
ROCHELA VAN BUUREN
Undone by You
BETWEEN THE LINES 1
HE'S HER BOSS. SHE'S OFF LIMITS.
TOO BAD DESIRE DOESN'T FOLLOW RULES.

Rochela van Buuren

Undone by You

Between the Lines series – book 1

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For the ones who were ever told they were too
much, too stubborn, or too ambitious.
Never dim your light, and may you always find
the ones who see it and choose to love it.

Playlist

'Dangerous Woman' – Ariana Grande
'Into It' – Chase Atlantic
'Run for the Hills' – Tate Mcrae
'Qué Pasaría…' – Rauw Alejandro, Bad Bunny
'Touch It' – Ariana Grande
'Die For You' – The Weeknd
'Moonlight' – Chase Atlantic
'Vapor' – 5 Seconds Of Summer
'There's No Way' – Lauv, Julia Michaels
'They Don't Know About Us' – One Direction
'Ruin My Life' – Zara Larsson
'New' – Daya
'Never Be The Same' – Camilla Cabello
'Hollywood' – Lewis Capaldi
'Wildest Dreams' – Taylor Swift
'Constellations' – Jade LeMac
'Siren Sounds' – Tate Mcrae
'Beautiful' – Bazzi

Content notes

Undone by You contains mature themes and situations that may not be suitable for all readers. This includes strong language, explicit sexual content, and references to grief and alcohol use. Please read with care and only if you feel comfortable with these themes.

For more information, visit www.rochelavanbuuren.com.
Spicy scenes are outlined on the very last page of the book for readers who wish to skip them.

1



Madison

"Ever heard of personal space, *jackass*?"

He doesn't slow. Doesn't flinch. One second I'm walking straight; the next, his shoulder slams into mine. The corner of his briefcase clips my hip hard enough to knock me sideways.

I stumble back two steps, blinking at the sheer audacity. Not even a glance over his shoulder. No half-hearted sorry. Nothing. Just a hit-and-run in Armani, striding through the lobby like it's his personal racetrack.

My hands lift halfway, caught between defense and disbelief. Did that seriously just happen?

Apparently, yes. King Jackass doesn't even break stride.

Figures.

Jaw tight, I hitch my bag higher and force my pace steady. I refuse to let a walking ego in designer shoes ruin my morning. Especially not today. Today matters.

Today I step into Moreau & Quinn. Not as an intern peeking over the edge, not as someone begging to prove she belongs, but as their newest hire.

Head high, Madison. Breathe. Time to show them you deserve every second of this.

Two months ago, I got the call. Since then, I've been floating on adrenaline. Until this morning, when excitement twisted into nerves sharp enough to rattle my teeth.

I drag in a breath, trying to steady the flutter in my chest. Years of late nights, brutal exams, underpaid internships, and enough caffeine to kill a horse have led to this: the moment I've been waiting for.

The beginning of my career at one of the most prestigious law firms in New York.

And it still doesn't feel real. Any second now, I half-expect someone from HR to realize they hired the wrong Madison and escort me right back out the door.

Sure, I graduated law school. Survived more internships than I can count. But this feels different. No professors. No safety net. Just me, a desk, and the actual, terrifying real world.

My reflection stares back from the elevator's mirrored wall. Hazel eyes too wide, buzzing like I've overdosed on espresso I didn't drink. My chocolate brown hair is pulled so tight it could double as a budget facelift, and my suit is crisp enough to suggest I ironed it in my sleep. Basically, I look like a résumé that learned to walk.

I smooth the collar of my blouse and pray the outfit is convincing enough to mask the chaos underneath. *Fake it till you make it.*

What waits upstairs is bigger than a job title. It's the dream my mother whispered about during night shifts, the dream she wanted more for me than for herself. And it's the dream my father never got to see me chase.

On the surface, I look composed. That part's easy. But holding onto that illusion once I step out there? That's the hard part.

The elevator dings softly. My pulse spikes. Showtime.

The doors slide open as we arrive on the 29th floor, and I step into a world of gleaming glass and polished steel. Sunlight floods the office, bouncing off towering windows that frame the skyline like a promise and a warning.

The building smells like leather, overpriced coffee beans, and ambition drowned in too much cologne like everyone wants you to know they went to Harvard without actually saying it.

It's *Suits*, if *Suits* had more deadlines and fewer good hair days. Basically, stress in heels.

A woman waits near the reception desk, clipboard in hand. Mid-thirties, chic but efficient, with the kind of posture that says she doesn't have time for bullshit but will still say good morning because she's polite. She strides toward me.

"Sabrina?" My voice comes out smoother than I feel.

She offers a firm handshake. "Good morning. Madison Reid, right?"

"Yes. Nice to meet you." I keep my grip confident. I read somewhere that a limp handshake is basically begging to be overlooked in a place like this. Firm grip. No tremble. Don't blow this.

