

# **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

“Yeah, magic, I’m a Witch, why?” Clara said nonchalantly. Ophelie was **livid** and *flabbergasted* (she didn’t think of this word, often but such a situation warranted it). Her friend, Clara, had said *magic*?. She knew the world had magical users, of course, it was common knowledge after all but it was *rare*.

Few people could wield magical energies to their will, and most of them were weak, some telekinesis at best, maybe a fire starter, nothing more. Those born with *magical* talent were rare, and usually picked up at sixteen years old to train in magical theory, in case you were strong enough the State (or worse, the world) needed you.

But she was twenty, and she assumed so, her friend was as well, what the hell was she doing at a *Drama University* when she potentially had enough power to bend the rules of society in her favour. Ophelie calmed herself, Clara was her friend, she wouldn’t use her or use magic on her without her consent she was *safe*.

Clara saw how Ophelie reacted and cringed “I’m sorry Ophelie, I swear it’s nothing too important, yeah it’s *magic* and yeah I have... more power than everyone would think I would but it’s okay, I will protect you really, believe me” She smiled softly and side-hugged her friend, who started crying softly.

\* \* \*

After ten minutes - or maybe an hour - Ophelie stopped weeping and fell on her crush’s lap. She sighed “You really can wield magic? And what were you talking about with my body, you can *alter* other people’s bodies? It’s a little... dangerous” Ophelie whimpered.

“Yup, and well, it’s *more complicated than that*. I can alter other people’s bodies sure, but only with their conscious and unconscious consent, and then I can only make modifications which don’t contradict their internal image.” She explained, deep into magitheory.

Ophelie stopped her “*Internal Image?*,” she asked, she had no idea what her friend was talking about. An *internal image*, magic, consent, it ringed up in her ears as she tried to parse and understand, but her mind was throwing parsing errors after parsing errors.

Clara smiled softly “Yeah the *Internal Image* of a person is their... well it’s how their mind, which is an abstract simplification of reality, trust me consciousness and being sentient is weird in magitheory.” she stopped herself rambling, “Sorry I’m rambling, what I’m saying is, you, your *mind*, your *consciousness*, whatever you want, contains an *image* a map of your ideal body, influencing all your choices. If your body isn’t

synchronised with your internal image then it causes the *magical internal-external body desynchronisation syndrome* better known as Gender Dysphoria or Body Dysmorphia.”

Ophelie needed a minute, or ten, to comprehend what Clara just *dumped* on her. Body maps. Internal images. Gender Dysphoria and Body Dysmorphia she was utterly lost and her head was spinning faster than the Earth.

Clara just picked her friend up and hugged her completely and petted her, until she calmed down. It took a few more minutes before the witch continued “Sorry for dumping all of this information on you, the bottom line is, I get it, I saw my parents help a lot of trans folx too, so I can help you.

\* \* \*

They started their movie night, to make some time for Ophelie to make up her mind. They were on their second movie, the 2034 remake of a sappy sapphic film, they were both transfixed as the love interest and the main character were approaching each other.

Ophelie lay entirely on Clara’s body, not that the weight was a problem for Clara - she was pretty light and small. They were both eating some popcorn and unbeknown to them they both *really* wanted to kiss the other. But for now, they were cuddling and munching some popcorn.

Clara giggled suddenly, “What?” Ophelie said, waking up from a light slumber, her friend was *comfortable*.

Clara smirked “Nothing ba- Ophelie, you’re really cute. I was lightly monitoring your stress levels with you know *magic* and I see they are much better now. Are you ready to decide?” She finished smiling at her small friend.

Ophelie blushed, “Will-” she tried, “Will you see my, well, my *internal image*?” she finished, her face a deep crimson.

Clara laughed out loud, like, really she laughed like her life depended on it. “Honey, I am the one making the spell, if I can’t see your internal image how would I be able to pull it?” she smirked, sending flutters in Clara’s stomach.

With a tiny, high, voice the latter consented to the spell. Clara looked deeply in Ophelie’s eyes, conveying *raw feelings* over a non-existing link but somehow she understood and nodded.

The spell finished with Clara kissing her.

## Epilogue : Love

- “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.

\* \* \*

- “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.

\* \* \*

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?”

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 !

\* \* \*



## A Witchy Best Friend

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 ?