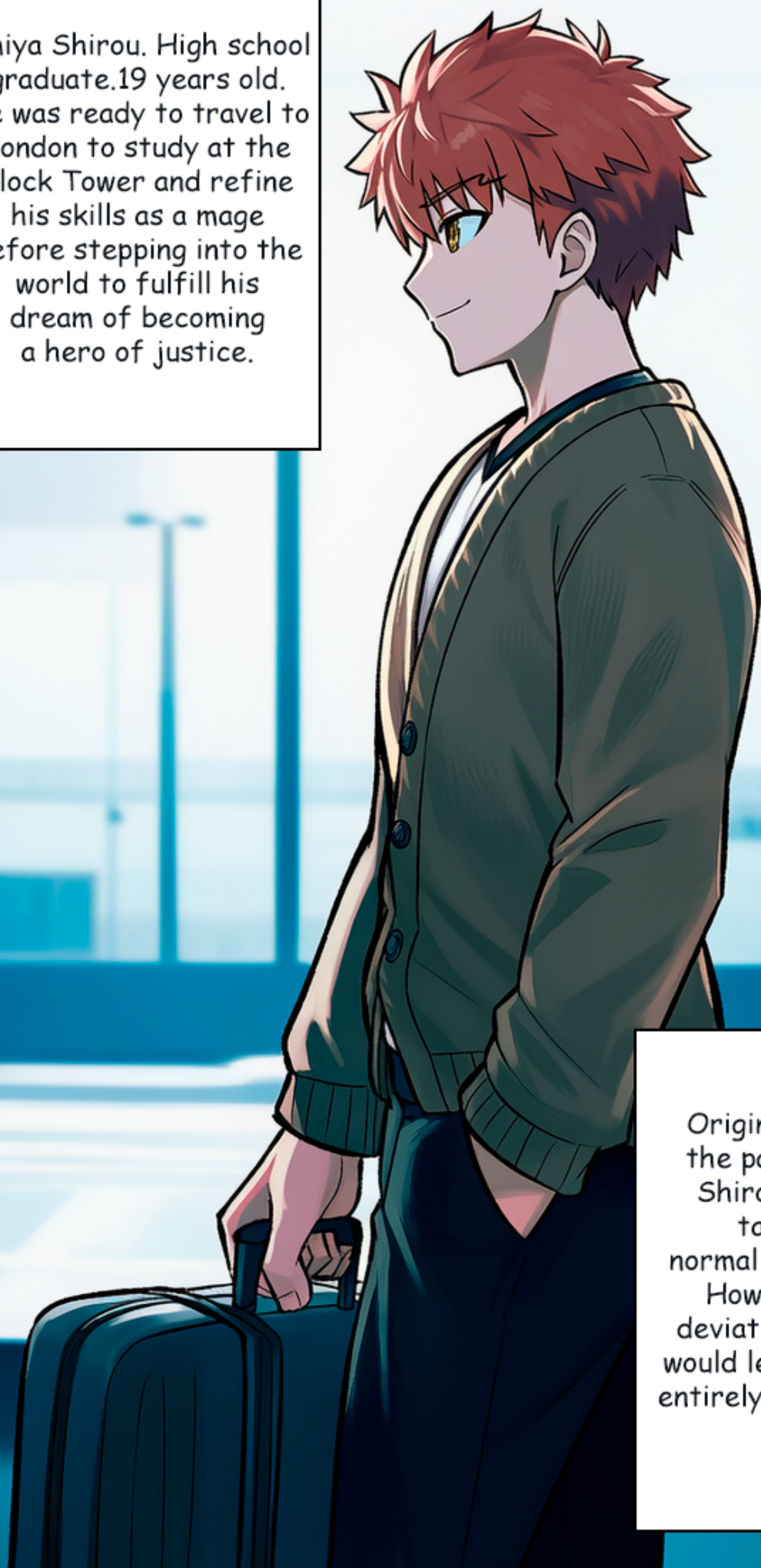


Emiya Shirou. High school graduate. 19 years old. He was ready to travel to London to study at the Clock Tower and refine his skills as a mage before stepping into the world to fulfill his dream of becoming a hero of justice.



Originally, that was the path this Emiya Shirou would have taken under normal circumstances. However, a small deviation in his story would lead him down an entirely different path.



I... where
am I?

Is
this
Fuyuki?



What happened?
The last thing
I remember
is getting ready
to travel with
Tohsaka and...
everything
after that
is blurry.







What...?
Structural
Analysis
shows me his
entire
body.

This isn't a
disguise,
it's a real
decaying
corpse.



Then...!



If this
thing really
is a zombie, I
can't risk
getting
bitten.

After his first encounter with a flesh-eater, Shirou decided to investigate his situation more thoroughly. Diaries, magazines, books, and intact electronic devices were enough for him to understand one clear thing.

This isn't my world... What the hell!

He didn't recognize any of the cities, celebrities, brands, or even the general atmosphere. Although the city looked like it was in Japan, there was almost nothing familiar about the life he once knew.





Definitely not my world. I can feel how scarce the mana in the air is.

Rin would probably hate a world like this...

In this condition, my projections rely far more on my Od than on the mana in the environment.



I'd estimate I'm operating at about 1/10th of my normal capacity.



At least it's a relief that I only need to project Kanshou to cut them down like glass.





S-Someone...

Someone
help me!



I don't want
to die
devoured!



Gojo-kun,
please...
save me!











Wait!
W-What's
wrong...?

Are you
hurt
or
something?

Ah...! Your
arms...!
They're so
thin!



