

# There's a Pit in My Senior Martial Brother's Brain - Chapter 01-03

## Table of Contents

1. [Pit 1: "Senior martial brother, senior martial brother, this is serious!"](#)
2. [Pit 2: "You're lost?"](#)
3. [Pit 3: "Sheng'er..."](#)

# **Pit 1: “Senior martial brother, senior martial brother, this is serious!”**

## **There’s a Pit in My Senior Martial Brother’s Brain**

**The 1<sup>st</sup> Pit – “Senior martial brother! Senior martial brother! This is serious!”**

### ***Mount Shu***

#### ***Mysterious Inscription Sect – Endless Serenity Peak***

A beautiful purple-haired man shouted loudly as he broke into the courtyard. Wearing an Outer Sect disciple’s attire, he gasped for air as he ran.

“What’s with the ruckus? Can’t you see I’m busy!?”

The owner of the courtyard, however, was rather laidback. Sitting on the deckchair under the pergola, he was embracing a beauty who was half-dressed. Evidently, he was only halfway done.

“Senior martial brother...! Ha-hah... First, listen to me! The Sect Master’s closed-door disciple... He has been found!!”

“What?”

### ***Mysterious Inscription Sect, Main Mountain***

Above the main hall, the Sect Master of Mysterious Inscription Sect was filled with rage.

The ten-year-old boy that was kneeling under the main hall, was exactly the person who had went missing for a year – the closed-door disciple whom the Mysterious Inscription Sect Master had handpicked!

*On both his sides were the various Mountain Elders and Inner Sect disciples. Currently, all of them had heavy expressions, and none dared to utter a single sound.*

*The closed-door disciple of Mysterious Inscription Sect Master entered the Sect at the age of eight. At the age of nine, he went missing. Now, he was ten, and had finally been found. Yet, no one would have thought that his eyes would be blinded, and he could no longer see anything.*

*With a wooden expression, the eyes of this child were hollow, and his blue pupils reflected the stairs of the main hall.*

*“Sheng’er, rise.”*

*“Yes, Master.”*

*The child supported himself by pushing his hands against the floor, and slowly stood up. Evidently, he had yet to accustom himself to the darkness. After standing stably, he actually neatly straightened himself.*

*“After this, I will still be continuing with my isolation training... Which of you here is able to take care of Sheng’er for me?”*

*In an instant, the main hall was thrown into an uproar, however, none of them dared to stand out to respond to his request.*

*The disappearance of a closed-door disciple, no matter how one thought about it, was the work of an insider’s sabotage. After one unsuccessful attempt, there would naturally be a second time. For that person to actually dare make a move against the Sect Master’s closed-door disciple, his hatred would naturally be deep. If with a single misstep, and the child ended up unprotected, the assigned protector would be dragged into the mess as well.*

*After bustling for a long while, no one had yet to step forward.*

*During the bustling, the only Mysterious Inscription senior disciple who was late, quietly sneaked in, and was not found out at all.*

*Currently, the expression of the child, who was standing at the center of the main hall, became colder as time went by. What rose along with that, was naturally the anger of the Mysterious Inscription Sect Master.*

*“A bunch of useless trash! This great Mysterious Inscription Sect of mine! Can’t even protect a single child! If this spreads, won’t the people laugh till their teeth drop!?”*

*After a furious lecture, the main hall was instantly silent.*

*As though he could sense something through the choking silence, that child sighed, and spoke out.*

*“Mas... Eh!?”*

*The one who interrupted the child from speaking, was exactly the eldest disciple of Mysterious Inscription Sect. And the reason why he exclaimed out, was because this eldest disciple was raising the lower half of his robe.*

*If we were to convey this in modern words, basically... he's skirt was flipped!*

*This strange action, naturally shocked every single person present in the main hall.*

*While this "culprit", after carefully enjoying the view under the robe as though no one was watching, actually praised out with an excited look. "What great buttocks!"*

*After that, he carried the child right up!*

*"Master! This, let me have some fun with this child!"*

*"Ehhhhh!?"*

*"Oh? How could this be a boy?"*

*"Mas-Master! I don't want to! Other than master, Sheng'er will not believe anyone else! Master!!!"*

*The child struggled as he shouted, and his voice had even begun to carry a tearful tone. Unfortunately, no matter how he struggled, he was unable to escape from the man's embrace.*

*"Dongfang Wuqiong!"*

*As though to interrupt the child's tearful screams, and as though it was for confirmation, with an angry voice, the Mysterious Inscription Sect Master once again exploded.*

*"This disciple is present!"*

*"Are you really going to protect the well-being of your junior martial disciple!?"*

*"If master do not believe me, naturally, you can hand him over to someone else. Though, in this main hall, all the Elders have their own miscellaneous Sect matters to attend to, so naturally, they do not have the time to take care of him. In regards to the disciples present, which one of them, is more incredible*

