

# **A Witchy Best Friend (2024)**

Charlotte O. Thomas

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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 — 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.

## I. Coming Out

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.

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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 from her much taller friend. She was *the* butch lesbian, as opposed to herself, she was small for a boy, about 160 cm, 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 knowing* 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.

## I. Coming Out

“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 in 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 magittheory.

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 magittheory.” she stopped herself from 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



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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, 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*.

## II. Magic

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 down Ophelie’s stomach.

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

*The spell finished with Clara kissing her.*

## Epilogue : Love

“Ophelie! Faster you incompetent lesbian! Violet is expecting us in less than half an hour!” Clara yelled, through the door of their bedroom.

Two years had passed since Ophelie came out to Clara, and for her, every one of these days was a blessing. She loved her body, which was *remarkably* similar to her old one, minus some plus other. Which was also a blessing, it was easier to explain and Clara was *very eager* at the thought of staying in the magical closet.

Her gender dysphoria almost completely disappeared a few weeks into her new life. Her grades significantly improved — enough that the professors inquired to determine if she had cheated or not, fortunately, their concerns were short-lived.

She opened their bedroom door — under threat of magical pick-locking — and saw Clara *not so patiently* waiting. They moved *together* into a clean flat at the end of their last semester, people were *saying things* in the dorms, and they kept pushing the limits of their RA’s patience before moving out.

The flat in itself was great, the kitchen was big and in an open space with the living room, with a great view of *Lake Superior* by the big window.

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Yeah, they were attending university in Northern Europe and living in Canada, turns out things could get *fun* when you wielded more magic than the rest of humanity combined. Clara teleported them to Uni every day.

It had only *one bedroom* with *one bed* though. Clara enjoyed her time *devouring* Ophelie's quiet screams and fears when they first moved in, she hadn't been told the *whole* story.

“How do I look?” Ophelie said, anxiously, performing a little three hundred and sixty degrees turn in front of her. Even after two years in her dream body and with her dream girlfriend she was anxious.

“Babe. You look absolutely *fantastic*” Clara told her, word by word, with a *big grin*. She came closer and kissed her girlfriend. “Seriously, you're stunning, I would kill to look as cute in a dress, alas I shall be confined to flannel shirts and coveralls,” she said, with mock sadness.

Ophelie rolled her eyes, she was used to her girlfriend's demeanour nowadays. She opened her mouth and smiled at the same time, which produced a fun sound, something like a squeak, had she been on text messages she would have key-smashed herself into oblivion. Instead, they kissed.

They **looked** at each other for another ten minutes, before Clara snapped out of her gay heaven and said “Ophelie! We need to go! I know we thereby teleportation but if we fool around we'll *definitely* be late” she said while

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extracting herself out of the knot of limbs that happened every time they kissed.

\* \* \*

Violet waved to the two of them when they appeared back in Europe. Not far from another lake, they hadn't bothered to know its name, they just travelled the last two hundred metres or so before stopping by Violet's door.

She opened it, revealing the small over-crowded student flat ready for their weekly film meetup. They hadn't let the habit die out, they, instead, invited more friends, unfortunately, they couldn't teleport so they had to come here to Violet's small flat instead of using theirs.

Ophelie had not even one idea about how Clara was able to afford the exorbitant rent of their flat, she knew she wasn't owning it and was renting it, but that's as far as she asked. Clara didn't always answer when it came to magic, it was a secret she guessed.

Violet greeted them "Hello you two" she giggled "You look wonderful, our power couple!" she said laughing. The older student — still under twenty-five years old — had started calling them "*her power couple*" when she took them under her care.

\* \* \*

In the room in front of the modest screen was a large sofa with everyone piled on it, forced to cuddle in every direction, *not that she minded.*

### III. Epilogue : Love

Jim and his partner were old high school friends of Clara. They attended the University of Western Europe along with Violet and her girlfriend. They were both trans men, Violet was a nonbinary demi girl, her girlfriend was genderqueer, and Clara was the only cis person on this couch.

She had helped them too. Although not exactly like she helped her best friend, she couldn't reveal her identity to this many people. So she quietly helped them, over several months, every week, barring a couple of weeks here and there so as not to seem too suspicious.

“What do you want to watch?” Violet, the oldest person in the room asked, and chaos followed.

She managed to calm down the crowd and Ophelie managed to talk. “I took this 2036 Disney, it's *The Revenge of the Jedi-Mummies versus the Mighty Avengers* and despite its name, was set inside *the Matrix's* universe.” Disney tried anything before falling over its weight a few years after that film.

\* \* \*

A few days later, on break, Ophelie was walking in the busy streets of Toronto — Clara had given her a “lift” — and wondered what to buy for Clara. Valentine's Day was the week after, and even if it was an old tradition which fell out of favour due to its ties with capitalism and the decaying of society before the Unification, she liked it.

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She ended up buying a nice necklace, it was a piece of rose gold with a flower — an actual flower, freeze-dried then crystallo-metalized, and hung on the necklace. She was pretty proud of herself for finding it out.

Furthermore, she thought of buying an engagement ring. The practice of weddings was also very last decade, but she liked the idea of being Clara's wife. She decided to wait another year before asking, she still wasn't sure Clara loved her *this much*.

\* \* \*

But she did.

It was Valentine's Day, they were both dressed to the nine and Clara cooked an amazing dinner for the two of them. They didn't feel like eating out.

Then came the moment of the gift exchange. Clara smiled at her girlfriend and offered Ophelie to start.

She stood up, untied the bow and clasped the necklace over Clara's neck. "It's beautiful," the latter said, lightly smiling, she kissed Ophelie, a nice, very chaste kiss relative to the setting. "Ophelie, I will offer you something. I want you to know you can refuse, I won't take it personally, and we'll stay girlfriends" Clara said, she was, for once, the *anxious* one.

Ophelie raised an eyebrow and gestured for her to continue. Clara took something from her pocket — even

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now in 2065 dresses still didn't come with pockets! She would be a bit jealous, but she loved the feeling of dresses.

Clara took Ophelie's hands in hers. "Ophelie", she smiled, "Ophelie, I can't express how much I love you.". "But I'll try anyway, you're wonderful, you're smart, you're resourceful, your energy is incredible to see, and it has been a joy and honour to see you thrive these past two years."

Clara dropped to one knee. Ophelie's heart started beating faster than it ever had.

"Ophelie, my love, would you marry me?" That's it she was crying, big fat sobs fell from her eyes. Clara tried to speak, tried to get up, she was getting anxious. Ophelie just pushed her right on her knee gently.

Ophelie stopped weeping, regained her composure, and said two words.

"I do."

**The End**