"Well, Madison, welcome to Moreau & Quinn." Her smile is brief but not unfriendly. "I'll be showing you around today; helping you get settled, get familiar with the office, and ready for what's ahead. Feel free to ask anything. Not the whole office, of course. All fifty stories belong to Moreau & Quinn, but your departments are on the 6th, 29th, and 30th."

Casual. Like it's no big deal. I nod, mentally noting to write that down later. So far, so good. No one has realized I have no idea what I'm doing.

As we walk, Sabrina gestures to the glass-walled conference rooms, their doors etched with partner names and high-profile cases. The soundtrack of ambition buzzes around us: the low murmur of voices, the staccato of keyboards, the occasional clipped phone call. The whole place feels like the legal equivalent of a trading floor-controlled chaos dressed in Hugo Boss. The office hums like a symphony. Intimidating, but strangely beautiful.

"This firm prides itself on transparency," Sabrina says as we pass another fishbowl-style conference room. "Literally. You won't find

many places with this much glass. Privacy isn't really a thing here. Keeps people honest, or at least on their toes."

I nod, trying not to gawk at the plush leather chairs, minimalist design, and art pieces that probably cost more than my student loans.

We stop in front of a small office.

"Here's your domain for now." Sabrina's laugh is quick, efficient. "No mahogany desk or personal assistant yet, but give it time."

Honestly? I was braced for a desk wedged next to the copy machine. This already feels like more than I deserve.

"Do I have to share it with the other first-year associates?" I ask, the hope in my voice harder to hide than I'd like.

She arches a brow. "Don't be silly. This building has fifty stories and more than a thousand offices. Everyone has their own space except the assistants. This one's all yours."

My very own slice of corporate America. Exciting. Terrifying. Possibly both.

I step inside. It's modest, tucked at the end of a quiet hallway, but it feels like mine. I could get used to this once I stop panicking.

Floor-to-ceiling windows flood the room with light. Sabrina wasn't exaggerating: no one here has privacy. A sleek white desk, ergonomic chair, brand-new laptop, and a neat stack of files wait like a starter kit for adulthood. The space smells faintly of lemon cleaner and fresh paper.

"So," I keep my tone polite, pretending this is just casual small talk. "Who will I be working with most closely?"

Sabrina's expression doesn't shift, but the pause before she answers says plenty. "You'll get a full debrief tomorrow," she replies lightly. "For now, the priority is settling in systems, space, security, the basics. The rest comes soon enough."

Soon enough.

There's something in the way she says it that makes my stomach tighten. Not ominous, exactly. Just… loaded. Like she knows something I don't.

I nod anyway. "Got it."

Time to brush up on everything I ever learned in law school. And maybe buy a stress ball. Or five.

We pass an open space framed by glass (nothing special here). A man stands near the window, phone pressed to his ear. He's tall, dark blond, his suit fitting so flawlessly it looks like it was tailored around him mid-step.

Everything about him is put together polished in a way that should feel intimidating, but he wears it with such ease it almost reads effortless. The steadiness in his posture says he's exactly where he's supposed to be, with nothing to prove to anyone.

Our eyes meet. Just for a heartbeat. He doesn't react, doesn't acknowledge it, just turns back to his call as if I'm nothing more than another name badge drifting through the building.

I frown, glancing at him once more. Familiar. Too familiar.

Maybe I've seen him in one of those glossy magazines my roommate Lena hoards, the kind with dramatic headlines like "The Future of Corporate Law". If he's who I think he is, that would track.

We pass the kitchen coffee machines that look like they belong in a NASA lab and Sabrina runs through my plan for the day.

"As I said, this morning's mostly about settling in. Set up your computer, skim some case files, get familiar with the systems. It's a lot, but take your time. No pressure. I'm on the 30th floor if you need anything."

I nod, managing a smile. "Thanks, Sabrina." I'm not sure if I want to hug her or cry or both.

And just like that, she's gone.

I'm alone. In a fifty-story skyscraper. With exactly zero experience in… whatever it is I'm supposed to be doing.

Two months ago, I sat in a glass-walled conference room (because apparently walls here don't believe in privacy) wondering if I'd just made a complete fool of myself.

One partner asked what I'd do if a client lied to my face. Another wanted to know if I had experience with "difficult personalities." Suspiciously specific. To this day, I don't know if he meant the clients or my colleagues.

I smiled, nodded, and bluffed my way through half the answers. And yet here I am. Somehow.

I stare at the computer like it might bite me. Then I take a breath, sit down, and start setting everything up. Passwords, email, internal server check. Clicking buttons counts as progress.