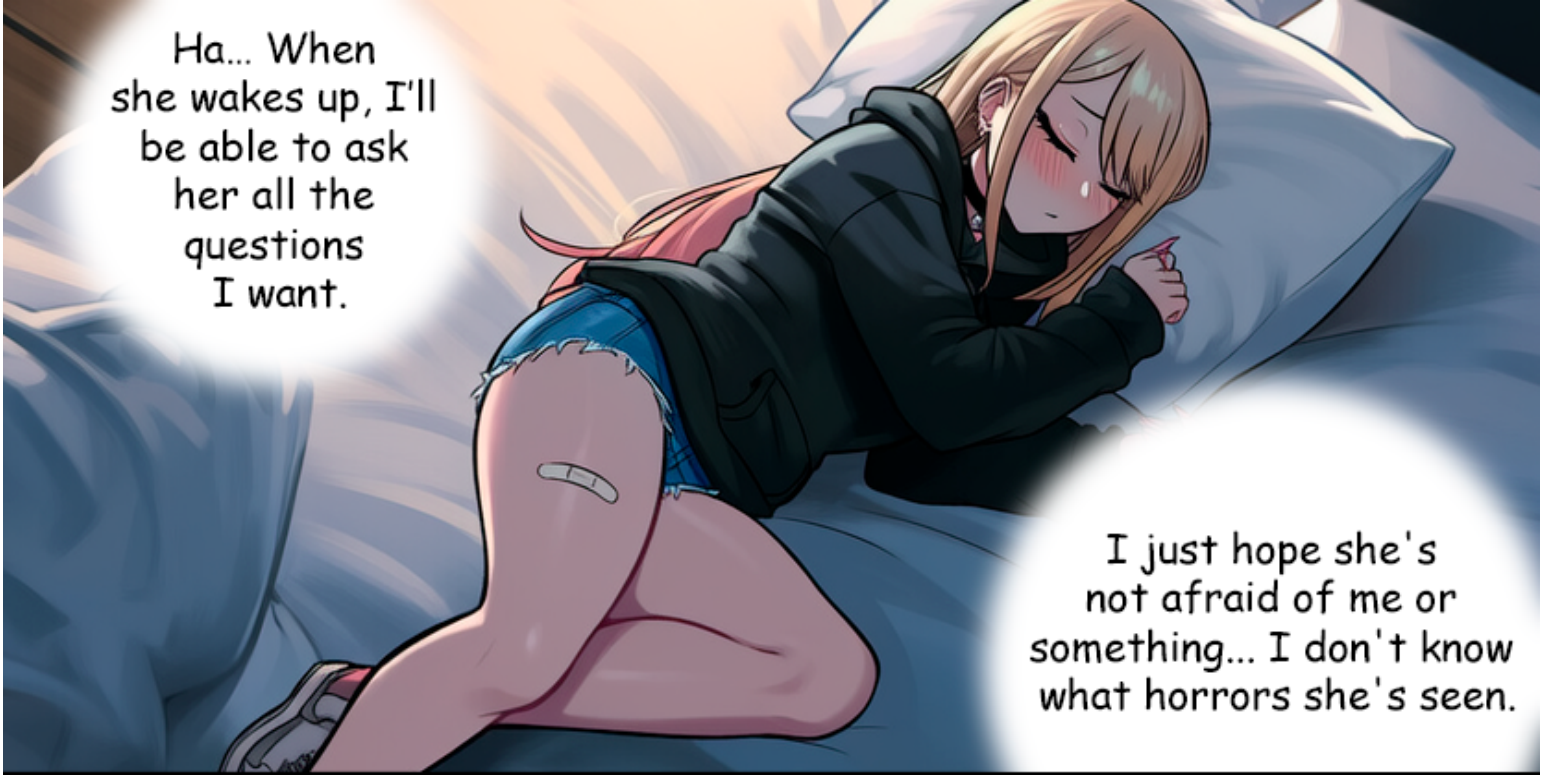
She's just
asleep.
She doesn't
have any serious
injuries, but her
body is badly
bruised.

How long
had she been
running to end up
like this? Poor
girl...



I should find a
safe place for
her to rest





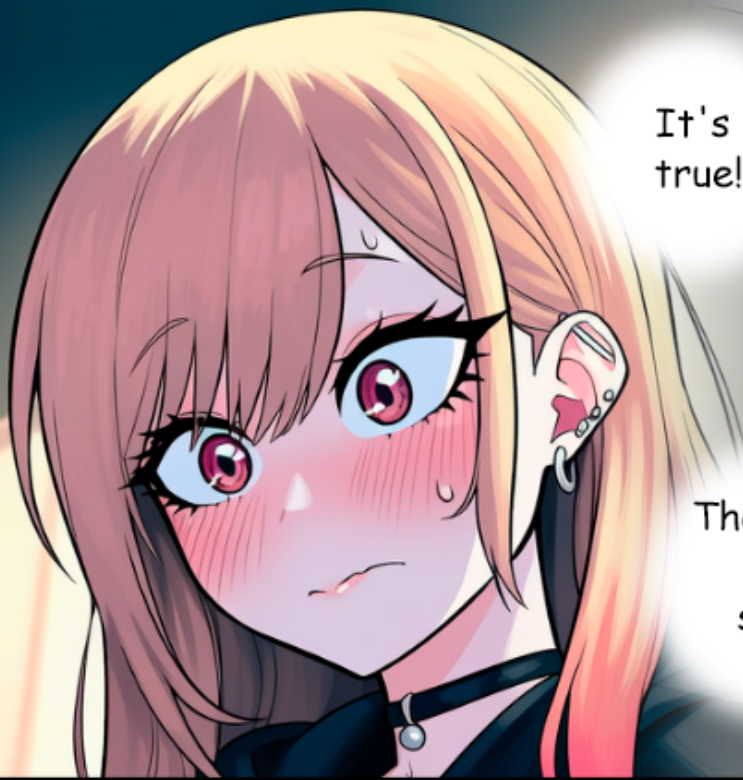
Ha... When
she wakes up, I'll
be able to ask
her all the
questions
I want.

I just hope she's
not afraid of me or
something... I don't know
what horrors she's seen.



Heh, I've
thought of a
way to win
her favor.





It's
true!

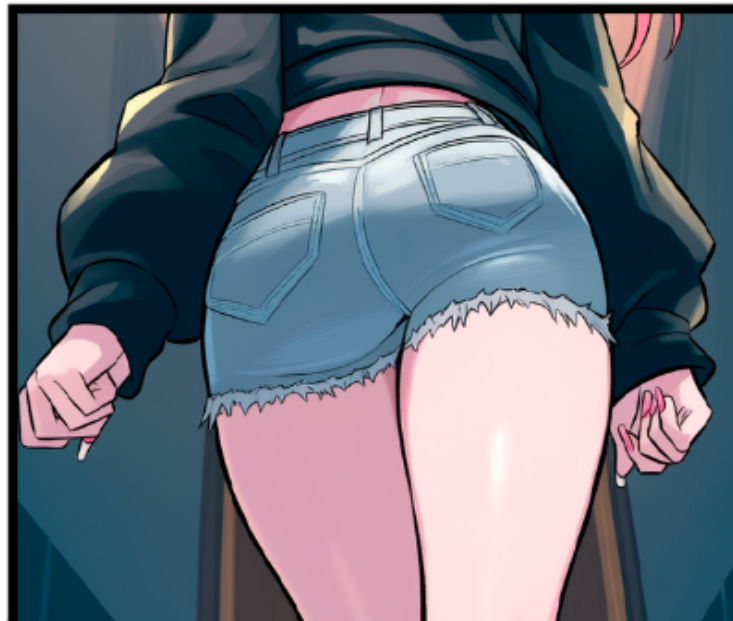
That boy...
He
saved
me!



N-No!
There's no
way what I
saw was real!
I must have
been
hallucinating!



But then,
why am I still
alive? Did
another
girl save me?

