sheer amount of fuckery caused by his predecessor and the distrust he was dealing with from those around him, he'd eventually found his rhythm.

Indeed, he'd actually discovered he had something of a knack for the role as time had gone on. For the first time in Tyrion Lannister's life, he'd truly been engaged with his work. Not only had he managed to tread water instead of drowning under the weight of everyone's expectations, he'd actually truly learned to thrive.

The first month as Master of Coin had seen Tyrion focusing on fully correcting the messy financial records that Baelish had left behind. Fortunately, between his father forgiving the Crown's debt to House Lannister, the Faith of the Seven believing Axel Baratheon to be the Warrior Come Again, and the help of the Iron Bank's representative, Lord Tycho Nestoris, that actually hadn't been as difficult as it seemed.

Admittedly, Tyrion had been leery to trust the representative from the Iron Bank at first. Tycho Nestoris was… well, he was foreign and Braavosi at that. While the Free City of Braavos might have been more palatable to Westeros because of their hatred of slavery, everyone still knew that Braavos was for Braavos first and foremost. Just as the Iron Bank was for the Iron Bank first and foremost.

Fortunately, the King had come into quite a lot of wealth when he killed Euron Greyjoy and claimed all that belonged to the Ironborn leader by rite of conquest. Especially since it turned out Euron had actually succeeded at what Tyrion's lost uncle Gerion set out to do all those years ago.

The mad bastard had gone to Old Valyria and made it back with an entire ship's cargohold full of Valyrian Steel. Daggers, cutlery, jewelry, armor… and of course, most of all, a great many Valyrian Steel Swords, just as Tyrion and Axel had discussed back on the Iron Islands.

None of which were Brightroar, but Tyrion didn't let that get to him. Indeed, he took some pleasure in the thought of Tywin never getting his hands on that sword. More than that, he liked to believe, since there was technically no evidence to the contrary, that Uncle Gerion had managed to make a successful expedition to Valyria himself.

Maybe he'd retrieved Brightroar after all, and upon realizing that he had no desire to return to Westeros and his brother's tyrannical rule, Gerion had instead absconded to the Summer Isles, where he would live out his days fishing and worshipping that one fertility goddess with sixteen teats.

Regardless of Tyrion's passing fancies, the Iron Bank had been more than happy to share in Euron's bounty in order to see the Crown's debt paid off in full. And Axel Baratheon had been willing to let them have some of it to make sure that the Crown no longer owed a single thing to the Iron Bank.

Meanwhile, what little debts still owed to the Faith were also completely forgiven within the first weeks of Tyrion's time as Master of Coin. Not by anything particularly special he'd done on his end, but because Axel Baratheon might as well be a Living Saint in the eyes of the High Septon and the Most Devout at this point, to say nothing of how his legend had grown among smallfolk and nobility alike.

Not only had they paid for the King's unconventional wedding in full, but they'd also happily tossed out any debt the Crown still owed to them in order to get on his good side. Frankly, Tyrion didn't blame them, not when everyone understood exactly what the King was capable of by now. Anyone with any sense would want to be on Axel Baratheon's good side at this point.

Still, it was a bit of a problem because Tyrion hadn't had to do much at all to get the Crown out of debt and flush with coin for the first time since

before Robert's Rebellion. It had been all Axel, in the end. In fact, initially Tyrion had been worried that he wouldn't have anything to show for his initial work and that they would dismiss him for not doing enough to prove himself.

But the first few meetings between him, Lord Stannis, and the King had been enough to disabuse him of that notion. Tyrion had made sure to show them everything he'd done each week, keeping impeccable notes. From the records he was having compiled to the work he'd been doing with different organizations. And while none of it was quite as flashy as what Axel himself had done by throwing around a bit of Valyrian Steel… it had still been enough to earn grudging approval from Stannis Baratheon and several pleased smiles from the King.

They'd been even more pleased with him when his first major project since becoming Master of Coin had borne fruit in his second month in the city. Namely, Tyrion had noticed Axel held no great love for tourneys, a major staple in Westerosi Culture. And as it turned out, he was able to find writing from his predecessor complaining about this fact and outlining exactly why the King seemed to despise them.

Of course, in Baelish's not-so-humble opinion, Axel was an idiot for not throwing tens of thousands of golden dragons at a tourney for every major event that came along. The man spent more time complaining about Axel's intractable nature than anything else. But Tyrion could read between the lines. The King despised tourneys for good reason, because looking at the records, it was obvious that they were the major source of debt from Robert Baratheon's reign over the Seven Kingdoms.

And yet, at the same time, Baelish was right about one thing in his writings… he was right that tourneys played an instrumental role in keeping different social groups happy. From the smallfolk to the knights to the

nobility, tourneys were not something that could just be dismissed out of hand. They took the place of real warring and kept even the most bloodthirsty of men sated in times of peace, after all.

