

A Witchy Best Friend (2024)
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Chapter I

Coming Out

Ophelie was walking, nervously, in the direction of the Girls' Dorm to meet her best friend - Clara. They made a point of having a weekly movie night they dubbed the *Dumb Film Festival*, they started it two months into their first term at Uni.

It was very effective for them to relax and blow off some steam accumulated during the week.

This time, however, she wasn't just walking for their weekly movie night, you see, Ophelie had a secret, *she was a girl*. Okay, it might sound obvious, but for the doctors who assigned her birth gender, it was apparently not!

A secret she had carried, alone, for far too long, so this time, she was going to come out to her best friend, she was queer too - a lesbian, as far as Ophelie knew - thus she had high hopes her friend would accept her.

She smiled as she remembered the memories of growing up together and the long hours of mischief they played together. All of this coalesced in a big smile and a flutter in Ophelie's stomach as her crush bubbled to the surface for a minute.

She gulped, *hard*, she was in front of her door, she just had to knock, come out, and kiss, right?

That wasn't so *hard* was it?

* * *

After goddess knew how many minutes - or hours? - of silence and anxiety she steadied herself and worked up the courage to knock on the door... Just for it to open in front of her.

"Oh, E. You're here, you're late you know that?" Clara smirked

The view of her best friend - and crush - smugly smirking like that *did things* to Ophelie but she kept on. "Yes, I'm here, and yes I know that. I *was* on time, I just kept looking at the door too long" she said, her voice barely above a whisper, and with a distinctive *female* quality which betrayed her voice training.

Clara raised an eyebrow and muttered "'Figures", and let Ophelie enter the room.

It was a fairly standard room, in the Leonard Nimoy's building, which housed the long-term dorms, for the girls, here at the Drama University of Northern Europe.

The walls were far from bare, decorated tastefully with a lot of pride flags - so much she couldn't see the one applying to her friend - and some old posters from her favourite shows.

On the desk proudly stood a part-built model of the *USS Enterprise*, not the A, B, C, D, E, F or G. The *original*. Along with many sheets of paper, music, drama lessons, and lines to learn.

"Okay let's cho-" Clara started when Ophelie stopped her with a noise. More arching her eyebrows, Ophelie gulped *again*, it was now or never.

"I have something to say yo-" Ophelie said as she was stopped when she felt a hug by her much taller friend, she was the butch lesbian, as opposed to herself, she was small for a boy, about 160cm, which made her in the median height for girls her age.

"Yeah, yeah, you're trans, you're a girl, she/her pronouns, the works, no shit Sherlock" Clara said, with her signature smug smirk.

Ophelie was absolutely *stunned*. How? Why? Her mouth was ajar and she failed to compute what was happening, she regained her composure when she heard the distinctive sound of an old-school camera taking a photograph of her

"Hey!" She said, pouting, to her friend. "Sorry E-, friend, you're cute, but you're oblivious as fuck if you thought we were not know it. I even think there were some bets on when you would come out." Clara said, smiling softly

"But I'm proud of you, so how come I don't know it already?" She finished petting Ophelie's hair.

"Know what?" the latter said, still pouting. "Your name." "Oh! It's Ophelie, like *Ophelia* but without the *a* sound it's a long ee sound it originates from-" She said excitedly.

"Yeah yeah, nerd, so proud of you Ophelie" hearing her name said like *that* by her crush did a lot to the poor girl, "Let me prepare and I'll do some shitty magic to correct your body okay?" Clara grinned.

"Thanks" Ophelie pouted, as Clara ruffled her hair.

"Wait, *magic*?"

