

Devilish

By Tyler **McCurry**

WHY WE LIKE IT: *Joseph Conrad wrote: “My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you see.” That—and no more, and it is everything.” Nobody in this issue understands that literary advice better than Tyler McCurry whose story involves some WTF OnlyFans.com challenges. But maybe we should add the olfactory sense too because you can almost smell this story from across the room. This is seriously visceral Grit Lit, dudes and pronouns, so you don’t want to read it on a full stomach. That said, you absolutely MUST read it! (Spacing and format is author’s own.)*

QUALITY QUOTABLE (for the love of language):

That night after coming home from my last 18-hour shift before my schedule change I had to pee like crazy as usual, but instead of going to the toilet, I tore off all my clothes and went and stood in the tub with my phone. I’d held it in until I absolutely couldn’t anymore and peed all down my legs and down along the floor of the tub and shot video of the whole thing and sure enough I did get a little bit of a rush after doing it. It was disgusting as fuck and it took over an hour to scrub out my tub afterward, but the next day I’d earned almost \$600. After two months I’d made over twelve large and my account was teaming with subscribers.

Devilish

Tyler McCurry

1.

It wasn't easy making ends meet during a pandemic. I was a 38-year-old EMT and also a single mom with three kids who had been on-call nonstop since the pandemic began. I made a measly

\$13 an hour and although that sounded good to some hot young thing just breaking into the field, I was quickly finding out it wasn't nearly enough to pay the bills.

God certainly wasn't paying the bills either. I was a devout Christian and often drew comparisons to an angel on high because of my long and tousled blonde hair. I'd just come home after a grueling 18-hour shift and my luscious golden locks were knotted and stringy and reeked of stale sweat and medical supplies. There were at least fifty COVID patients on my route today and tomorrow after less than five hours of sleep I'd be doing it all over again. I dropped my mask and my purse on the ground and staggered into my bedroom. My dad died unexpectedly from bladder cancer late last year and rather annoyingly my mom insisted on micromanaging the lives of me and my children to fill the void he had left behind, but at least that meant she was more than willing to take them off my hands whenever I wanted. Tonight the kids were at her place and I had the house to myself.

Things were pretty dire right now but they were about to get a lot worse. My supervisor had informed me that they would be cutting back on my hours and I would be working less than a tenth of what I was working right now and I was already strapped for cash as it was. I'd already taken out a second mortgage on my house this year and if I didn't make my next payment, my whole family would be thrown out onto the street. If the situation didn't improve soon, they told me they might even have to lay me off.

I wasn't allowed to have a bathroom break during my shift and I had to pee like crazy. I rushed into the bathroom and was barely able to get my pants down and get on the toilet before I started going. When I did it started spraying out of me and I buried my head in my thighs.

Being an EMT wasn't nearly as glamorous as Hollywood made it seem. The hours were long, the aforementioned pay sucked and the patients were surprisingly unruly. Last month an

old man with COVID kneed me in the gut while I was being treated and I peed blood for a week. My bathroom was lined with dirty clothes I was far too busy to wash and I hadn't had clean panties to wear in months. The nice white cotton panties with a pink satin bow I had on now, one of the few concessions to being beautiful I had left, were yellow in the front and brown in the back after three straight days of eighteen hour shifts. The cheap pad I'd put in them to stem the flow of my bladder leaks during my shift didn't really cut it and it was sopping wet when I pulled it out. My congregation called me an angel but right now I felt like anything but and in another couple months I'd be destitute.

If I didn't do something drastic, my family would be on the street by New Year's.

2.

After using the toilet, I took a hot shower and put on a long pink nightgown after I was done. I didn't have any clean panties to put on and decided to sleep without them. I was all out of the precious fruity perfume I used to make my lady parts smell good and hoped the good scrubbing I'd given them would sate their stench for at least a day. My pretty white panties were the last semi-clean pair I had left. Tomorrow it appeared that I would have to go commando.