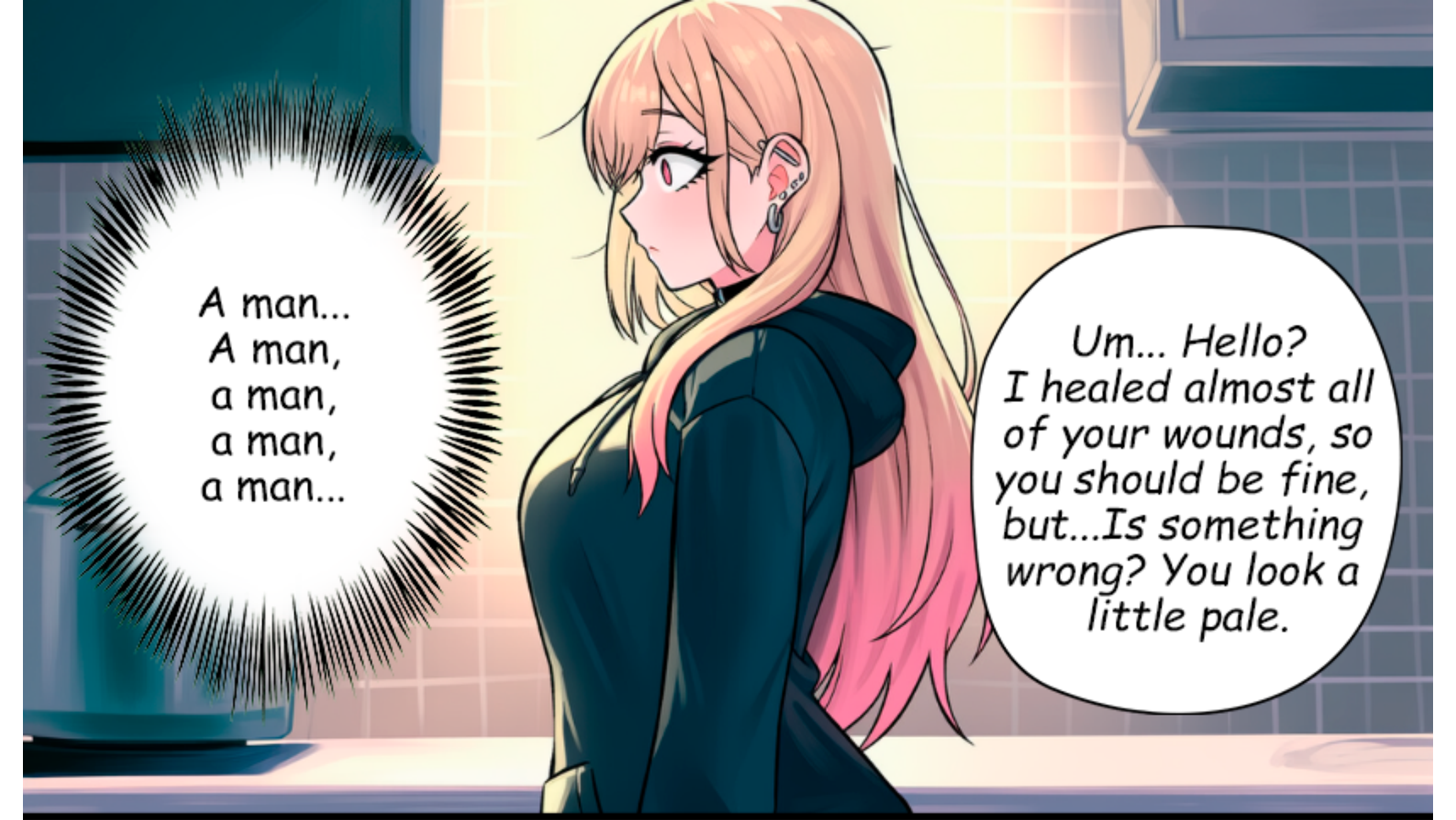




Wow! You're
finally awake!
For a moment
I was worried.



I-I wasn't
hallucinating!



A man...
A man,
a man,
a man...

Um... Hello?
I healed almost all
of your wounds, so
you should be fine,
but...Is something
wrong? You look a
little pale.



Just in case...
My intention is
not to hurt you.



Who...
Who are
you?



Ah, yes!
I'm
Emiya
Shirou,
It's a ple...



That's
not what
I'm
asking!

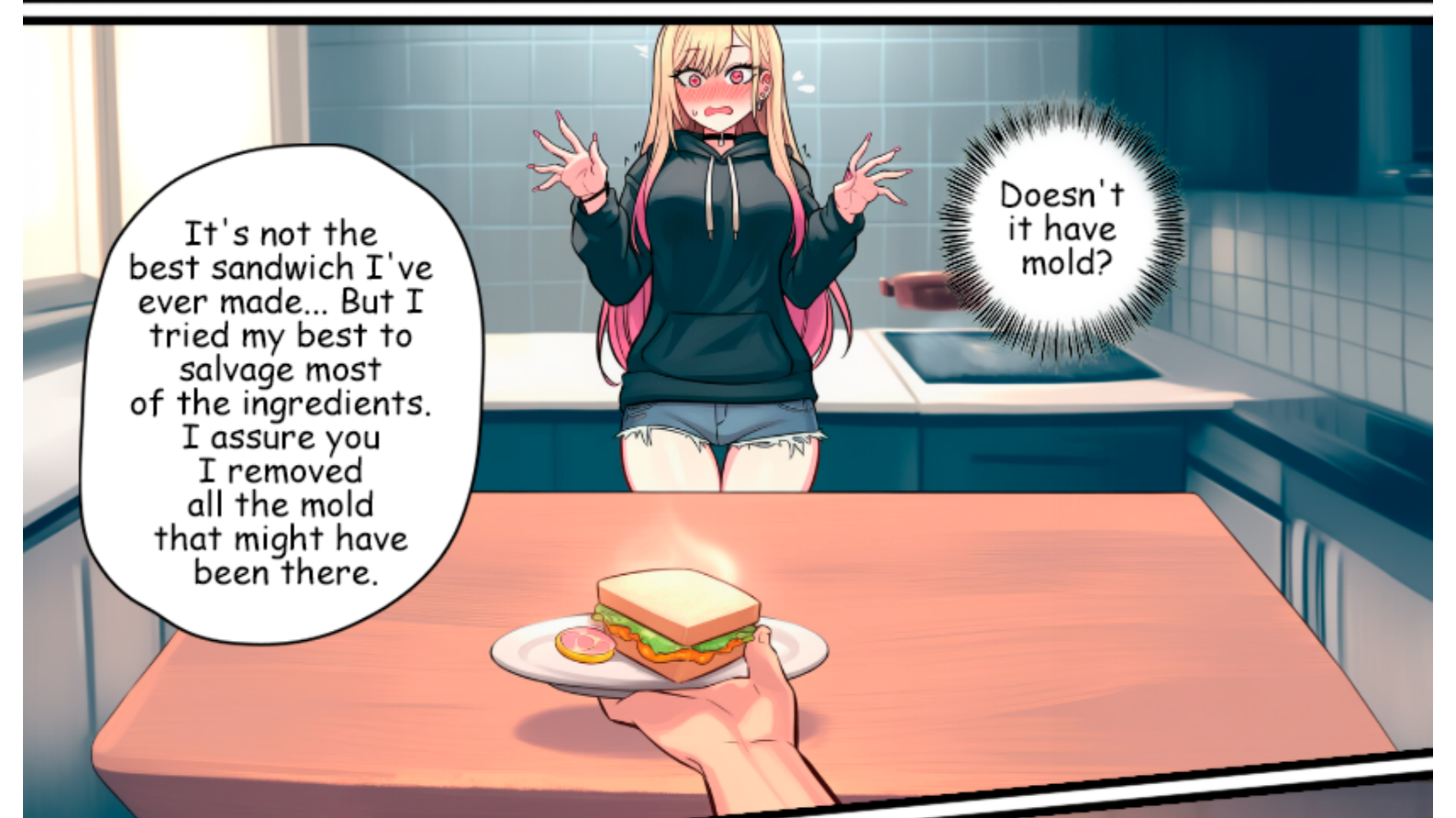
Calm down!
You don't
have to be so
aggressive.
Here, I made
you a
sandwich.
You must be
hungry.

I'm not
hungry! I just
want you to
tell me why
you're not
a zombie!