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By lunchtime, hunger hits. Not the polite kind. The my-stomach's-eating-itself kind. I skipped the toast Lena shoved at me this morning, and now I'm running on caffeine fumes. Not smart, but nothing new. My snooze button and I are in a codependent relationship.

I grab my coat and step out, grateful for the excuse to leave without looking like I'm fleeing.

Okay, maybe I'm fleeing a little.

A coffee shop around the corner reels me in with cinnamon and warmth and the promise of sanity. I order a caramel latte and a cinnamon bun. Not exactly balanced, but after surviving my first hours, I've earned the sugar-induced heart palpitations.

Settling by the window, I call the only person guaranteed to talk me off the ledge.

"Hey, Lena," I say when she picks up.

"Hey there, Maddy. How's day one?"

"It's… intimidating."

Her laugh is a balm. "You skipped breakfast and walked into a firm full of Ivy League grads? Girl, are you trying to die on your first day?"

"I'll get up earlier tomorrow," I lie, biting into the bun. I'll definitely hit snooze three times.

"Noted. How's the HR chick?"

"Sabrina's…nice. Thought she'd be all business, but she's actually… human." I grin. "She gave me the tour, showed me my office, and didn't throw me into a courtroom. So far, so good."

"Did you at least find the coffee machine?"

"Walked past it three times pretending I wasn't impressed. This place is insane, Lena. Everything gleams. Even the people."

She laughs. "And you feel out of place, huh?"

"Exactly. I don't even know who my supervisor is yet. They said I'll get a full debrief tomorrow. Probably someone with a double last name and a watch that is worth more than an entire year of rent."

"Bougie."

"I know. Just praying they're not a total asshole."

"Fingers crossed, but you will figure it out," Lena says, steady as always. "You always do. Just don't let the glass walls psych you out."

"Thanks, L. I gotta head back. Can't mess up day one."

Back at my office, I meet a blond, easygoing guy, and thank God, he's also on his first day.

"Hey, I'm Luke." He grins. "Looks like we're in the same boat."

"Madison." Relief threads through my voice.

"So," he says, eyeing my badge like it might reveal classified Intel, "first time at a big firm?"

"Yeah. After law school, anyway. My last firm was big, but I was still in college. This feels… different. Like I'm about to combust from imposter syndrome."

It comes out as a joke, but panic lingers under the surface.

Luke laughs. "You're not alone. I came from small firms. You should've seen my face when they said M&Q owns the whole building."

We fall into easy chatter about law school horror stories, finals week meltdowns and caffeine dependency.

"Sabrina said we'll probably be on the same project," he mentions eventually.

Relief floods me. At least if I crash and burn, I won't do it solo.

"She did? Well, then we can be confused and terrified together."

"Better than alone," he grins.

Half an hour later, Sabrina peeks in. "You're good to go for today, Madison. If you have covered the basics, enjoy your evening. You survived your first day."

"Thanks, Sabrina. I appreciate it."

I pack up and head for the elevators. A few colleagues I don't know file in behind me. The car fills, voices low, tired. The doors almost close, then pause. Someone steps in. The dark blond man from earlier. Tailored suit. Unshakable calm. That quiet authority that doesn't need to announce itself.

Definitely an important person around here. The shift in the elevator tells me more than enough. People straighten, voices drop. Deference hangs in the air like static.

And I'm standing three feet away.

He doesn't acknowledge anyone.

The others do, though. "Julian." "Hi there, Julian."

No reply. Not even a flicker of recognition.

It doesn't read as arrogance, more like the quiet certainty that people will greet him, and he doesn't need to waste words returning it.

The atmosphere shifts, subtle but sharp, as if the elevator itself recalibrates around him.

Julian.

The name roots in my mind. Familiar. Now I'm sure I have seen it splashed across headlines or embossed on a glossy cover in the apartment Lena and I share.

For the briefest second, his gaze brushes mine. Impassive. Unreadable. Then gone.

And so is any illusion that I'm invisible here.

I snap my eyes back to the doors, heartbeat steadying into a drum.

I've got tomorrows debrief to prep for, case files to review, a career to build. I don't have time to wonder about the man who can silence an elevator with nothing more than his presence.



Some things are worth breaking the rules for

Julian works for his father's law firm and growing up as the CEO's son, he is used to being in control and he is a stickler for the rules. But then the ambitious junior lawyer Madison Reid joins his team. She questions Julian's decisions, pushes his boundaries and manages to get under his skin without even trying.

Madison wants to prove that she deserves her new job after what happened at her previous workplace. Even with the impossible hours and all the office politics, she loves her job, but working with her arrogant boss is a challenge. Julian Moreau is cold, calculating and annoyingly good-looking – and somehow, he has wormed his way into her head.

When they have to work on a difficult case and fate keeps throwing them together outside office hours, tensions rise and something more starts to build between them. Pretending it isn't there is getting harder by the minute...

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