

The Mint

Chapter One

Victoria twirled in front of the mirror, her dress swishing around her legs as she admired her reflection. “Tonight is going to be magical,”

she hummed to herself, excitement bubbling in her chest.

As she finished getting ready, a knock on the door interrupted her

thoughts. “Come in!” she called out.

Diane burst into the room, her eyes wide with excitement.

“Victoria, you look absolutely stunning! That dress is to die for.”

Victoria laughed, the sound melodic and infectious. “Thank you,

darling. Are you ready to dance the night away at The Mint?”

Diane nodded vigorously. “Oh, I can’t wait! And Spencer promised

me something special tonight.”

Victoria raised an eyebrow. “Oh? What’s the big surprise?”

Diane blushed, a smile tugging at her lips. “I think he’s going to

propose, Victoria!”

Victoria squealed in delight, clapping her hands together.

“That’s wonderful news, Diane! I’m so happy for you.”

The two friends shared a hug before heading out to meet the rest

of their group at The Mint.

The club was alive with music and laughter as Victoria and her

friends entered. The vibrant energy of the place never failed to lift her

spirits.

She made her way to the stage, ready to perform the Charleston

that would captivate the audience.

The music started, and Victoria moved with grace and precision,

her feet tapping out a rhythm that seemed to echo through the room.

The crowd cheered and clapped as she finished her performance,

a blush spreading across her cheeks.

Diane rushed up to her, eyes shining with pride. “You were amazing, Victoria!”

Victoria laughed, the sound mingling with the music in the air.

“Thank you, darling. Now let’s dance!”

The night flew by in a blur of laughter and joy. But as the evening

progressed, Margret started to overindulge in drinks.

Victoria noticed her friend’s condition worsening and knew it was

time to take her home.

“Margret, let’s get you home,” she said, concern lacing her voice.

Margret nodded, swaying slightly on her feet. “Yes, please. I think

I’ve had a bit too much to drink.”

Victoria helped her friend out of the club and hailed a cab to take

them to Margret’s place.

As they arrived, Margret stumbled out of the cab, clinging to Victoria for support.

“Thank you, Victoria. I think I need to lie down,” Margret mumbled,

her words slurring together.

Victoria made sure Margret was settled in bed before preparing to leave.

“Take care, Margret. I’ll check on you tomorrow,” she said softly,

brushing a strand of hair away from her friend’s face.

With a sigh, Victoria left Margret’s place and headed back to The

Mint, the night still young and full of possibilities.

Back at the club, the music was still playing, the crowd swirling

around her in a sea of movement and color.

Diane ran up to her, eyes wide with excitement. “Victoria, you

won’t believe what just happened!”

Victoria raised an eyebrow. “What’s going on, Diane?”

Diane beamed, holding out her hand to show off a sparkling ring.

“Spencer proposed! We’re getting married!”

Victoria’s heart swelled with happiness for her friend. “Oh, Diane,

that’s wonderful news! Congratulations!”

The two friends hugged, tears of joy welling up in their eyes.

As the night wore on, more friends arrived at The Mint, adding to

the already lively atmosphere.

Victoria’s friend Margaret was in high spirits, dancing and laughing

with abandon.

But as the drinks flowed, Margaret’s behavior became more erratic, and Victoria knew it was time to intervene.

“Margaret, I think it’s best if I take you home,” Victoria said gently,

trying to get her friend’s attention.

Margaret swayed on her feet, her eyes unfocused. “I’m fine,

Victoria. Just let me enjoy the party.”

Victoria sighed, knowing she had to do what was best for her friend. “Come on, let’s get you home.”

With some effort, Victoria managed to get Margaret into a cab and

back to her place.

As they arrived, Margaret stumbled out of the cab, barely able to

stand on her own.

“Thank you, Victoria. I think I need to lie down,” Margaret slurred,

her words barely coherent.

Victoria helped her friend inside and made sure she was settled in

bed before preparing to leave.

“Take care, Margaret. I’ll check on you tomorrow,” she said softly,

tucking a blanket around her friend.