Chapter II

Magic

- “Sooo I have something to tell too... You see I am a witch... not like Harry

Potter’s world kind of witch that is, we communicate with the universe and try to rebalance it with our art... and I knew something was off with you because your link with the universe is... Off... like gray clouds in a beautiful summer blue sky.“

Ophelie immediately went non-verbal she did not understood what her best friend just threw at her. Magic was a thing? And her best friend whom she knew for years can wield it? That’s too good to be true? But, she trusted her, she knew she wouldn’t mess with her just after her coming out, it would be just plain mean, so Ophelie decided to keep listening to her

- "I’m telling you that because, like, I inferred that the something off was

about your body you’re not very masculine but not outright feminine, so I thought maybe you would want to have a better suited body? So I already studied body magic and with that I mastered a true form spell, for you, and I can use it on you right now if that’s what you want."

Ophelie was shocked. The look on her face deserved to be framed (so naturally Clara took a picture of her) her best friend could fast track the transition, and she could have her dream body just now just like that? She realized she was stunned for a couple of minutes now, so she wordlessly nodded to her best friend.

As quietly as Ophelie, Clara took her best friend hand into hers and summoned the universe she exactly carefully repeated the steps she learned and asked the universe to fix Ophelie’s body. She felt the little tug and the little shock that signal the approval of the universe.

- "It’s done, the change will slowly happen over the next few hours so why don’t we start our dumb film night?"

Ophelie could only nod.

First she felt a little sleepy and fell a little into Clara’s embrace now snugly cuddled with her. Approximately half into the movie she could feel her skin softening all over her body and she marveled at the sensation, she really loved that and couldn’t stop herself to touch herself, not that Clara could too.

A few minutes after that she felt her face slightly moving just a little lump of fat here, bones slightly higher, her face now rounder and far softer without the facial hair. Her hair already mid back grew a few inches more and turned from a pale blonde to a gorgeous ginger, and went from straight to averagely wavy, and curly she couldn't stop admiring her hair while Clara couldn't stop admiring her face.

Soon enough the spell worked with her neck now thinner and lacking her once Adam Apple, her vocal cords shifted, and she gasped in her new soft high soprano voice. While her whole upper body was shrinking her already narrow shoulders narrowed further until they were tiny, and she felt at home, her arms followed, and soon they were as thin as her shoulders

Moderate breast grew on her now thinner rib cage and while Clara was glaring at them Ophelie was far more interested in her narrowing waist, her muscle melt, her stomach now without a trace of hard muscle and just a layer of soft fat topped by hairless soft skin. Her pelvic area shifted to the feminine form while organs were rearranging in her inner abdominal area, her hips slightly widened just enough to contrast with her now much narrower waist.

Her legs followed, excess muscle melted and the fat redistributed in her body her figure now a beautiful hourglass and softness all around her body as her far bigger and stronger friend was poking her all over her body, as she already shaved her legs they were now just as she liked them long and smooth and ended with beautiful tiny feet.

She felt like she lost a foot in height, but she was squeaking beyond human understanding she felt so at home within her body, now looking as her 5'11 butch best friend she felt absolutely minuscule but couldn't stop herself to grin as Clara tightened her grip on her best friend.

After what felt like a lifetime hugging Clara, Ophelie asked her best friend to help her walk to the full body mirror, as she basked into the vision of her true self and the beautiful woman behind her, she guessed her size around 5'1 - her dream size - and rushed hugging Clara once more. She dressed into what she found being the skirt version of the school uniform now her size but stopped at just the undergarments, she turned around looked up to Clara and said without a hint of anxiety

- "Can I kiss you Clara?".

Chapter III

Epilogue : A Witchy lover

Ophelie's POV

- “Ophelie! Faster you incompetent lesbian! We must be at Violet’s in half an hour!” Clara yelled through the door

It’s been almost year since that day, and every one of them was a blessing, I love my body sure, and dysphoria mostly disappeared, it was a blessing in itself I was finally able to do well in class and in life. I had more friends now – Violet was one of them – and I was valedictorian of the engineering class of Nimoy’s University.

Well I have to get moving or Clara will magically open this door...