In bed I tried to Google something with an O that I was thinking of that day but had forgotten the name of and the first thing that popped up automatically in the list under the search box was "OnlyFans." I had heard of OnlyFans. It was all the rage to start an account on OnlyFans lately, a site where people could post explicit photos and videos of themselves and receive compensation in return. Even a good Christian woman like me knew all about it. I heard all kinds of rumors swirling around my church, a veritable den of Trumpers and gun nuts. I was happily on board with all that jazz right up until my supervisor announced he was cutting my

hours and I realized God wasn't going to manifest a paycheck for me every week no matter how hard or often I prayed for it. Really, it wasn't surprising. A church was a place to confess your sins, not atone for them. It didn't make life any better. You only went there if you knew life couldn't get any worse.

OnlyFans was all the young girls at work talked about too. Some of them even had accounts on it and they all told me it was easy money when I asked them about it. I looked at my wrought silver cross that I always wore around my neck, which I had set on the endtable. One of my coworkers said she made a cool seven grand from the most recent batch of pics and videos she sent in.

It was then that I came to a difficult decision, one that would turn the stomachs of my pastor and my fellow parishioners and turned mine as well. I didn't want to do it, but I was desperate for money that God certainly wouldn't provide. If anything, he would just continue to reside in his golden abode in the sky and lord his wealth over the unworthy unwashed masses below. The golden candelabra and stained glass windows in most churches were but a taste of the wealth men and women could expect to have if they lived a perfect life and reached the promised land, but nobody was perfect, especially not me. When I thought of that it made me mad and also made up my mind.

I was going to start an OnlyFans account, and I was going to get started tonight.

Beforehand, though, I decided I was hungry. I got out of bed and went into the kitchen. In the fridge was a huge tub of leftover spaghetti from dinner last night. I put the whole thing in the microwave for about two minutes and pulled it out when it was steamy. I grabbed a fork and started scarfing it down. Didn't know why. Probably thought it'd be easier to do what I was about to do on a full stomach.

At least it gave me my first idea for a picture. I whipped out my phone and took a selfie of myself with spaghetti sauce slathered all over my face and the left strap of my sauce-stained gown sagging down below my left bicep. Just for kicks, I reached under the table and stuck my phone under my gown and took a pic of my vagina for good measure. The flash could be seen under the table. I logged into OnlyFans and created an account. It only took a few minutes and was surprisingly easy. I uploaded both photos and followed the instructions to lock them behind a paywall that I set at the average rate of \$6.50. My photo of my rather smelly and shaggy and unkempt-looking vagina that had withstood the passage of three kids and the repeated onslaughts of my ex-husband's huge wiener was an instant hit. Within seconds it had earned \$20. Maybe I'd shave it tonight to get more money, or keep it the way it was. Maybe people liked them hairy. I really had no idea. Before I went to bed I pulled my nightgown all the way up and took a simple picture of my bare breasts and posted that as well. My photos were grouped into a collection that included a couple more vaginas and more than a few dick pics of varying sizes and shades. By the time I fell asleep my vag pic had made \$52.

My descent into sin had begun.

3.

God might not have paid my bills, but my sins paid immediate dividends. The next day I had almost a hundred fans and about a month later a whopping \$6,552 had been added to my savings account. They had cut me down to about six hours at work and I had a lot of free time on my hands now, but with my posh new side gig, I had plenty to keep me busy.

As the days wore on, I got more creative. I put on multiple layers of clothes and shot video of myself taking them all off until I was completely nude and I always made sure to post at

least one picture or video of myself on the toilet peeing or pooping before the day was out. Those were a hot commodity from what I'd been seeing and it wasn't just sick stuff my fans were into. A simple video of me cleaning out my toilet, my favorite thing to do when I had a lot of free time on my hands that I recorded and put on OnlyFans purely as an experiment, garnered over a hundred bucks in tips. Really, anything involving a toilet or what went into it was easy money from what I could tell and what went into a toilet didn't necessarily have to go into a toilet. A video that I shot of myself peeing in a potted plant netted me a substantial amount of tips.

