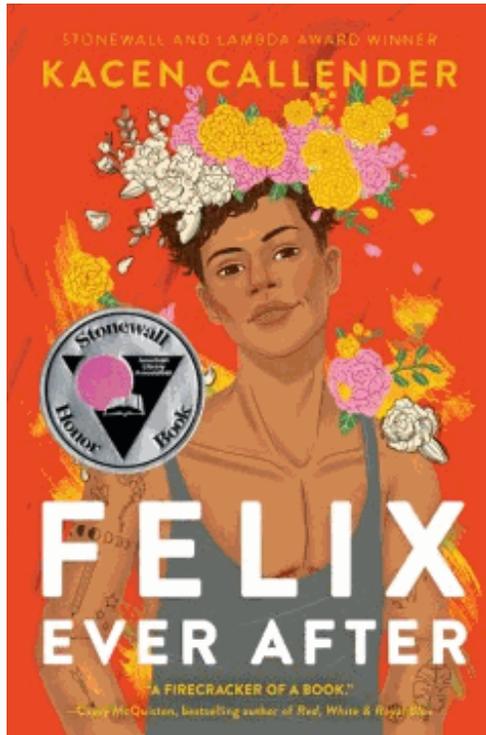


# FELIX EVER AFTER



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; drug use; profanity; and alternate gender ideologies.

*Young Adult*

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**3** / 5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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1	Ezra lights a blunt he pulls out of I-don't-know-where and offers it to me, and we suck on the last of it as we walk.
21	I don't think he'd want to know that we've been staying up until three every morning, smoking weed, or that I'm still struggling to get my shit together.
52	I picked off a couple leaves of the weed, grab some of the paper that's waiting beside the TV, and roll while Ezra kicks his legs all the way up to the beat, toes pointed and all. The lighter is at the edge of the counter in the kitchen- I click, click, until the paper sizzles and smoke wisps into the air. Ezra slides to my side, and I pop the bud in his mouth.
200	<p>Marisol passes the weed to Ezra, releases a cloud of smoke. "Been there, done that."</p> <p>Leah groans and rolls over onto her stomach, playing with the sand. "Have you had sex with everyone here?"</p> <p>Marisol glances around, "Not everyone," she says. "I haven't had sex with Austin or Felix."</p>
255	<p>I lean in this time, and he puts a hand to my face, the other to the back of my neck, and I push my mouth against his, so hard my tooth grazes against his bottom lip. He pulls back an inch. "Softer," he murmurs. I nod, mumbling an apology, pulling him back to me again. All I can feel are his lips, his hand under my shirt, on my legs, up and down my back. Somehow, I ended up on his lap, legs on either side of him, and I can feel him, feel his hard-on, which both scares the shit out of me and sends a thrill through me as I press against him, tugging at his shirt- He pulls back. I try to follow his mouth with my own, but he pulls back again.</p> <p>...My eyes automatically glance back down to Ezra's lap, where I was just seconds ago, and where a bulge still very obviously still presses up against his jeans. He's embarrassed too- I can tell by the way he won't look at me as he tries to tug his shirt down.</p>
309	<p>I remember what Ezra had said- soft, gentle, not so hard- and I barely breathe against Declan's lips. He grins at me as I kiss him again, and again, until we're leaning back onto the bed. Declan ends up on top of me, pulling our shirts off, mouth on my neck, my collarbone, my scars. I didn't even go this far with Ezra, and my nerves start to pump.</p> <p>"Slowly," I tell him, embarrassed when it comes out like a gasp. "We should go more slowly."</p> <p>He nods, kissing my scars and neck and mouth again. "Is this your first time?"</p> <p>"My first time?"</p> <p>"Having sex."</p> <p>..."I mean, yea, I've never..." He nods again like it isn't a big deal, but I start to worry. "Have you? Had sex, I mean?"</p> <p>He pulls up, surprised. "Well, yeah. Me and Ezra..." I look away. "Right."</p> <p>..."I just don't think I'm ready," I tell him. It's only been a few days since my first kiss.</p> <p>...He sits up, crosses his legs. "Are you nervous because- I mean, I looked up how to have sex with trans guys-"</p>
310	We haven't even talked about how I identify as a demiboy now.

Page	Content
310	<p>"Did you invite me up here just to have sex with you?"</p> <p>"No," he says, a little loudly. "I wanted to spend time with you, and I thought that maybe you'd want to have sex, so I looked up how to have sex with trans guys, and now we're here." He takes a big breath, looking away.</p> <p>..."Would you have sex with me if I was Ezra?"</p>