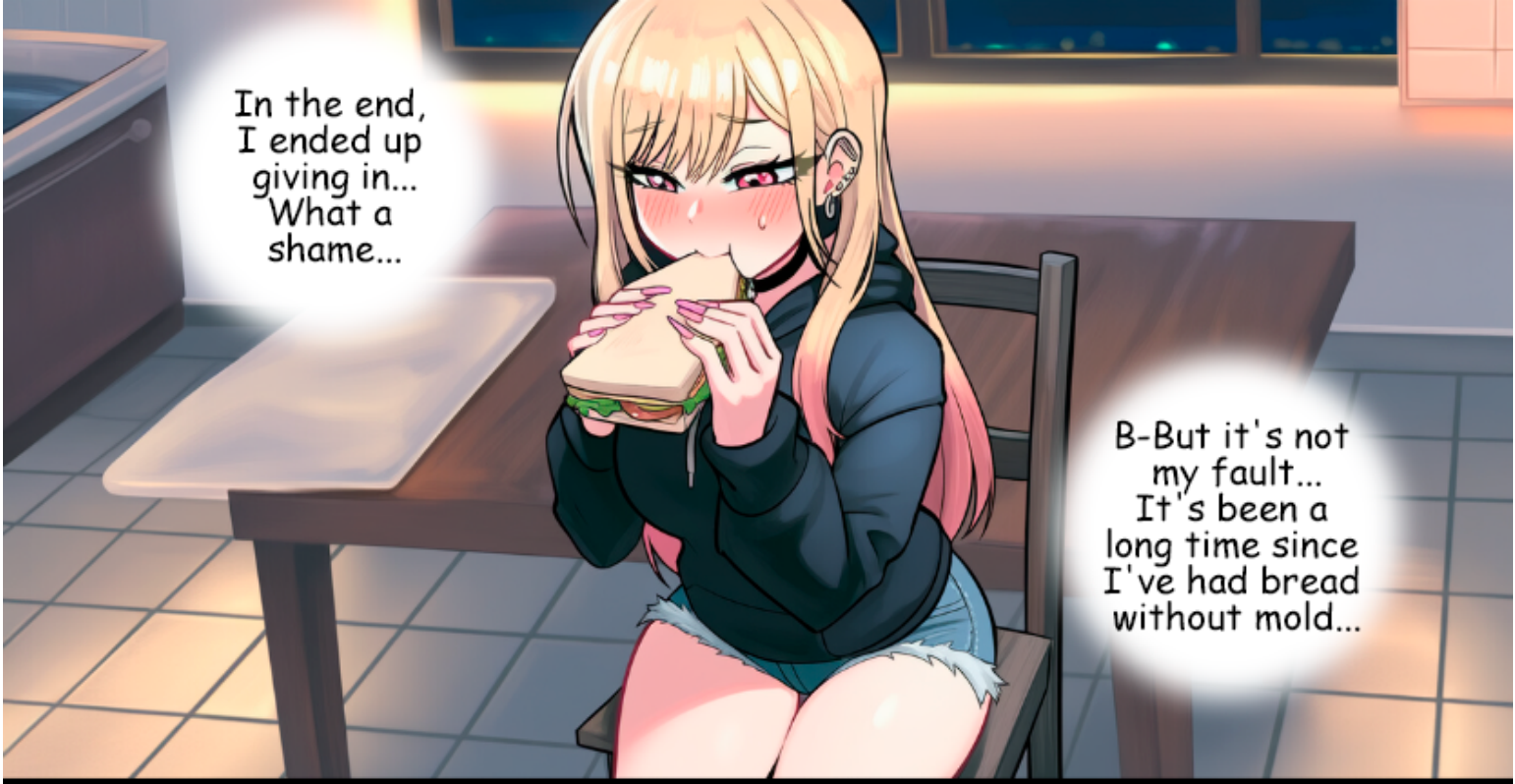
Nooo! Why
did it have to be
right now?

You don't
have to play
hard to get,
come on.



It's not the
best sandwich I've
ever made... But I
tried my best to
salvage most
of the ingredients.
I assure you
I removed
all the mold
that might have
been there.

Doesn't
it have
mold?



In the end,
I ended up
giving in...
What a
shame...

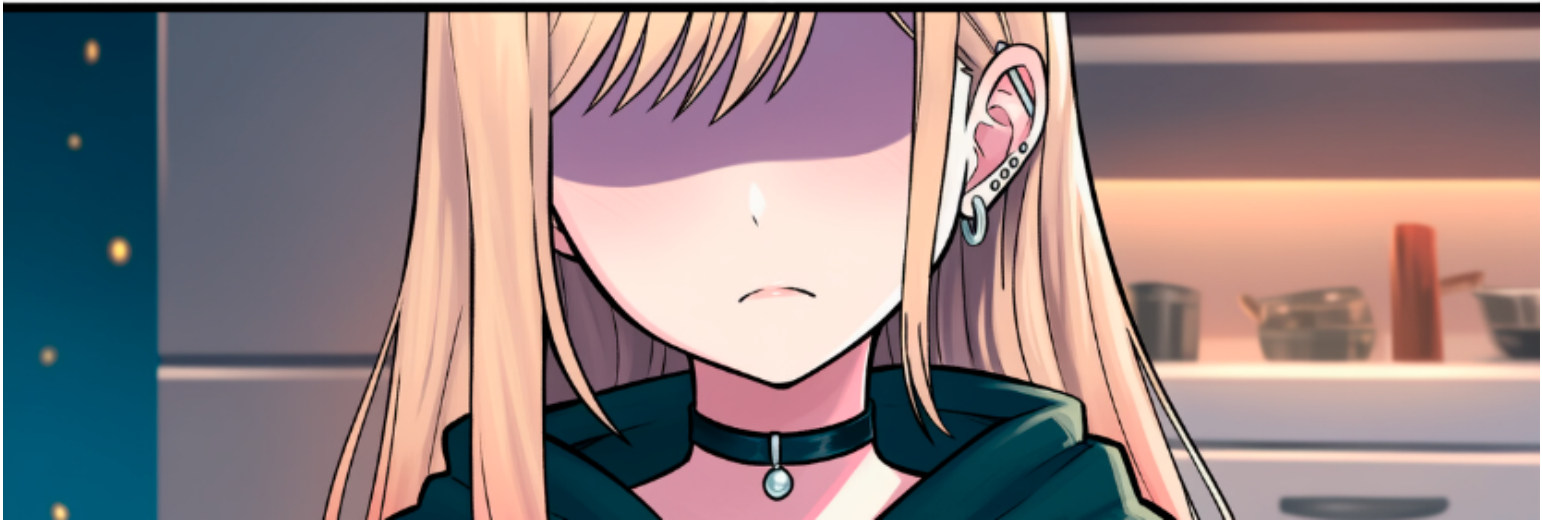
B-But it's not
my fault...
It's been a
long time since
I've had bread
without mold...



Haha, just
save your
appetite.
I haven't
made
the main
course yet.



And since we're
more relaxed,
why don't you
explain the
situation to me?
Is there any
reason why I
should be
a zombie?



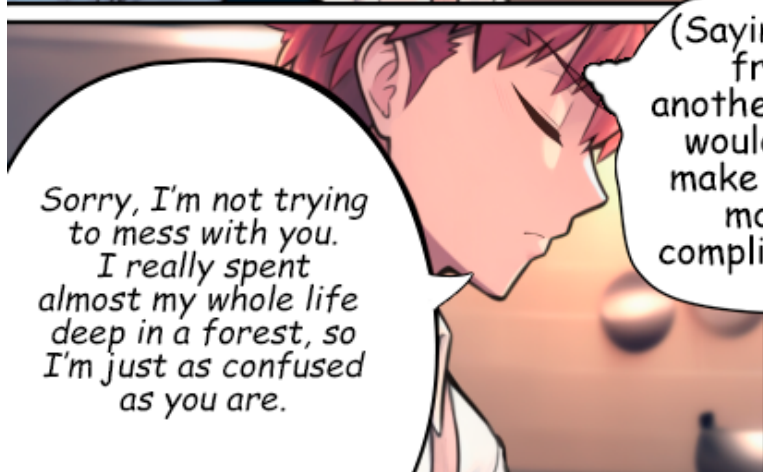




So this disease
only affects
men...