*than I, the eldest disciple of Mysterious Inscription Sect?”*

*“...”*

*While the Sect Master was silent, the child’s voice once again rang. He was no longer struggling, instead, he raised his small and tender hands, to touch Dongfang Wuqiong’s face, in order to ascertain his appearance.*

*“Your surname... is Dongfang?”*

*“That’s right, what’s your name?”*

*“I’m... Gong Changsheng.”*

*Pa!*

*With a crisp sound, the Sect Master slammed onto the table and stood up.*

*“Good, then this matter is settled. Dongfang Wuqiong, if anything happens to Sheng’er again... You will be questioned...! Everyone, you may leave!!”*

***That year –***

*Gong Changsheng, ten years old, first level of Essence, the closed-door disciple of Mount Shu’s Mysterious Inscription Sect Master.*

*Dongfang Wuqiong, seventy-seven years old, Azoth Paragon, the eldest direct disciple of Mount Shu’s Mysterious Inscription Sect Master.*

## Pit 2: “You’re lost?”

### The 2<sup>nd</sup> Pit: “You’re lost?”

Within the darkness, he heard a voice.

“Do you want me to send you home?”

That was the one and only speck of light.

“You can’t see?”

Only then did he understand, that this person was the only person who was truly worried about him.

“ Me?”

Who was this person?

“I’m Dongfang Xianyun.”

At the age of nine, Gong Changsheng was sabotaged by someone from the same Sect. First, he lost his eyes, and right after, he was thrown into an unknown beggar’s den far away.

With merely the first level of Essence, he was unable to bring out any proof or strength, hence, not a single person believed that this little dirty-looking blind beggar would be a disciple of Mount Shu’s Mysterious Inscription Sect, the largest Sect in the cultivation realm.

He fled the beggar’s den, and wanted to find the way back to the Sect on his own, only to find himself walking further and further away.

Gong Changsheng was initially respected and beloved by everyone, but in merely a single year, he had tasted the harsh reality of the mortal realm.

Being captured, being humiliated, and being sold to a brothel.

After escaping through countless difficulties, he leaned against the roadside, and no longer had any strength left in him.

“It matters no longer. Nothing matters anymore. With my current state, rather than saying I want to return to the Sect and look for master, being able to

survive itself is already very difficult task.”

He did not know how far he had ran, and he did not know when those bad people from the brothel would come chasing after him. At this moment, the person who found him, who believed him, and protected him – was only Dongfang Xianyun.

To Gong Changsheng, Dongfang Xianyun was his faith.

The eldest direct disciple of Carefree Sect – Dongfang Xianyun.

Upright, striking, and gentle. At the mere age of thirteen, he was already at the fifth level of Essence. He could basically be called the role model of all senior martial brothers in the cultivation realm.

Mount Shu’s Mysterious Inscription Sect’s eldest direct disciple – Dongfang Wuqiong.

Slovenly, shameless, and glib-tongued. At the age of seventy-seven, he was a pervert.

This person was extremely romantic, and often tainted tender flowers. Simply by relying on his talent alone, at his age, he easily formed his Azoth pellet. With a single glance, he looked nothing more than twenty years old. And by relying on exactly this face of his, he had seemingly flirted with every single girl in the Mysterious Inscription Sect!

After that, he got bored with flirting, and actually slowly began to nurture a hobby of lust. Though this was not really a concerning point in the cultivation realm, after all, finding a Dao-Companion was extremely difficult, that did not stop him from having XXX with the disciples one after another! Every year, the complaints in regards to the senior martial brother of Mysterious Inscription Sect, basically flooded the Sect Master’s table.

How much of a playboy was Dongfang Wuqiong?

Let’s put it this way.

Head over to that Mysterious Inscription Sect, have a simple stroll around the place, and you would be able to encounter nine people who had once slept with him!

Of course, that's only if you have met about ten people.

After Gong Changsheng had completed his investigation, his face completely darkened.

Simply because he had the same surname with the person he admired, out of a moment's impulse, he agreed to the person's protection. Right now, he was regretting it to the point his lungs were going green. Yet, it was already too late.

When a lamb had entered a tiger's den, it could only hope for the best.

"Senior martial brother, what are you doing?"

"Mn? I'm fondling buttocks."

"Why do you have to fondle my buttocks?"

"Well, because your buttocks are very tender."

"..."

Just how thick must one's skin be, to talk about such shameless wretched behaviour so extravagantly!?

The moment he thought that he had to live with this person after this...

Gong Changsheng, who was merely at the age of ten, could not help but carry a dark expression...

## Pit 3: “Sheng’er...”

### The 3<sup>rd</sup> Pit: “Sheng’er...”

“What is it? Senior martial brother?”

“Actually, there’s still a way to save your eyes.”

“Really!?”

“Mn. But, most likely you will require treatment for a long period of time, and there’s a need for you to cooperate willingly as well...”

