Thank you for patiently listening to this unique experience that seems unrelated to development.

And this story, it is also a supernatural experience, It is about my mother's true experience, Dedicated to my dear friend who loves hearing supernatural stories.

I have arranged to share it here.

The following is from my mother's perspective.

Continuing on, it's time for the highly anticipated supernatural experience sharing.

Those who are afraid can skip ahead. In retrospect, I find it quite intriguing.

I want to clarify that all these experiences are 100% true, without any exaggeration.

Two years ago, when I first moved to the big city, I lived in an old apartment.

The surroundings were nice, and it was convenient for daily life.

However, on the first night I moved in, something strange happened.

As I lay in bed, I could hear a regular tapping sound coming from the corner of the ceiling.

It went like, "knock, knock, knock," as if someone was tapping on a hard object with their hand.

What was even more eerie was that whenever I turned to look, it seemed like the sound knew I was watching it.

But as soon as I closed my eyes or focused on something else, it would start again.

Actually, I didn't really mind or feel scared. Although I was curious, in the moment, I leaned more towards a rational explanation like "it must be the pipes or the sound of the wind."

But at the same time, I also thought about what if it was really "that" kind of presence. I wouldn't be afraid, maybe just a little annoyed because it was a bit noisy.

Then I realized that everyone has their own struggles.

It's not easy for anyone to find a place to settle in a city where they are unfamiliar.

I wouldn't mind having an extra roommate, whether they are human or not.

As long as they don't eat my food or wear my underwear, it's all good. After all, I do care about hygiene.

That's what I thought at that moment, until…

Until I turned on the computer and started working on my project.

At that time, I happened to be creating some artwork and related 18+ animations.

Because there was quite a demand for it, for the next few days, whenever I turned on the computer, I was immersed in various intense and exciting "battle scenes".

(Well, I know for you it's nothing special.)

The battles depicted in the images were filled with vivid colors and made my heart race.

It included fighting sounds sent by voice actors, which added to the excitement. It was truly spectacular.

But for some reason, the regular knocking sound, which was once unfamiliar yet familiar, accompanying me in rhythm and singing, simply vanished amidst all the "No~ahhh~~so big~!" and passionate moans.

It turns out that the voice actor wasn't reciting lines; they were performing our farewell song.

Even until now, after all these years, I don't know who or what they were their name, or whether they were male or female.

Although my friends laughed and said that I was "exorcising with artwork," upon careful consideration, I also realized that something was off.

I hadn't informed anyone about the hidden fears and truth in my heart. Even until today, thinking about it sends shivers down my spine.

Here's the thing: the development progress of these artworks was usually kept on a crowdfunding website.

To view them, people had to pay a small amount to unlock the content.

And yet, in such a way, they managed to freeload on a week's worth of our development progress!

Oh my, it's truly terrifying!

I thought these kinds of things only happened online.

It seems I was too naive.

As this realization sank in, fear and anger intertwined, and I couldn't help but shed tears of frustration.

Perhaps, in the end, such things are simply unavoidable.

As a weak and helpless individual, all I could do was pray that the "roommate" who briefly stayed with me was like a lively and adorable ghost, just like Lasling.

That way, my heart wouldn't feel so unbalanced anymore.

(It would even give me a sense of having gained something.)

Indeed, humans find it difficult to let go of themselves.

Even now, I can still feel the anger of my feeble self, like a Chihuahua, still trapped in the fear of that development progress being freeloaded.

I hope that I can grow and break free from that dark shadow sooner rather than later.