With a heavy heart, Victoria left Margaret’s place and headed back

to The Mint, the night now tinged with worry and concern.

Back at the club, the music seemed louder, the lights brighter, as if

trying to drown out the unease in Victoria’s heart.

Diane rushed up to her, a worried expression on her face.

“Victoria,

have you heard from Margaret?”

Victoria shook her head, a knot of anxiety forming in her stomach.

“No, I left her at home. Why?”

Diane bit her lip, glancing around the crowded club. “I just have a

bad feeling, Victoria. We need to go check on her.”

Victoria nodded, a sense of foreboding settling over her.

“Let’s go,

Diane.”

The two friends hurried out of The Mint and back to Margaret’s

place, fear gnawing at the edges of their minds.

As they arrived, they found Margaret lying on the floor, unconscious and pale.

“Margaret!” Victoria cried out, rushing to her friend’s side.

Diane knelt beside them, panic in her eyes. “What happened to

her, Victoria?”

Victoria’s hands shook as she checked Margaret’s pulse, relief

flooding her when she felt a faint beat.

“She’s alive, but we need to get her to a doctor,” Victoria said, her

voice steady despite her fear.

Diane nodded, her hands trembling as she helped Victoria lift Margaret onto the bed.

With a collective effort, they managed to get Margaret settled and

called for a doctor to come to the house.

As they waited for help to arrive, Victoria sat by Margaret’s side,

her heart heavy with guilt and worry.

“I should have stayed with her, Diane. I should have known she was

in trouble,” Victoria whispered, tears welling up in her eyes.

Diane put a comforting hand on her shoulder. “You did what you

thought was best, Victoria. We’ll get through this together.”

The doctor arrived and examined Margaret, determining that she

had alcohol poisoning but would recover with proper care.

Victoria breathed a sigh of relief, grateful that her friend would be

okay.

As Margaret slept, Victoria and Diane sat in silence, the weight of the night's events hanging heavy between them.

"I'm sorry, Victoria. I should have listened to you," Margaret mumbled, her voice weak but sincere.

Victoria shook her head, a small smile tugging at her lips.

"It's

okay, Margaret. We all make mistakes. The important thing is that

you're going to be okay."

Diane squeezed Victoria's hand, her eyes filled with gratitude.

"Thank you for being there for us, Victoria. You're a true friend."

Victoria smiled, the warmth of their friendship easing the tension

in the room. "We're Flappers, after all. We stick together through thick and thin."

The night faded into morning, the first light of dawn peeking through the curtains as a new day began.

Margaret stirred, groaning softly as she woke up, confusion clouding her eyes.

"What happened?" she asked, her voice hoarse from sleep.

Victoria sat beside her, a gentle smile on her face. "You had a bit

too much to drink, Margaret. But you're going to be okay."

Margaret's eyes widened as she remembered the events of the

night before. "Oh no, I'm so sorry, Victoria. I didn't mean to cause any trouble."

Victoria shook her head, placing a hand on Margaret's arm.

"Don't

worry about it, Margaret. The important thing is that you're safe now."

Diane entered the room, a tray of tea and toast in her hands. "Here, Margaret. Have some breakfast. You'll feel better."

Margaret accepted the food gratefully, a sense of gratitude washing over her. "Thank you, Diane. And thank you, Victoria, for taking care of me."

Victoria waved off her thanks, her heart swelling with relief. "That's what friends are for, Margaret. We look out for each other."

As the sun rose higher in the sky, bathing the room in a warm glow, the three friends shared a moment of quiet camaraderie. "I'm just glad you're okay, Margaret," Victoria said, her voice soft with emotion.

Margaret smiled, tears glistening in her eyes. "I'm lucky to have friends like you, Victoria. I'll never forget what you did for me."

Diane clapped her hands together, her eyes shining with determination. "Well, enough of this gloom! Let's make today a day to remember, full of laughter and joy!"

The three friends laughed, the sound echoing through the room like a promise of brighter days ahead.

Chapter Two

The intimate meetup at The Mint was filled with laughter and chatter as Victoria, Diane, and Margret celebrated Diane's engagement. Diane took a drag of her cigarette, her eyes sparkling

with joy. "Thank you so much for doing this for me, girls," she said.