That was why Tyrion had set out to make a tourney that wouldn't just break even… it would turn a profit. After all, Axel Baratheon's problem with the damn things was the debt they created. If Tyrion could do away with that debt, if he could turn tourneys into a positive source of gold for the Crown…

It had taken many sleepless days and nights, but he'd done it. It wasn't easy… but it actually wasn't all that difficult either. It was, however, quite hypothetical at least at first. Still, far from letting himself be afraid, Tyrion brought it to Axel and Stannis and laid everything out to them, piece by piece.

At first, Axel hadn't been too pleased, especially when the first thing he'd noticed had been the big prize pools… but Tyrion had shown him that in the end, through admission and entrance fees, as well as selling stall plots and also taxing the income made from those, plus a dozen other little ways, the tourney would pay for itself at worst and turn a profit at best.

They'd tested it near the end of that second month with a tourney for Axel's Nameday, utilizing Tyrion's plan wholesale despite some reluctance from the Hand of the King. Indeed, Stannis still didn't trust him. In the end, Tyrion knew that it all came down to Axel taking a risk on him… again.

But it worked! The tourney had in fact turned a tidy profit. Sure, they'd only come out a couple thousand golden dragons ahead, but that was still better than going fifty thousand golden dragons into debt like more than one of the tourneys during Robert's reign had.

Tyrion knew he'd scored massive points that day with both Axel and his Hand. He knew he was finally making progress in properly earning not just their trust… but also their respect. It helped, of course, that Tyrion hadn't been overly drunk or gone looking for a whore since arriving in King's Landing. Part of that wasn't because of any great restraint on his part though.

Rather, Stannis Baratheon had shut down every last one of Baelish's brothels and then dug them all up looking for the dead man's gold. And given that Littlefinger's establishments were the best and most prestigious in the city, this meant that the only choices for whores at this point were in less reputable parts of King's Landing.

Tyrion hadn't been desperate enough for a good lay to go to one of THOSE establishments when he'd first arrived, and before he knew it, he'd been too busy working to even think about seeking out that form of companionship. Oh, he certainly wouldn't go without forever… but for now at least, he was simply too busy to bother with whores.

Case in point, this trip down to the sewers. Where everyone else smelt only regret and filth and were turned away by the stench… Tyrion Lannister smelt the exact same regret and filth, admittedly. However, he also smelt something else! He smelt… opportunity!

His success with tourney organizing had made him consider other ways he could not only continue excelling as Master of Coin but also bring forward public works projects to the King that the Crown might invest in to improve the city.

After all, gold was worthless if it just spent all of its days in a vault doing nothing but collecting dust. And while it was good that the Crown was no longer in so much debt and now had a surplus, it would be even better if

Tyrion could find ways for some of that gold to be used productively… and perhaps even in ways that could eventually increase the Crown's income over time.

Hence the presence of this little scouting party down in the sewers of King's Landing. Said sewers were notoriously awful, and King's Landing had a reputation for smelling absolutely terrible for miles around. Everyone claimed that it was due to the city's massive population, with hundreds of thousands of people reportedly packed into just Flea Bottom alone.

But see, Tyrion had experience with things like this. Back at the 'tender' age of sixteen, he'd wanted to take a tour of the Free Cities of Essos, like his uncles Gerion and Tygett had done before him. His father, however, had forbidden it, claiming that Tyrion had never once proved himself responsible enough for such a trip in all of his years alive.

Tywin Lannister had then gone on to put Tyrion in charge of all the cisterns, drains, and sewers of Casterly Rock, to maintain their upkeep. For a while, Tyrion had even convinced himself that his father did this to give him a chance to prove himself at long last. He'd thrown his entire heart and soul into the work of maintaining Casterly Rock's sewage system for months… even years.

It wasn't until two years later, when Gerion had been preparing to leave on his ill-fated journey to Old Valyria and Tyrion had once again asked to be allowed to go, that he'd found out the truth. He was pretty sure the only reason Tywin didn't laugh in his face when Tyrion laid out how hard he'd been working and how responsible he'd been with the cisterns and drains… was because Tywin Lannister simply didn't laugh at all.

Even still, Tyrion knew his father had still gotten an inordinate amount of pleasure in destroying his hopes and dreams though, crushing that last

ember of desire to earn Tywin's respect and love. In the end, it had never been about Tyrion proving himself. It had only ever been about pushing him down and making him feel weak. It was about keeping him in his place.

Still, the end result was that Tyrion knew sewer drains pretty well. And something about the sewers in King's Landing just didn't seem right to him.