Huh? Are you
kidding?
Everyone
knows that.



Sorry, I'm not trying
to mess with you.
I really spent
almost my whole life
deep in a forest, so
I'm just as confused
as you are.

(Saying I'm
from
another world
would only
make things
more
complicated.)



From
the
forest...?



Yeah.
Otherwise
I'd already
be a zombie,
don't you
think?



S-sorry...
I yelled at you
even though
you saved me
and made me
something
to eat.





No
problem.
Just eat.

If you want
to return the
favor, I'd like
you to give me
a bit of context
about the
current
situation.

Are you
really
that
lost?

I wasn't
a guy who
read
newspapers.

So you lived
completely
cut off
from
society...

Not exactly.
Sometimes I'd visit
a village and see
other people,
but I only did it
every few
months.

I see...

Well... It all
started five
months ago.



While we were on break,
my boyfriend and I were
chatting peacefully until
our teacher appeared,
very agitated.



Kids,
hurry!

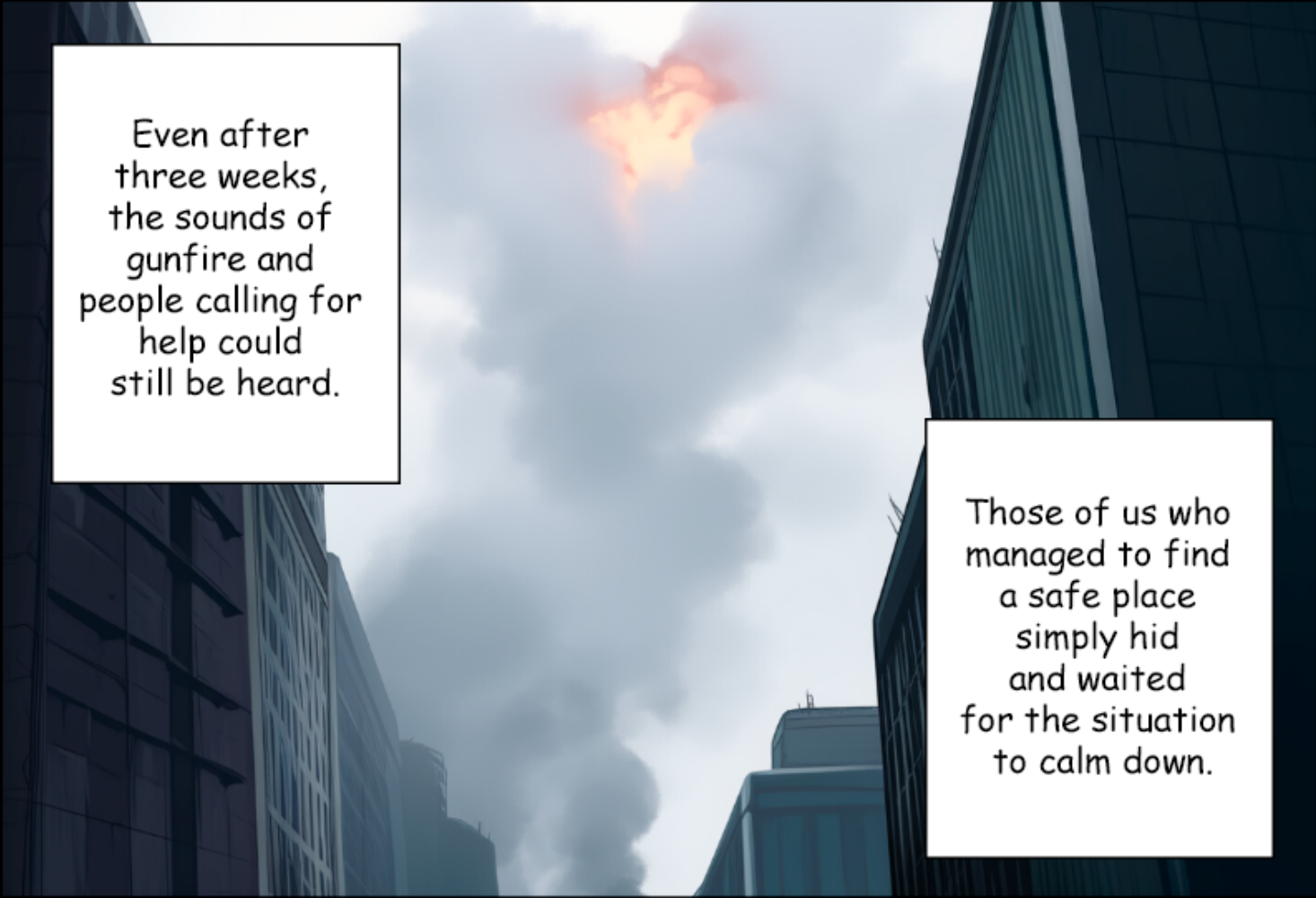


You must leave
immediately and
go to your parents!
We have received
news that...



After that, finding our
parents became impossible.
The whole city descended
into chaos, and all we could
do was look for a
place to take refuge.





Even after
three weeks,
the sounds of
gunfire and
people calling for
help could
still be heard.

Those of us who
managed to find
a safe place
simply hid
and waited
for the situation
to calm down.



All zombies
are men.

That's the
only thing
I can
think of...



Does the
infection
only affect
you?



Whatever!
It's best if you
stay here while
I go out to
get supplies.



Ah....!



Wait, Gojo-kun!
I don't want
you to leave me.
What if you
get infected
too?

