

The sound of whistling disturbs the quiet peace of the serene fields as a large oni wearing peculiar clothes stomps through, caring not for whatever plant life gets in her way. In her hand was a golden mallet that was attached to a red rope, of which the oni was swinging it around her finger. The oni takes a look at the mallet and grins. "Heh, I can't wait to use this baby! It's going to make one hell of a hammer for my bass drum!" She said excitedly, tossing it up into the air before catching it.

"Stop it right there you foul beast!" Echoes a tiny voice. For most, this voice would fall on deaf ears, but thanks to the oni's sensitive hearing, she was able to hear him loud and clear.

She turns around and looks down at the source of the voice, seeing a tiny inch tall man hopping out of a bowl that was floating on a small stream. In his hand was a needle that he was wielding like a two handed sword. The oni lets out a big belly laugh. "Or what? You're going to poke me to death?! AHAHAHAHAHAHA" She laughed louder and louder, her sounds sending quakes across the valley, causing the little man to tremble.

"I, Issun no Boshi will slay you oni, and bring peace to this land!" He proclaims, his determination not faltering one bit.

'Heh, this little brat is either brave or stupid as all hell.' The oni thought as she takes massive steps towards Issun, shaking the ground with each step. "I'll tell ya what you little punk. Run away now, and I won't eat ya. Hell, I'll let ya tell others that you slayed me just to make you feel better. I have better things to do than messing around with some insect like you." She smirks, showing Issun her large tusk like fangs.

Yet, Issun was not deterred, nor did he take up the offer. "I much rather slay you and show proof of my success rather than run away." He said before charging towards the oni, stabbing her big leather boot with his needle.

The oni looks down at the attempt of attack and scoffs. She reaches down and grabs him by his kimono, hoisting him up to her face. "Well, I warned ya pipsqueak. You're not even big enough to be a fry for me, such a shame. I could've gone for some fries right now." The oni laments, taking a closer look at Issun.

Her eyes then widen in shock as her mouth opens with surprise. This tiny man that she was holding had blue hair, eyes with a look of stupid determination, and a smirk despite the certain death he faced. He was an exact dead ringer for... for "him."

This moment of shock was all that Issun needed before he leaped out from his kimono and dove straight into the oni's mouth and down her throat. He lets out a battle cry and stabs his needle into the oni's throat before twisting it and slashing it. He repeats the motion as the oni coughs and gags, trying to get the tiny man out, but his willpower says otherwise as he holds strong and continues his attack. Eventually his belief in his own strategy would spell the end for

the oni as Issun creates a large opening in her neck, black smoke spilling out from the wound as he hops down to the ground.

The oni falls to the ground with a thud, her eyes going dark as the mallet she was carrying falls from her hand. She lets out a gargle as her body goes still. Issun flourishes his needle and puts it away. "I will protect this land from monsters like you." He said, going to the mallet.

He takes a curious look at it and holds it in his tiny hands. Suddenly, Issun noticed the world around him getting smaller as he grew in size. Before he knew it, he was no longer an inch tall, but instead, the height of a normal human. He smiles, taking the hammer. "Heh, thanks for making my wish come true oni." He mocks, looking down at the corpse before walking away in the distance.

After he was far away enough, the oni would stand up from the ground, her wound healing instantly as she glared down at Issun. She raises a hand up, getting ready to fire some powerful magic before clenching it and turning away. "Damn fucking humans... taking my stuff..." She grumbles, marching off. She may seem angry, yet her eyes tell of another story. From a corner, a lone tear runs down her cheek. Not one of pain from the wound, but one of sorrow. That human is right. She's a foul monster. He could never love her, not like this.