Victoria smiled warmly, her eyes glinting mischievously. "Of course we had to celebrate with you. Hey, you're all going to say I'm

crazy, but have you ever thought about meeting your ancestors from

the 1880s or 1890s?"

Victoria chuckled. "Exactly! Imagine how different things were

back then. Our parents and grandparents struggle to understand us

because of that."

Diane leaned in, intrigued. "What's your point, Victoria?"

Victoria's eyes gleamed with excitement. "Imagine if we could go

back in time and tell our ancestors about things like Jack the Ripper.

Maybe we could change history and save lives."

Diane's brow furrowed in thought. "It's an interesting idea, but

there are so many unknowns. How would we even find them? And

would they believe us?"

Margret chimed in, a teasing smile on her face. "Having a conversation with an ancestor sounds too far-fetched. Next, you'll be

telling us Santa Claus is real."

Victoria nodded, taking in their reactions. "So, Margret thinks I'm

mad, and Diane sees some possibility but doubts it could work. Am I

right?"

Margret folded her arms, a smirk playing on her lips. "Even if we

entertain the idea, how would you make time travel a reality, Victoria?"

Diane leaned back, crossing her legs. "Do you have a time-travel

device hidden somewhere?"

Victoria held their gazes, a playful glint in her eyes. "I just wanted

to hear your thoughts. Is that such a crime?"

As they chatted, a tall woman with raven-black hair passed by,

greeting them with a smile. Diane's expression darkened at the sight of

her.

"I can't stand that woman," Diane muttered, her voice tinged with

irritation. "And why does she always say hello?"

Victoria exchanged a concerned look with Margret, knowing the

woman had stirred up some strong emotions in Diane.

Kate, the woman in question, had a striking beauty that couldn't be

ignored. Diane, too, was a vision with her petite frame and bubbly

personality.

Diane vented about Kate's presence, revealing the history between her and Spencer. Victoria and Margret listened,

offering silent support.

Victoria glanced at the bar, suggesting another round of drinks to

lift the mood. Diane and Margret eagerly agreed, ready to drown their

frustrations.

The dimly lit lounge buzzed with laughter and chatter as the friends continued their celebration.

Victoria's mind wandered back to the conversation about time travel. The idea of changing the past lingered in her thoughts, a daring notion that sparked her curiosity. Little did she know that her musings would soon lead her on a journey beyond her wildest dreams.

Chapter Three

Victoria sat in the study, her hands trembling slightly as she held the glass of wine. Vera watched her closely, curiosity and skepticism dancing in her eyes. "I do not know why this happened, but it probably happened for a reason," Victoria began, her voice steady. "I am thinking you can maybe help women everywhere and let me tell you why."

Vera raised an eyebrow, taking a sip of her wine. "Go on," she prompted, intrigued despite herself.

Victoria took a deep breath, her eyes locking with Vera's. "Eight years from now, in the east end, there are going to be many women – five to be exact, mostly prostitutes, who will be killed by a murderer going by the name of 'Jack the Ripper.' No one ever caught him or could recall a full description of him." Vera's expression sobered as she listened intently. "Go on," she urged, her voice soft.

"He wrote letters to the London police, but others wrote phony copycat letters as well which made it hard to distinguish what was usable," Victoria continued. "But now that you know of this killer, you can mention it to the police in advance. If they do not listen, mention it again. I urge you to take this seriously, Vera." Vera's eyes widened in realization, her hand reaching for a nearby pencil and paper. She scribbled down notes furiously, her mind racing with the implications of Victoria's words.

"Also, in 1890, there will be another serial killer in America, in Chicago, Illinois. His name is Herman Webster Mudgett, but his killer's name is Dr. Henry Howard Holmes. He will go on to be just as bad as Jack the Ripper," Victoria continued, her voice urgent. Vera nodded slowly, absorbing the information. "It is rumored that Holmes killed and murdered fifty to a hundred people. If you mention this, and let's say they try to blame you for Jack the Ripper since he is very hard to find, well you are not in America so it would give you a huge alibi."