“No matter what kind of cooperation you need from Sheng’er, senior martial brother can just say it!”

“Good! Then, first, let me fondle your buttocks!”

“...”

Bang!

Although he was unable to see with his eyes, with a single fist, Gong Changsheng still accurately struck onto that thing of his.

To seek peace, and endure harassments, it really was not a good idea to stay here for an extended period of time...

On that day, Gong Changsheng thought about this very seriously.

Naturally, Gong Changsheng’s residence had already been arranged to Dongfang Wuqiong’s Endless Serenity Peak.

Other than the arrangements for food and clothing, even his cultivation practices were arranged by Dongfang Wuqiong. The two of them ate and lived together, entered and left the peak together. If Gong Changsheng had not resisted and retaliated, most likely, he would have to sleep at the same bed in the night as well.

The only thing worth celebrating was, other than fondling his buttocks, Dongfang Wuqiong had never done anything exceeding those boundaries.

However, having his buttocks being fondled was still very irritating.

“Senior martial brother...”

“What is it, Sheng’er?”

“I have asked master before. If you want to fondle, why don’t you find a senior martial sister and fondle hers?”

“Because it’s improper for men and women to touch each other. If I were touch your senior martial sister’s buttocks, she will have me take responsibility for it.”

“Then, if you touch a man’s, you won’t have to take responsibility for it?”

“Of course not...”

“Martial brother, please take responsibility.”

“Eh?”

“Please take responsibility.”

Dongfang Wuqiong had never expected that, a little ten-year-old child, would say something like this.

But did this child really understand what ‘responsibility’ was?

The senior martial brother of Mysterious Inscription Sect who was pondering about this, thus simply looked at Gong Changsheng, who had touched on the side of the study table. Touching about, he picked up a blank piece of letter on the study table, closed his eyes, and began to write something with his divine sense.

“Eh? Junior martial brother, what are you writing?”

“I’m writing it to master.”

“What matters do you have that requires you to write to master?”

“I’m requesting him to allow us to be paired Dao-Companions. Senior martial brother, you fondled my buttocks, so naturally, you have to take responsibility.”

As Gong Changsheng said that, he picked up the completed letter, stood up, and walked outside.

“Wait a minute!! Junior martial brother! Come back! Come back for now!”

Dongfang Wuqiong was so startled, he hurriedly blocked the doorway. With a fawning expression, he looked at the little child whose height had just reached his own knee. Though, no matter what expression he gave, the little child was unable to see it.

“Senior martial brother, don’t you want us to turn into paired Dao-Companions?”

“This... Look, you’re still so small, and your senior martial brother, I, am still so young. Isn’t it a little too early for us to decide on such matters?”

“Senior martial brother, the reason why you don’t wish for us to become paired Dao-Companions, is because you don’t like me, right?”

“This...”

“Since you don’t like me, why do you still want to fondle my buttocks?”

“.....”

“If you fondle my buttocks again, I will head over to master’s residence, and request for us to become paired Dao-Companions.”

“.....”

“It seems like senior martial brother really doesn’t like me. Then, don’t fondle my buttocks again in the future.”

“.....”

Seeing the little child’s brilliant smile on his face, Dongfang Wuqiong suddenly felt a twitch at the corner of his lips.

### ***Mysterious Inscription Sect Isolated Cave Residence***

“Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha!”

“Master, stop laughing already.”

*If we were to say who had the guts to disturb the Mysterious Inscription Sect Master while he was in his isolation training, then there’s only this Sect Master’s eldest direct disciple – Dongfang Wuqiong. The two of them were sitting cross-legged, nursing their own breathing, and they idly chatted.*

*“I never expected that my eldest disciple Dongfang Wuqiong, who’s known for*

*his dominating qualities and craftiness, would actually be toyed in a ten-year-old child's hands in the end."*

*"Now I understand why you want to take him in as your closed-door disciple. Putting aside his talent, this temperament of his... Heh."*

*"He knows that he had to rely on your strength, so he's unable to reject your harassment. Hence, he decided that he might as well take another way around, and break your thoughts. Sheng'er has been clever since young, and the traitor is definitely someone close to him. Seeing that he still stays mum about the culprit, there's definitely something strange regarding this matter."*

*"This disciple will definitely investigate this matter. Master, please be at ease."*

*"... Sheng'er's has a pure personality, do not tease him too far."*

*"Yes, yes, yes. It's just that the acupuncture point on the buttocks can no longer be pressed on... I'm afraid that the treatment will go much slower than before..."*

*"It doesn't matter. With his eyes blinded, he's instead able to see more than before..."*

*On that day, when Dongfang Wuqiong returned to Endless Serenity Peak, he received a letter.*

*Gong Changsheng had a private battle with the Inner Sect disciples. There were three injured, and a single death. Gong Changsheng was uninjured.*