

"The ultimate enemies-to-lovers adventure rom-com!"

—#1 *New York Times* bestselling author **ALI HAZELWOOD**, on *Raiders of the Lost Heart*



TEMPLE of  
**Swooru**

USA Today  
Bestselling Author

*Go Segura*



## PRAISE FOR RAIDERS OF THE LOST HEART

“*Romancing the Stone* meets *Indiana Jones* in this thrilling adventure romance.”

—Entertainment Weekly

“Heartbreak, redemption, and steamy narrative drive a true enemies-to-lovers tale.”

—*The Seattle Times*

“A thrilling, page-turning story that will take readers for a wild ride. *Raiders of the Lost Heart* is as unique as it is compelling—a dash of academic rivals, a pinch of second-chance romance, a sprinkle of intrigue, a most badass female lead, and a whole lot of archeological shenanigans in a beautiful Mexican setting! Jo Segura delivered the ultimate enemies-to-lovers adventure rom-com!”

—#1 *New York Times* bestselling author Ali Hazelwood

“Sexy, escapist fun and delightful in every way.”

—Jenna Levine, *USA Today* bestselling author of *My Roommate Is a Vampire*

“Adventure, intrigue, and steamy romance! Jo Segura skillfully weaves all three—and more—in this delightful debut!”

—Priscilla Oliveras, *USA Today* bestselling author of *West Side Love Story*

“This book has it all! Passion, adventure, and so much swoon! Perfect novel for anyone who grew up wishing they could accompany Harrison Ford on a quest! Obsessed!”

—Alana Quintana Albertson, author of *Kiss Me, Mi Amor*

“An adventure romance so steamy you’ll need to rinse off in a sexy jungle waterfall after reading.”

—Jen Comfort, author of *What Is Love?*

“Segura’s rip-roaring debut is sure to put her on the map.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

“With its well-crafted, interesting characters and intriguing storyline, this debut novel will fly off shelves.”

—*Library Journal* (starred review)

“Segura balances action-packed adventure with enjoyable romance tropes: Instead of ‘just one bed,’ there’s ‘just one tent.’ Corrie is a likable heroine, and she and Ford have enough chemistry to keep readers turning the pages. A fun, fast-paced adventure rom-com with plenty of steamy scenes.”

—*Kirkus Reviews*

“It’s a hopeful sign of good things to come, both by Segura and possibly the genre as a whole: There’s been a dearth of adventure romance novels for far too long, and *Raiders of the Lost Heart* is a thrilling addition to the canon that will hopefully kick off a new wave of the subgenre.”

—*BookPage*

ALSO BY JO SEGURA

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*Raiders of the Lost Heart*



TEMPLE *of*  
Swoon

*Jo Segura*

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For Rachel and Brandon.  
We started as friends. Now, we're family.



## CHAPTER

# One

**D**R. MIRIAM “MIRI” JACOBS RACED through the wild, chaotic jungle, whipping around obstacles and ducking from danger. *You can make it. You can make it.* She repeated the mantra in her head as her bag pounded against her back in sync with her sprinting footsteps, the ground seeming to give way beneath her feet. She was weaving. Sliding. Careening past creatures of all shapes and sizes. Sweat dripped down the side of her face, but she wasted no time or energy to wipe it away, focusing her strength on reaching her destination before it was too late.

*Almost there!*

She reached for the silver handle, her fingertips grazing the metal before...*Whoosh!*

“Wait!” The imaginary backdrop faded as the bus pulled away from the curb, splattering dirty street water onto Miri’s brand-spanking-new water-resistant Patagonia hiking pants.

But her voice was no match for the roaring engines in the bus depot or the plane jets overhead, and a second later, the last bus of the day from the Aeroporto Internacional de Manaus to Manacapuru, Brazil, was rounding a corner and out of sight.

*Crud.* Day one of her new gig—an expedition to search for the Cidade Perdida da Lua, the Lost City of the Moon—and she was going to miss the kick-off meeting. Not exactly the start she was hoping for, especially with her career hanging on this whole thing. *Way to make a good first impression.*

It was a miracle that she’d been selected for this expedition. Sure, her mentorship with the famed archaeologist Dr. Socorro “Corrie” Mejía at UC Berkeley helped, but until this point, Miri had only been on a handful of digs, all in already-discovered sites. When she’d decided at the age of eight that

she wanted to become an archaeologist, she thought she'd be traveling all over the world, unearthing ancient skeletons and finding hidden treasures. She didn't think her archaeological dig experience would be summed up as Human Brush, cleaning dirt off *other* archaeologists' discoveries. Yes, every archaeologist had to begin somewhere, but Miri never seemed to move past the starting line. Unlike just about every other professor on staff at the UC Berkeley Anthropology Department, Miri had absolutely nothing remarkable to pad her résumé.

