



outburst. But Margot cannot bring herself to focus on anything. She was only seventeen and fresh out of school when she met Reginald Senior, a wealthy white Jamaican whose people visited Jamaica once for vacation from Canada, fell in love with the country, and stayed. They bought hundreds of acres of land that his father, Alphonso's grandfather, turned into an all-inclusive resort. Margot was introduced to the hotelier by one of her clients, a man whose name Margot has long forgotten—a business type who liked to brag about his connections. True to his word, the man took Margot to an invitation-only gathering at Reginald Wellington Senior's colonial mansion on the hill. The property used to be an old plantation, its beauty rivaling Rose Hall Great House. The whole time she had her eyes on the older Wellington, unable to concentrate on her date. Margot made sure to be seen by the man who ran Jamaica, though he was never officially elected as Prime Minister. Margot stayed back after the party was over and waited. When he finally noticed her, Reginald Senior saw the ambition that burned in her eyes—a flame that other men often mistook for lust. He hired her to work at his hotel and taught her everything she needed to know about running it. Everything she's