

## TV Show 126

### Chapter 126: The Wild Lovers

The next day.

Early morning.

Since Karen had used her innate ability to predict rain today, Adam and his group got up at the crack of dawn, hoping to finish their hunt before the downpour.

Early mornings often see many animals venturing out for food.

It wasn't long before Adam and his companions spotted a herd of deer—around a dozen, varying in size—grazing on the grass. Occasionally, they would lift their heads, ears perked high, scanning their surroundings with vigilance.

"How about taking down a doe today for comparison?"

Adam chuckled softly.

"I'll do it!"

Juno nodded, setting his sights on a hornless doe.

"Clear!"

"Clear!"

As if compelled by obsessive caution, they confirmed once, twice, three times before Juno finally pulled the trigger.

Bang!

A gunshot rang out!

The herd scattered in alarm.

From a distance, Adam saw that the doe Juno had aimed at let out a pained cry but did not collapse immediately. Instead, it fled, though its pace was noticeably slow.

"I missed the mark," Juno said with an embarrassed smile.

Clearly, not everyone had Adam's level of precision—there's always uncertainty the first time.

"You hit it. It's injured. Let's go after it."

Adam reminded him.

"Alright."

Juno and Karen followed Adam as they pursued the wounded doe.

Not Far Ahead

A lake shimmered in the distance.

By its shore, two tents were pitched—evidence that someone had set up camp there.

Camping culture was deeply ingrained in American life. Even homebodies like Leonard, Howard, and Rajesh could be motivated to camp out just to watch a meteor shower. And of course, countless young Americans—so often depicted in movies—thrived on indulgence and reckless adventure.

Meanwhile, in the Nearby Woods

Underneath a large tree, a pair of lovers were enjoying nature's embrace—earth as their bed, sky as their canopy—thanking God with utmost enthusiasm for the beauty of life.

Then, at the most critical moment—

A gunshot!

Followed by the chaos of a stampeding deer herd.

"Oh my God!"

"Shit! Shit! Shit!"

The two screamed in terror and bolted toward the forest's edge.

The man, in his panic, didn't even bother looking after the woman.

It seemed exaggerated, but in the American wilderness, hearing a gunshot meant one thing—run as far as possible! Especially for this man, who was Black.

In America, the odds of a Black man being shot were several times higher than those of a White man.

Running? He could be mistaken for a robber and shot by a "good Samaritan."

Trying to help someone? He could be mistaken for an attacker and shot by the police.

Even staying at home wasn't safe—if a cop climbed one extra flight of stairs and entered the wrong apartment, he might be mistaken for a burglar and shot dead.

And worst of all?

Even if he got killed, justice might never come. Instead, his grieving family might end up embracing the shooter, tearfully saying, "I forgive you. He would have, too. Forgiveness is a virtue because that's what God wants."

Like hell he would!

He wasn't forgiving anything!

Life was hard enough. Survival required constant vigilance—to breathe in more of that supposedly free and sweet air.

So, he ran even faster.

Back at the Tents

Inside the tents, two people were startled awake by the gunshot. When they reached for their partners and found empty spaces beside them, they hurriedly stepped outside.

"Ryan?"

"Nikki?"

A man and a woman emerged from separate tents, calling out for their respective lovers.

"Ryan's not here?"

"Nikki's missing too?"

Their eyes met, a shadow of doubt forming in their minds.

The man, however, soon had a sudden realization—his gaze darkened before shifting to the woman with a burning intensity.

The woman furrowed her brows, instinctively stepping to the side to shield herself from the man's intrusive stare.

Just then, a frantic chorus of "God! Shit!" echoed through the woods.

They turned toward the sound—only to see a man and a woman sprinting toward them as if running for their lives.

The Unfolding Drama

The man standing by the tent smirked knowingly.

Smack!

As soon as Ryan reached her, the woman—Heather—slapped him across the face.

"Heather! What the hell?!"

Ryan grabbed her wrist, furious.

"What the hell?" Heather seethed. "Look at what you and Nikki just did!"

It was only then that Ryan realized—he wasn't even wearing a shirt. He turned to Nikki, who was in an even worse state—her skimpy denim shorts were missing entirely.

There was no need for further explanation. The evidence was damning.

"I... I'm sorry, Heather."

Nikki, the cheating best friend, meekly apologized. "It was just a moment of weakness."

"Yeah! It was a one-time mistake! I swear!" Ryan immediately chimed in, desperate to salvage the situation.

"You two are unbelievable," the other man—David—finally spoke. "Were we not enough for you? You had to go behind our backs for some cheap thrill?"

"David, bro, I'm really sorry," Ryan said apologetically.

They had been best friends. Ryan and Heather had even set David and Nikki up.

"You just wanted excitement, huh?"

David's eyes flickered with something unreadable. He shot Ryan a meaningful look.

Ryan froze for a moment—then realization hit him like a punch to the gut.

This bastard wanted a trade.

A \*\*girlfriend swap.\*\*

Like hell he would agree!

Heather was stunning, with a body that turned every T-shirt into a crop top, making men swallow hard just looking at her.

Nikki? Sure, she was attractive, but nowhere near Heather's level.

Ryan had only wanted to try something new—he never actually cared about Nikki.

And now this piece of shit David wanted to use this mess as an excuse to get his hands on Heather? And expected Ryan to **help him**?

Under normal circumstances, Ryan would've already decked him.

But now...

"We're done!"

Heather, still fuming over the betrayal, declared their breakup.

Ryan panicked and clung to her, pleading desperately. He **truly** loved her.

A woman like Heather—where else would he find another?

But no matter how many times he repeated the usual sweet-talking tactics, Heather remained firm. She packed her things, ready to leave.

Desperate, Ryan saw David silently raising a single finger.

Feeling utterly defeated, Ryan gritted his teeth and nodded, letting David step in.

"Heather, don't overreact," David coaxed, walking over. "I'm sure they just got carried away. Young people make mistakes. Let's give them another chance."

He glanced at Nikki, who instantly caught the cue.

"Heather, I was wrong."

Nikki, teary-eyed, threw her arms around Heather. "We've been best friends for so long—I should never have done this to you! Please, punish me however you want, but forgive me this one time."

Ryan, overwhelmed with the fear of losing Heather, fell to his knees and clung to her leg, crying.

"Get off me!"

Heather tried to push away the two cheaters, but they wouldn't budge.

"How about this?" Nikki, following David's lead, suggested, "You can have David for a night. Then we'll be even, and we can all move on."

Heather's eyes widened in shock. She turned to look at Ryan—only to see his pained expression as he muttered, "As long as you forgive me, I don't mind."

"An eye for an eye. Sounds fair."

David nodded solemnly, though his burning gaze sent chills down Heather's spine.

"You people..."

For the first time, genuine fear crept into Heather's voice.