"Milord, where the fuck are we going, exactly?"

And that was why he'd dragged all these men down here today. Though from the sound of things, the Goldcloak in charge was just about fed up with him at this point. There was a distinct lack of respect in that 'Milord' and honestly, Tyrion was surprised he hadn't just called him 'Imp' or 'Lord Imp' like he knew some did behind his back.

Clearing his throat, Tyrion looks down at the papers in his hands that were supposed to represent a map of the city's sewers.

"Actually, let's stop here. Give me a moment to go over these."

The groans he gets in response are a mixture of relief and disgust. On the one hand, they're all happy to take a break. On the other hand, there's not really anywhere to sit down around here. And of course, there's always the stench.

But truth be told, Tyrion barely pays their discomfort or the smell any mind. He's too busy trying to make sense of the maps in his hands. They should be up to date, but then if these maps are correct, the sewer system should also be doing a lot better than it is. They shouldn't be having nearly as many blockages and backups as have been reported in the past several years.

Can’t even blame the work crews removing wildfire all over the city half a year back, because while some of them HAD accidentally damaged parts of the sewers in the process, most of the time they’d been well away from the sewers entirely. And the blockages were reportedly going on for almost a decade back.

Narrowing his eyes, Tyrion squints at the diagram on the paper in front of him… and then looks up and around.

“… That’s strange. If we’re where I think we are, and I’m pretty sure we haven’t gotten lost or turned around… then this shouldn’t be a single tunnel. This is supposed to be an intersection. There should be branches going off on either side here…”

He receives mostly disinterested grunts from the Goldcloaks at that, but his attendants from the Master of Coin’s Office at least manage to look a little bit interested. They ARE paid to hang off of his every word and do his bidding, after all.

“Are you saying that they had to seal off the other tunnels for some reason, Lord Tyrion?”

Tyrion blinks at that idea. He actually hadn’t been saying that, but now that it had been voiced… his eyes flicker across the tunnel walls until he starts to notice the discrepancies. Finally, he grins and nods.

“Actually… that’s exactly what I’m saying. Oi! Goldcloaks! I know you dislike being down here, but if I know anything about men like you, you definitely don’t mind smashing things, right?”

The Goldcloaks all exchange looks at that, seeming torn between being insulted or intrigued. Tyrion doesn't give them the chance to decide though. Instead, he points at a part of the wall that looks different from the others.

"Smash that for me, will you? One of you has to have a mace or a hammer, right?"

He sure hopes so, because they didn't bring any tools down here. Fortunately, one of the Goldcloaks grunts, pulling a hefty looking mace from his waist and stepping forward. With a roar tinged with both frustration and anger, he slams it into the stonework that Tyrion has pointed out… and smashes right on through it.

The Goldcloak freezes up, looking surprised by how thin the wall turned out to be, as well as the fact that there's a tunnel on the other side. He also looks chagrined, which makes Tyrion roll his eyes in response.

"Were you not listening? We knew there'd be a tunnel there! Keep smashing! Break it open, you lot!"

With permission freely given once again, the original Goldcloak begins doing exactly that. Seeing his success, his fellows start joining him, those without blunt weapons pulling loosened stones down to help open the tunnel back up.

Tyrion, of course, has no clue what to expect to find in there, if anything. So he sends the Goldcloaks in first, just in case. Eventually though, when they report that it's all clear, he follows them.

The tunnel, as it so happens, is just a small one designed to provide an extra avenue for sewage to flow through in case of a backup or blockage.

You know, like King's Landing had been dealing with for years now. So then why was it blocked up in the first place?

Well, they quickly find out why, because the dried tunnel is lined with crates and sacks… of coin and jewelry. Tyrion stares into the first sack he opens blankly for a long moment, completely and utterly flabbergasted by the copper, silver, and stray gold that can be found within.

And then it hits him what this… this treasure hoard must be. Tyrion hadn't really put any serious effort into searching for any of Baelish's ill-gotten money, despite Axel's suggestion to him back on the Iron Islands. The dwarf had considered it something of a fool's errand, figuring that the he'd just be chasing ghosts and most of Baelish's stolen gold had to be far, far away from King's Landing.

Apparently not. Apparently, the previous Master of Coin was far stupider than Tyrion had given him credit for. Then again, it had been years and years of bad sewers and nobody had ever managed to put two and two together, so who was really the stupid one here?

Tyrion had heard the phrases 'don't shit where you eat' and 'one man's trash is another man's treasure', but apparently Baelish had taken that old adage and twisted it around to his satisfaction… by hiding his treasure where everyone else shit and hoping nobody would ever go looking for it down here.

And to be fair to the dead man, none of them had… until now.

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A/N: Tyrion stays winning~

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