I opened the door to see Clara mostly patiently waiting beside it, we moved into an apartment at the end of our semester, so we moved together. She, and I, living together in an apartment and some non-school days were like heaven.

This apartment has a distinct property that Clara specially searched when she found the apartment on the online website, *There was only one bedroom.*

- “How do I look” I weakly said, trying to calm my anxiety and the torrent of feeling I was experiencing
- “Oh my god Ophelie this dress is so cute on you” said Clara, her face lit up like a Christmas tree when she saw me

She moved toward me, leveled up my chin before gently kissing me and hugging me as the same time, I hugged her back tightening the embrace as an effort to close the small but terrible gap between our bodies, I completely melted in her hug and marveled as the feeling of this hug and kiss, I could never get enough hugs hers were so good.

- “We have to go baby” she said grinning at my inability to talk or even move as I felt the last remnant of her warmth on my body, she took my hand, and we began walking towards the campus.

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- “Ophelie! Clara! Always so beautiful you two” Violet grinned as we entered into her dorm room for our weekly film meetup. Jim and his partner were on a date, so there were only the three of us.

- “Hello Violet” we both said, hugging her, Violet was another trans girl in my class, she also benefited for the help of my girlfriend, well to be honest, I begged Clara to help her, and she finally agreed, not without kissing me and doubling her cuddling requests as reward, not that I was complaining I loved cuddling with her.
- “Hey, I see you two “only housemate” are closer now huh-uh” she said with a knowing grin, we were not officially dating, that is we were not out in the university, and were more of a private item, but my friendship with Violet started when she connected the dot between who I was and who I am, she also figured out my relationship with Clara a few weeks into our friendship. The housemate thing was an inside lesbian joke apparently, I was not really into internet but Clara and Violet were.

Jim and his partner were originally Clara’s friend from high school, but they attend another close university and live not so far away, she also “helped” Jim’s partner Alex.

In and all we were a knit-close group of friends bonded by mundane university and less-mundane magic.

We chose a film and settled down on the couch, I, the smallest individual of this group, was in the middle while Clara was cuddled at my right and Violet was cuddled at my left, cuddling is nice, so I said nothing as I basked into the feeling of friends, of my girlfriend, cuddles, snacks and watching a silly comedy film from a few years ago. I think its name was “The Super-revenge of the jedi-mummies versus the mighty gender-bent avengers in the new matrix” apparently it was intended to be a big film consisting of a crossover between four huge licenses of the time.

But it had failed and was now considered a useless comical film for nights like these.

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A few days later I was at University thinking what I could buy for Clara for Valentine day, when I also remembered that Valentine day would be the first anniversary of this body, and the first anniversary of our relationship, I decided to buy a nice necklace, I could wait next year for the proposal.

* * *

But apparently Clara thought otherwise,

- “Ophelie, I love you and the past year have been a blessing” I nodded, but she motioned that she hadn’t finished yet “and I want to spend the remainder of my life on this planet with you, I can’t imagine a world where we’re not together, what I’m trying to say is Ophelie, will you marry me?”

A Witchy Best Friend

My heart stopped, and I began crying, Clara wanted to marry me??

- “Of course Clara I love and ever will love you’re my life my sun my...” but Clara stopped me by kissing me.

I was in heaven, I am officially Clara’s fiancée ? And she is my fiancée ? I never thought it would be possible !

* * *

The wedding was small, but it was on purpose, our families were there, looking proud of us, our friends, Violet and her boyfriend, Jim and his now married partner, Valentina and her polycule (a boyfriend, two girlfriends and one enby-friend as they called themselves) and of course my sister were all there too looking proud of us. My sister was my witness while Clara’s brother was her man of honor, it’s funny considering our usual roles, but what’s a better time than our lesbian wedding to annoy normativity?

The day has been exhausting but here we were, as newly married wives, cuddled in our bed waiting for sleep to take us.

Just before I fell asleep though, one thought came to me, do Clara love me ?