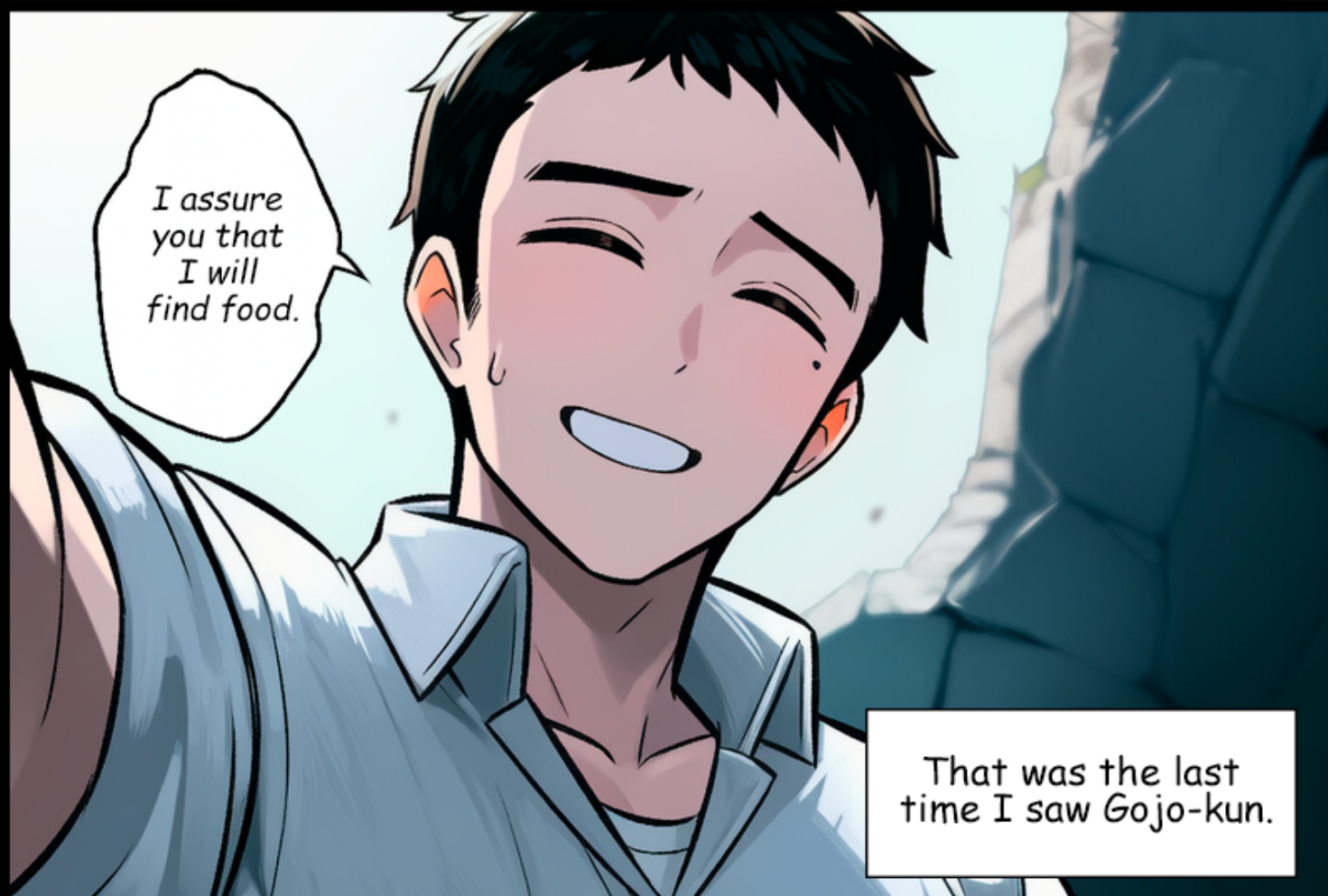
I don't want
to be
alone...!

D-Don't
leave me!



I'll be careful, don't worry.

Besides, you must be hungry, right? Leave it to me!



I assure you that I will find food.

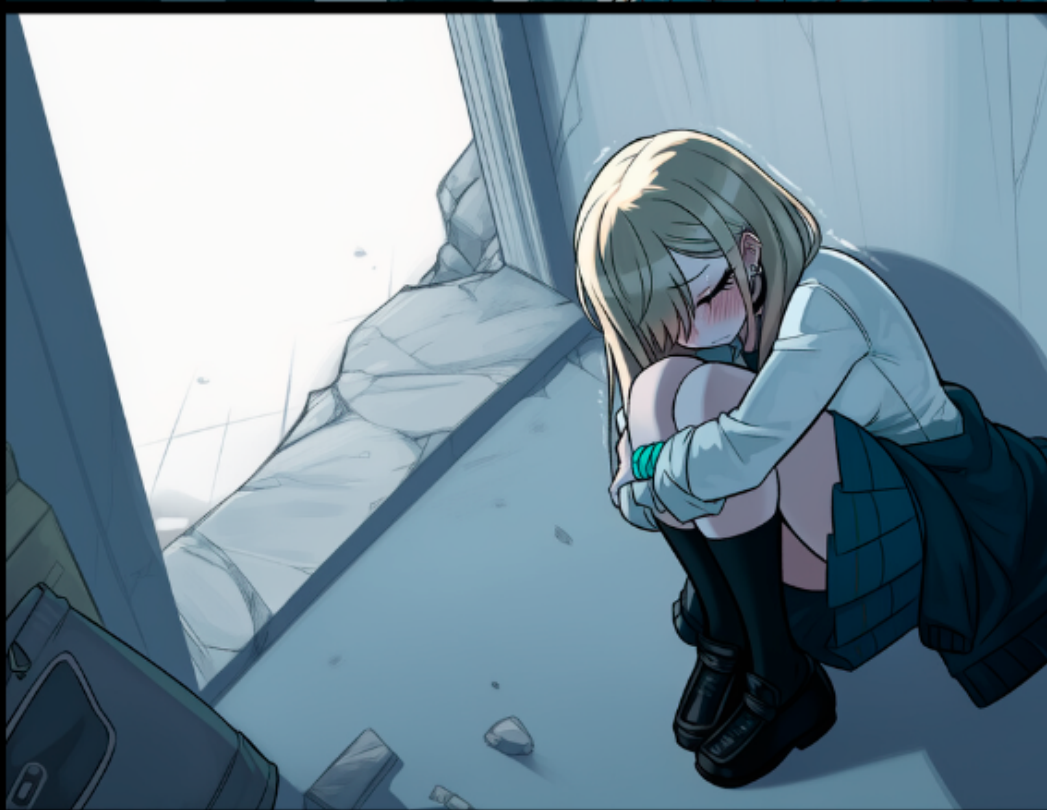
That was the last time I saw Gojo-kun.



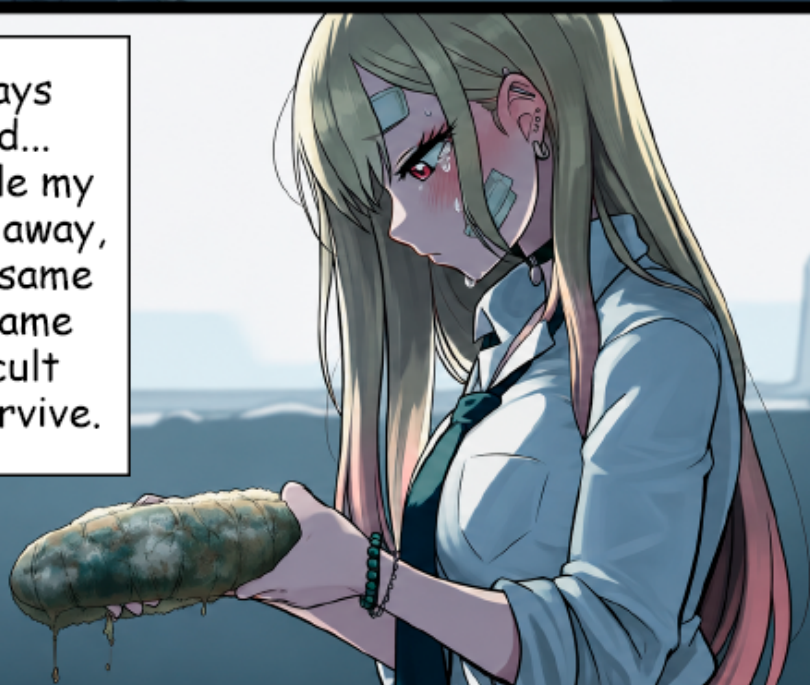
Since then,
I've had to
manage
to survive
on my own.



The only reason
I could
endure it...
was because
I believed
that Gojo might
be somewhere.



But the days
passed and...
Little by little my
hopes faded away,
while at the same
time it became
more difficult
for me to survive.





