

My armpits are sweating. Profusely. I want so badly to lift my arms and wave some cool air under there, but I can't. Hunter could walk in at any moment.

He'd used the coffee maker in the break room at the firehouse last week, and I'm counting on him doing the same today. Otherwise, my prank won't work.

Not that I spent all week researching pranks. Not that I even got behind on my actual work at one point because of my newfound obsession. I have no idea if the spam emails are working, so I need something more concrete.

Cue the coffee prank.

I continue standing at the kitchenette counter in the break room, idly stirring my coffee that's long gone cold, but I need to look casual while guarding the creamer. No one else can use it but Hunter.

Someone enters behind me, and I glance over my shoulder, but it's one of the Clewis brothers. I really need to learn their names.

I smile, trying to seem inconspicuous, and he gives me a brief head nod before retrieving something from his locker and leaving. Thank God.

When Hunter finally shows up, my belly does a weird flip-flopping motion. You're not going to get caught, I tell myself. He has no way of proving it was you.

Stepping away from the counter, I sit at one of the tables and sip at my now-disgusting coffee. Just act casual.

He grabs a mug from the cabinet and pours himself a cup from the coffee pot. Oh God, what if he takes his coffee black? I never even considered that possibility.

Thankfully, he opens the fridge and roots around, but what he's looking for isn't there.

"Are you looking for the creamer?" I ask, hoping my voice doesn't give me away.

He finally looks over his shoulder and acknowledges me. "Yeah."

"There's powdered creamer on the counter." I point to the tampered bottle I placed there earlier when no one was looking. The real creamer from the fridge is in my locker.

He makes a face of disgust and I don't blame him. Powdered stuff is kind of gross.

"It's actually not bad," I say, holding my cup up and taking a sip.

Now he just needs to take the bait.

He stares at me, his brows knitting. "Why are you being nice?"

I roll my eyes, cursing his suspicion. "Sorry, jeez. Don't have any, then. I don't care."

Looking down at my cup, I inwardly smile as he turns back around and shakes some into his cup.

The coffee froths and bubbles up, then spills out onto the counter.

"What the fuck?" he shouts, jumping back.