Professors like Dr. Mejía, who became a world-famous badass archaeologist because she took risks and didn't shy away from danger. Being handpicked by her for this assignment gave Miri instant street cred, as if the association alone meant she must have mad skills like Corrie.

Too bad Miri's top skills were memorization and reading maps. Though, despite the need for wearing glasses, she sometimes seemed to have laser vision and could notice things that others often overlooked. Like a book that was out of place on a shelf. Or a single misplaced brick in a wall. Or a man's fly being down.

She *always* seemed to notice *that*.

Cold, wet liquid seeped through her pants as she glanced down to assess the damage and sighed. *Awesome*. There went a hundred bucks. *Note to self: water resistant does NOT equal waterproof*.

Perhaps not Miri's wisest decision—splurging on a new wardrobe at REI that would almost certainly get destroyed by this trip—but she wanted to at least try to look the part of tough, rugged archaeologist. Her normal go-to dig outfits consisted of little more than yoga pants and a few Columbia hiking shirts she found on the clearance rack at T.J.Maxx. Something not far off from her regular everyday attire, come to think of it. But she had big shoes to fill, or rather, big shoes to impress. That, and she couldn't help but want to emulate her idol, who always looked effortless, hard-core, and hot as hell.

Miri slung her backpack around to the ground and crouched beside it, searching the pockets for a wet wipe, when a figure appeared alongside her.



“Shit!”

She glanced up toward the voice and— *Holy moly, was everyone in this country a supermodel?* The man looked like he could star in an ad with the likes of Alessandra Ambrosio or Marlon Teixeira, and Miri would buy whatever products he was selling—surfboards, cologne, men’s underwear, you name it. He stared down the empty street in the direction the departed bus had gone, seemingly oblivious to Miri, one hand on his hip, the other rubbing his forehead below the hairline of his luscious...shiny...wavy...to-die-for jet-black locks. His gray Henley stretched across his chest, outlining every ripple beneath the thin fabric. With the sleeves pushed up, she could see the flexing muscles in his forearms—taut and beckoning for her touch. He had to have been six-foot-two, six-three, judging by the location of his knee in relation to her crouched view. Hard to tell by his towering position, and when preoccupied by his incredibly good looks.

Miri gulped before ordering herself to stop staring, but his presence commanded her attention. This. This was why she didn’t date. Because she got all deer-in-the-headlights whenever she saw someone she found attractive. And then they’d stare at her like there was something wrong with her. And then she’d gasp like a fish out of water. And then their faces would contort with confusion, trying to figure out whether she needed help. And then her face would turn the brightest shade of crimson on the color scale. And then they’d leave...

The entire scene unfolded in Miri’s mind, distracting her from the can of sour-cream-and-onion Pringles rolling out of her bag toward the man’s foot.

She watched as his head shifted downward toward the dull *thump* against his boot, and she quickly dipped her head, scrambling to snatch up the runaway snacks. But as she reached over, the rest of the contents of her backpack cascaded onto the sidewalk—a couple of KIND bars, a bag of trail mix, some cheddar-cheese-and-cracker Combos, peanut butter M&M’s, and much-needed Altoids for her sour-cream-and-onion breath.

He crouched down to assist her, but Miri hurried to gather up her belongings.

“Don’t mind me. Just a regular ole convenience store over here,” she said with strained laughter in her voice.

But all she got in return was “the stare.”

“Oh! I’m sorry,” she said, realizing that she probably sounded like a silly American talking gibberish. He must not have understood her. “Inglês?”

With a quick shake of his head, the man seemed to snap out of a daydream. “Uh...yes. Yes, I speak English.”

Miri detected a hint of an accent, though not quite the Portuguese accent she’d expected. She also detected a slight flutter in her stomach at the way his rich brown eyes scanned her face.

“Sorry,” he continued. “I was distracted checking out your goods.”

Never mind. *Now* she had a flutter.

He waved his hands. “Not *your* goods, but *the* goods. From your convenience store, I mean. It’s quite the selection.”

“Nothing beats snacks from home when traveling internationally, right? What’ll you have?” She fanned her hands over the bounty in an offering.

“Oh, no. I can’t.” He held up his hands in protest.

“I insist. Just not the Pringles.”

“Why is that?” He ticked his head to the side, eyeing her curiously.