Victoria's gaze was intense as she locked eyes with Vera. "Also, Benz the automobile company is a great company to try and partner

with. It is just a year old today, but in my society, it is a huge company with even more potential for growth. I would invest. It's called Damlier Benz."

Vera sat back, her mind reeling with the weight of Victoria's words.

She took a long swig of her wine, contemplating the information she had just received. "These are all great things to know and great information, so I thank you for enlightening me," she said finally, her voice filled with gratitude. "But for now, we should rest. It seems like you have travelled very far..."

Victoria wanted to press on, to delve deeper into the implications of her time-traveling journey, but she could see the weariness in Vera's eyes. She nodded in understanding, a small smile playing on her lips.

"Yes, we should rest," she agreed, setting her glass of wine down on the table.

Vera rose from her seat, her movements graceful and controlled.

"It has been a most... unusual evening, Victoria," she said, her voice tinged with a mixture of disbelief and wonder.

Victoria stood up as well, a sense of purpose burning bright within

her. "Thank you for listening, Vera. I will return in the morning, and we

can discuss further what needs to be done," she said,
determination
coloring her words.

As Vera showed Victoria to a guest room, the weight of the
knowledge she now carried settled heavily on her shoulders.
The future
was in her hands, and the choices she made could change the
course
of history.

The room was dimly lit by a single candle, casting flickering
shadows on the walls. Victoria lay down on the bed, her mind
racing
with thoughts of what lay ahead.

As she drifted off to sleep, the soft sound of Vera humming a
lullaby filled the room, wrapping Victoria in a sense of
comfort and
security. Tomorrow would bring new challenges, but for now,
she
allowed herself to succumb to the embrace of sleep.

Chapter Four

The next morning, Victoria woke up in bed, feeling
disoriented.

Beside her, a small piece of aged parchment caught her eye.
She
eagerly unfolded it and began reading the words penned by
her
grandmother, Vera.

"Dearest Victoria. I am glad that we could cross paths in my
time -
it was unexpected but exciting. I didn't want to wake you, so
I have
written this letter..."

Victoria's eyes widened as she realized she was back in
1920. The

room around her had transformed, the furnishings more extravagant than before. Her family now owned a Benz car, a luxury they had only dreamed of.

Excitement bubbled within Victoria as she realized the impact of her time travel. Her grandmother had taken her advice and approached the police about Jack the Ripper, though the outcome wasn't as successful as she had hoped.

Victoria's heart swelled with pride as she thought of the positive changes her actions had brought. The fewer victims of Jack the Ripper, the partnership with Benz, her family's improved financial situation.

As Victoria ventured out into the world, she met up with her friends Diane and Margret for lunch at The Mint. Laughter filled the air as they caught up on each other's lives.

"How is Spencer?" Victoria inquired, curious about Diane's boyfriend.

"Who is Spencer?" Diane replied, confusion evident on her face.

Victoria's brow furrowed. "Your fiancé, silly!"

"I've been married to George for the past two years. Don't you

remember? You were my maiden of honor," Diane said, a hint of amusement in her voice.

Realization dawned on Victoria as she understood the ripple effect

of her time travel on her friends' lives.

"What about Kate and Spencer?" Victoria pressed, eager to uncover more changes.

Diane's expression darkened. "Kate is a good friend of mine. She

just got engaged to Spencer, but I don't think he's ready for marriage. I

saw him with another girl at a party..."

Concern flickered in Victoria's eyes as she listened to Diane's words. "Invite her to our next gathering. I'd like to meet her,"

Victoria offered.

Margret, who had been quiet until now, spoke up. "I think I'll head

home. Today is the anniversary of my grandmother's passing..."

Victoria's heart ached for her friend as she embraced Margret,

offering comfort in her time of need.

Alone once more, Victoria pondered the consequences of her actions. The mix of joy and sorrow weighed heavy on her heart.

With every positive change, there seemed to be a corresponding

negative impact. Victoria grappled with the complexity of altering the past.

The realization that her time travel had unintended consequences

left Victoria feeling conflicted and uncertain about her journey