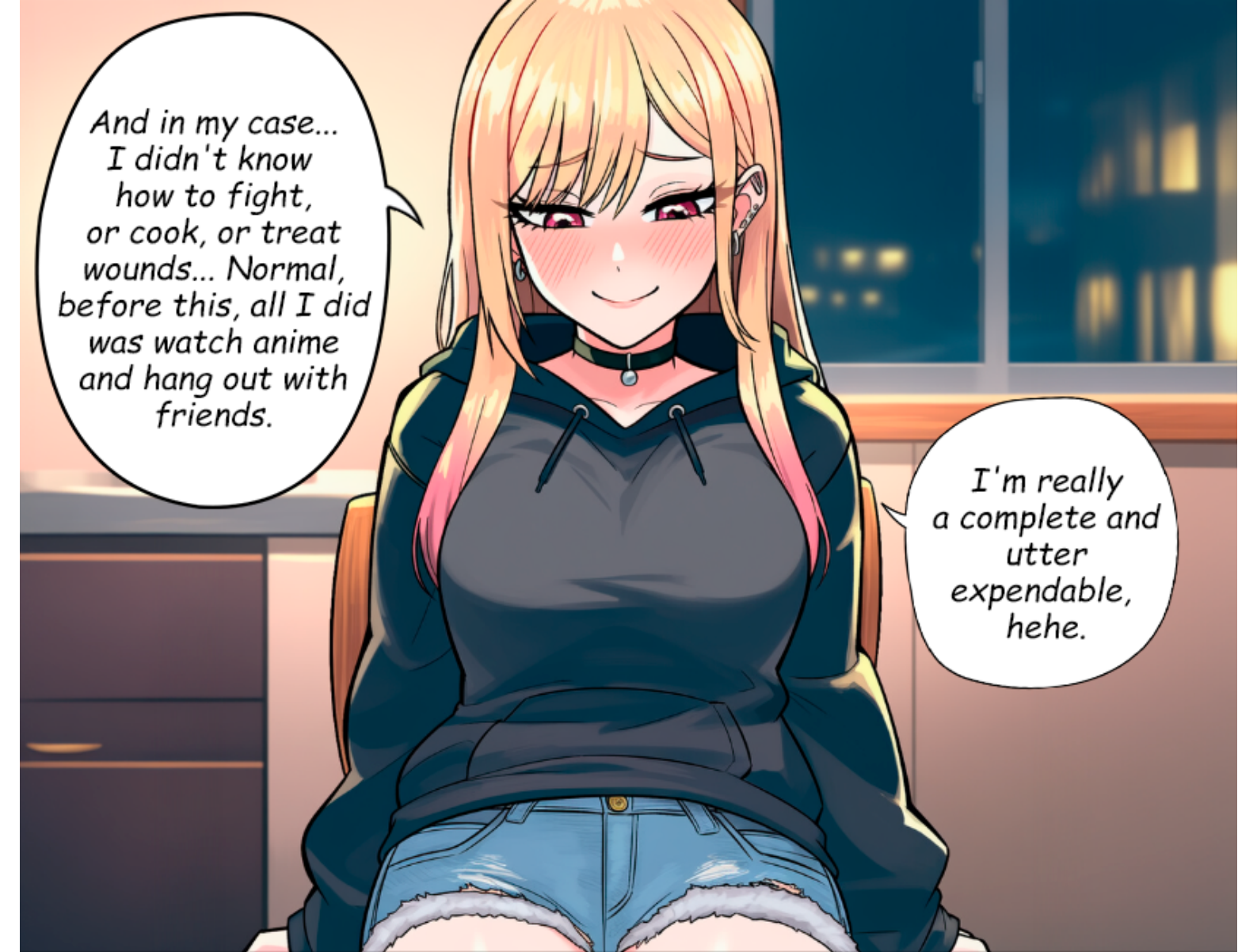
I also
tried to
join
some
groups,
but...

*Get out
of here,
you dumb
blonde.
Do you think
we're a
daycare?*



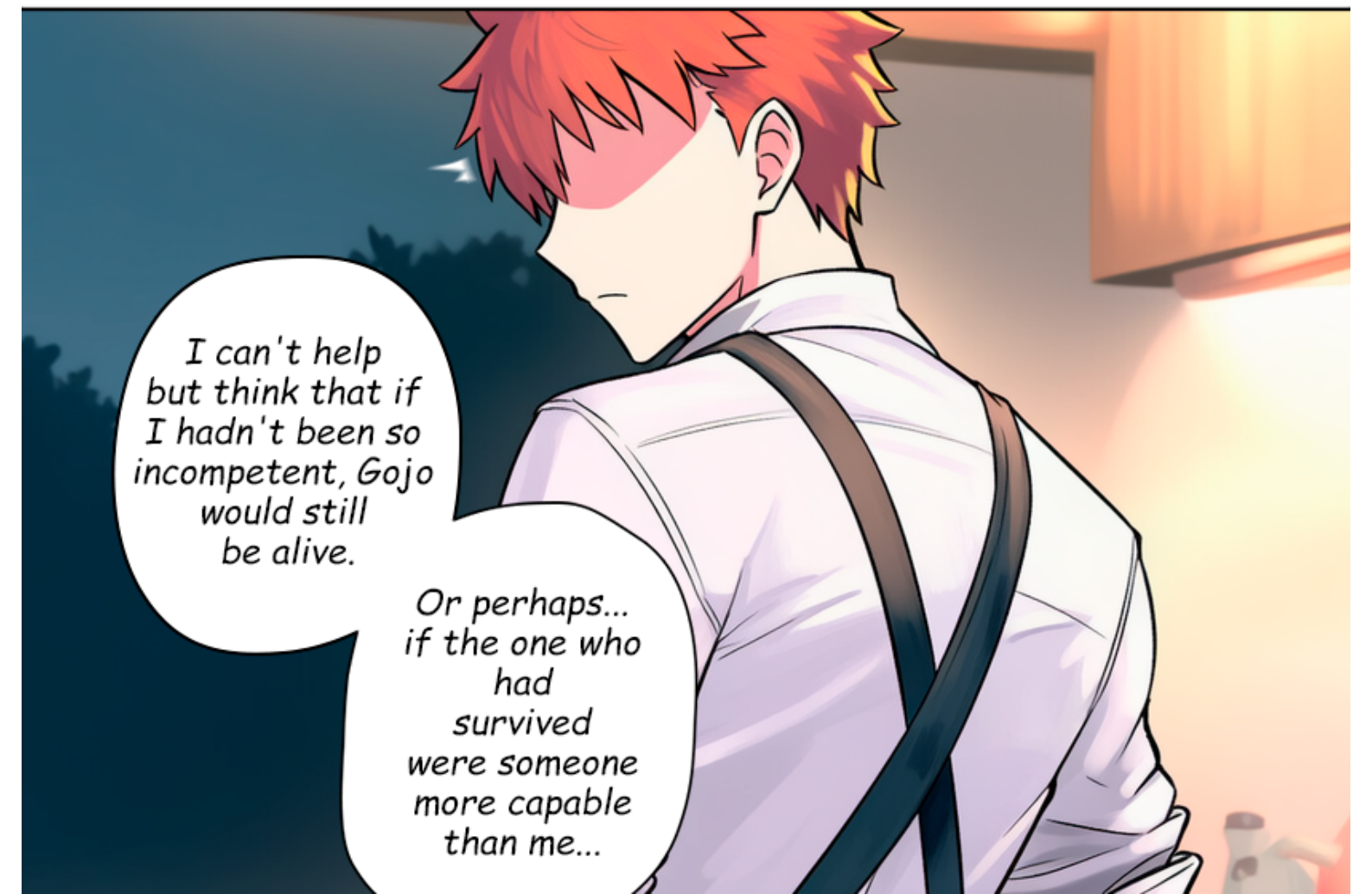
*We don't
need a
useless
person
like you.*

The women
organized
themselves
into groups to
survive, but
only accepted
those who
could be useful.