“Because you know what they say—‘Once you pop’—and I’ve popped and now cannot stop,” she said. Instantly, she regretted the level of dorkiness infused in her attempts at banter. *Here it comes again...the stare. And his departure.*

Why? Why couldn’t she react like a normal human being?

To her surprise, however, the man palmed his ridiculously handsome, smiling face as he playfully shook his head. At least her silliness hadn’t caused him to retreat like people usually did whenever she made jokes at the department holiday parties. And summer picnics. And weddings. And bars...

“Then I’ll take these,” he said, snagging the M&M’s. “Thank you.”

“Thank *you* for shopping.” She tipped her head, then shoved her things back in her bag, this time cinching the top to avoid further escape attempts.

His lightheartedness faded away as he checked his watch. “Pretty sure I already know the answer, but was that the bus to Manacapuru?” He nodded in the direction the bus had gone.

“Yup. We both missed it by maybe twenty seconds?” It wasn’t a question, but she hoped her inflection might soften the blow.

“Twenty sec...” His voice trailed off with a heavy sigh. He whipped out a cell phone and began furiously texting. Must be missing some important modeling gig. Though models probably didn’t travel by crusty old bus. Miri took her time wiping off her pants and hands as she watched his frustration. Finally, with a grunt and an exaggerated press of his thumb, he tucked his phone in the front pocket of his charcoal pants and scanned the passersby.

“Excuse— I mean, perdona?” He reached his arm out to an older gentleman, who sneered and kept walking. He grumbled something unintelligible under his breath.

*Hmm.* Maybe he wasn’t Brazilian after all. Or at least not from around here. “It’s ‘com licença,’” Miri offered. “They speak Portuguese here.”

“Oh, right. Thanks.”

“Com licença,” he asked another person. “Billetes?”

*Close enough.* Fortunately for him, the person understood his Portuguese-Spanish mashup and pointed him in the direction of the ticket office. She thought to warn him that heading to the ticket office would be a waste of time. That the bus they’d missed was the last one to Manacapuru for the night. But it wasn’t any of her business. Maybe he was going somewhere else, Manacapuru merely being a stopover before his final destination.

Or *maybe* he’d be so grateful for Miri’s assistance that he’d ask if she wanted to grab a coffee. And coffee would turn into a stroll through downtown. Which would turn into happy hour. And then dinner. And then they’d...

“Thanks again,” the man said with a smile, waving the bag of M&M’s at her as he disappeared inside the airport—snapping her out of her fantasy.

Sigh.

Though the exchange with Mr. M&M's provided Miri a pleasant escape from her problems, she had important things to deal with, such as changing out of her dirty street-water pants and finding her own alternative transportation to Manacapuru. But she'd consider their encounter a win in Miri's *How to Interact with a Hottie* book—even if it meant saying adeus to her M&M's.

With every ounce of energy left over after her sprint, she lifted herself and her bag from the ground, taking one last glance at Mr. M&M's heading toward the ticket office and admiring his swagger, and headed in the opposite direction toward the bathrooms. She propped her bag up on the counter, then stared at herself in the mirror, instantly recoiling at her appearance.

Yikes. No wonder she'd left Mr. M&M's speechless.

Her cheeks were beet red from racing through the airport. Her light brown wavy hair stuck out in complete disorder, except for her bangs, which were matted with sweat against her forehead. Her thick, yellow-framed glasses had smudges of who-knows-what on the lenses. And her clothes? Soiled, sweat-stained, and—she ducked her head to take a whiff—oof. Stinky.

Yeesh. She'd definitely looked better.

Then again...she'd definitely looked worse! Score for Miri! Nothing could beat that time she'd crashed into the janitor's mop bucket as she ran down the hall, late for her dissertation defense.

She wasn't sure which would be more damaging to her career: showing up to the team kick-off meeting looking like this or not showing up at all. Maybe being delayed wasn't such a terrible thing.

With a heavy sigh, she set her glasses on the counter, peeled off her T-shirt, then twisted her hair into a messy ball on top of her head. She turned on the water, splashing it on her face and her armpits, then took a few pumps of soap and cleaned up as best she could. *Whelp...this'll have to do. Get yourself together. You can be a badass like Corrie Mejía. You can do this. Find a ride. Get a good night's rest, and—*

The bathroom door opened and in walked none other than Mr. M&M's himself. His eyes widened at the sight of her standing in front of the mirror in nothing but her bra and pants.

Miri yelped, then grabbed her dirty shirt from the counter and held it in front of her chest.

"Excusez," he choked out as he averted his eyes. And as quickly as he'd come in, he departed.

*Annnnd I should probably put on some clothes.*

She glanced down at her bra, wincing at the boring unsexiness of it all—a plain navy T-shirt bra that did little to boost her barely there B cup. Okay, fine...A cup. B on a good day. Why hadn't she put on a cuter bra this morning?

Oh right. Because she didn't own any. Cute bras were for showing off. Miri hadn't had a reason to show off her bra since...since...well...Hmm. When *was* the last time?

Pushing thoughts of her nonexistent romantic endeavors to the back of her mind, she finished getting dressed, peeking out the door to make sure the coast was clear before finally emerging from the bathroom. Not that any of this mattered, but she didn't particularly care to have a hot guy seeing her in such an unflattering state. Last thing she needed was a look of pity from Mr. M&M's. She had already given herself enough of those to last the remainder of the day.

Now...time to figure out how the heck she was going to get to Manacapuru tonight. Looking around the station, her eye caught on the taxi stand outside with one, and only one, taxi parked in front of it. Phew. There was still a chance that she'd make it before the team dinner.

"Com licença, fala inglês?" she asked the driver in passable Portuguese.

"Um pouco."

The tension in her shoulders relaxed. "Can you take me to Manacapuru?"

"Sim. Trezentos."

Miri looked down, trying to recall her Portuguese numbers and do the math in her head. *Tre...trezentos in Brazilian real. What is that...Fifty...*



*fifty-four-ish U.S. dollars?* Certainly more than the bus ticket had been, but at this point, Miri didn't care. One way or another, she needed to get to Manacapuru before nightfall.

She pulled her wallet out of the money belt tucked in her pants, counting the U.S. bills she hadn't had a chance yet to exchange. *Forty-five, fifty...fifty-two.*

"Will you take fifty-two in U.S. dollars?"

The man shook his head. "Não. Three hundred *Americano*," he said, exaggerating.

Miri's eyes about popped out of her head. "Three...three hundred *U.S.*?" She choked on the words.

He nodded.

"That's outrageous!"

He shrugged.

"Please. I need to get to Manacapuru tonight. Could you make an exception this one time?"

"Trezentos."

Shoot, shoot, shoot. *Think, Miri. Think. What would Corrie Mejía do? WWCMD?*

Well, Corrie probably wouldn't have been in this situation in the first place. And even if Corrie hadn't been able to outrun the bus—which was unlikely—and was stuck begging cabbies for rides, they'd take one look at her and practically *beg* to drive her. For free. Miri, not so much. Even on her best day, Miri looked like a plain house sparrow compared to the beautiful, sexy, elegant swan that was Corrie Mejía.

Sparrows were cute, too, though, right?

"What if...what if I give you fifty-two now, and the rest when we get there?" Surely, the crew would help her make up the difference.

The man scoffed. "I take you, then you disappear. No deal."

"No, I promise! I won't run," she said, clasping her hands in a pleading position in front of her chest. "Once we get to the hotel, I can get the money from my boss."

This time, he gave no response. Simply a grunt as he pulled out a cell phone and leaned against the car, paying her no attention.

“Fine. Fine, then I’ll find someone *else* to drive me.” As if he cared.

He gave her body a quick glance up and down, then snorted. “Good luck.”

Miri cocked her head back. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“No one will drive a street urchin for less.”

*Street urchin? Ouch.* She looked bad but she didn’t look *that* bad, did she?

“Listen, buddy, I’m no worse than that filthy hunk of junk you consider fit for transporting actual human beings!”

*Wrong answer.*

The man turned his back to her without so much as a scoff. Well...that did it. She’d messed things up this time. Letting her shoulders fall, she tucked the fifty bucks back in her money belt. As she debated whether she should save the little cash she had or splurge and try to find a cheap hotel for the evening, a light wind brushed past her.

Mr. M&M’s.

He waltzed straight by Miri toward the cabbie. “Can you take me to Manacapuru tonight?” he asked.

The driver glanced at a defeated Miri standing off to the side.

“Sim. Three hundred. Americano.”

“Fine.” Mr. M&M’s handed over the cash and the two of them circled the taxi, with the driver popping the trunk as he got inside. Mr. M&M’s dropped his bag into the trunk then lifted his hand, motioning to Miri. “You coming?”

Miri stood straight, then turned both ways to check her surroundings. She placed her hand on her chest. “Are you talking to me?”

“Yes, Pringles. You’re heading to Manacapuru, aren’t you?”

“Uh-uh. Not that one,” the driver called out the window, glaring at her.

“She’s with me,” Mr. M&M’s said, sending a wave of heat over Miri’s face. *She’s with me.* She liked the sound of that.

“She called my car a filthy hunk of junk.”