And in my case...
I didn't know
how to fight,
or cook, or treat
wounds... Normal,
before this, all I did
was watch anime
and hang out with
friends.

I'm really
a complete and
utter
expendable,
hehe.



I can't help
but think that if
I hadn't been so
incompetent, Gojo
would still
be alive.

Or perhaps...
if the one who
had
survived
were someone
more capable
than me...

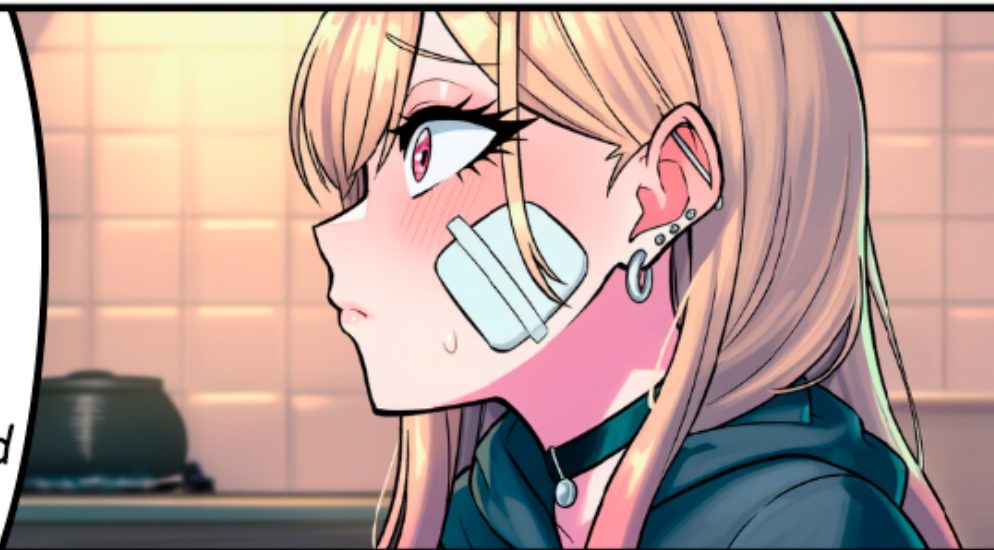


Please...
Don't ever
say
something
like that
again.



I don't know you well enough to tell you that you're wrong, and it would be irresponsible of me to talk about who you are when we barely know each other.

But even so...
at least I'll tell you
that you shouldn't
think that way.
There was someone
who loved you.
Someone who was
willing to give their
life so that you could
continue living.



**I know very well
how that feels.**



And because
I understand,
there is only
one thing
I can
advise you.



LIVE.



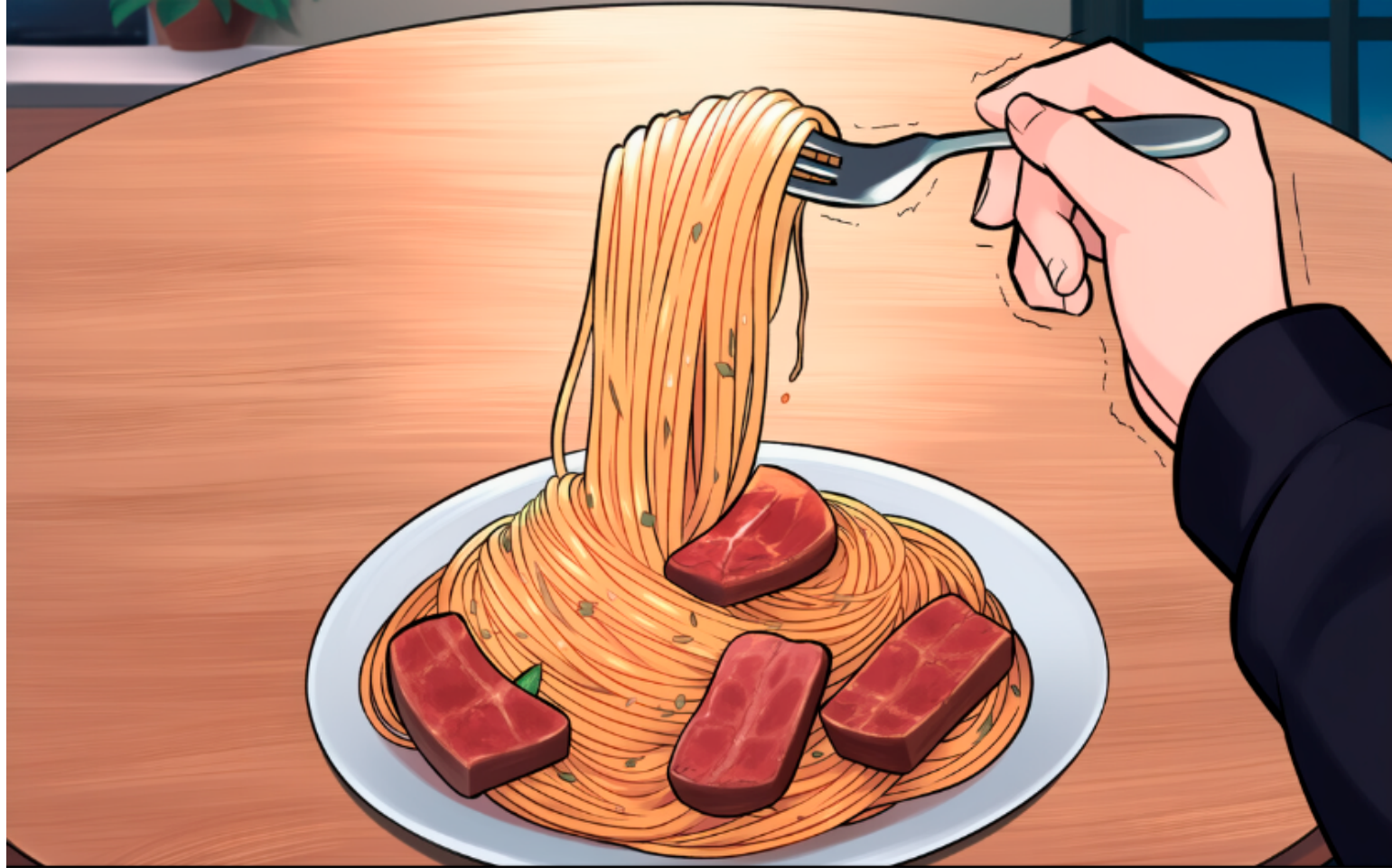
Don't live to
blame yourself.
Nor to think that
someone else
would have done
it better. Live
for yourself.



This
smell...



Live...
because thanks
to someone
loving you, you are
still here today.
And you have the
opportunity
to move forward.





The truth is that
I don't really
understand
the rules that
people follow in this
apocalyptic world.

This
is...

Oh!

But for me, one
thing is very clear:
the only thing that
matters is that
you're still alive.
And you made
it this far.
That's enough.

I will not
allow
anyone
to hurt you
again.

This is
very
delicious...

Ah...

So...
cheer up.



You
did
well.

S-So
delicious....



IMMORTAL
BREEDER

CHA.1
FIN