I'd been getting more and more fans and I'd decided to stop shaving my bikini line and just leave the area the way it was and let the hair grow in. My fans seemed to like that. The hairier my groin and legs and thighs got, it seemed, the more money I appeared to earn. I'd even gone so far as to throw my razor and shaving cream away and also my box of cheap ineffective panty liners for some reason and snapped a pic of it all in the trash for good measure, which ended up garnering \$65. I took selfies of myself in the shower with my boobs pressed up against the glass of the stall and purposely made myself wet with a long and blunt instrument so I could take pictures and shoot video of myself discharging. I even tried doing a "peegasm" for my fans one night in my own bathtub. Supposedly, if the gossip among the girls at church could be believed, if I held my bladder until the very last second and then let it drain, it was supposed to give me a sensation similar to an orgasm because the muscles of my bladder and sex organs were very close together. It wasn't hard to do with my job. That night after coming home from my last 18-hour shift before my schedule change I had to pee like crazy as usual, but instead of going to the toilet, I tore off all my clothes and went and stood in the tub with my phone. I'd held it in until I absolutely couldn't anymore and peed all down my legs and down along the floor of the tub and shot video of the whole thing and sure enough I did get a little bit of a rush after doing it.

It was disgusting as fuck and it took over an hour to scrub out my tub afterward, but the next day I'd earned almost \$600. After two months I'd made over twelve large and my account was teaming with subscribers.

One day I was lying naked on my stomach on my sofa, snapping pics over my head of my bare butt trying to get a good shot of my anus. One of my kids had gotten COVID, presumably from my devout anti-masker mother that I'd butted heads with all my life, and they were holed up at my mom's house quarantining. They weren't coming home anytime soon.

Therefore, I wasn't expecting the lock on the front door to jiggle and pop open. I gasped and flinched and my phone, a new expensive Samsung Flip that folded in two, fell out of my hand. I had bought it with a little of the extra OnlyFans money I'd put off to the side and somehow it folded up in midair and went straight down my throat and got lodged in my windpipe. It was quick. One second I could breathe, the next second I couldn't. The second after that I saw a light.

I shut my eyes. Everything was red when I opened them. I was lying naked on a smooth red cliff face surrounded by roaring flames and there was a hideous monster standing behind me. Really, it wasn't so hideous, or rather, he wasn't so hideous. The naked creature had a big red dick and it was pretty obvious it was a he. He had four huge curved horns growing out of his head and a spike growing out of his chin. He had a long thick mouth, and when he smiled, he flashed twin rows of sharp white teeth. His eyes were all black, save for their crimson pupils color-matched to the crimson shade of his body.

“Is this...?”

“Hell? Yes.”

“Then you must be...”

The demon grinned. I knew that's what he was and with those horns I knew he could be only one demon in particular.

“Fucking hell.”

His long red tail had a triangular fin on its tip that was very imposing and looked sharp enough to slice a pineapple in half simply by being dropped onto it. He had a nice thicket of black pubic fur that gave off a musky stench, or maybe that was me. I'd been dialing back on the showers to make myself more appealing to my fans, who were apparently into that kind of thing, and get more tips. The good news was that it was working, but the bad news was that my unwashed and unshaven vagina and asshole had been giving off a horrendous stench that seeped straight through my pants. It didn't help that I'd thrown away all my panty liners and wasn't inclined to buy more. That coupled with no bathroom breaks made my job very awkward and sometimes it was all I could do not to laugh and sneeze on my routes.

“God, does this mean I'm going to hell?”

“You're already there, my dear. This is my domain and I am the master of my own domain.”

I sat up and clutched my knees to my chest. My knees were as hairy as the rest of my legs and all of a sudden I was very self-conscious about my unkempt appearance.

“Of course, you'd know all about that. You do have an OnlyFans account, after all, and you're quite popular on it from what I've seen.”

“Is that why I'm here?”

He snuffed.

“Heavens, no. You are here because you have lost faith. I'd hoped that seeing me in person would inspire you to keep the faith.”

“Then I’m not here for posting naked pictures of myself on that site?”

“You can’t go to hell for that. That’d be ridiculous.”

Satan made no attempt to cover his penis. It was well over twelve inches long and put most of the dongs I saw on OnlyFans to shame. I couldn’t deny that I’d done some devilish things to make enough money on OnlyFans to pay off my second mortgage before the year was out. One time at work I had to go to the bathroom so badly that while the other EMTs were tending to a patient and I was in the ambulance alone I unbuckled my belt and unbuttoned and unzipped my pants and stuck a plastic tube up into my embarrassingly wet panties and shot a quick video of myself peeing into a colostomy bag. I posted the video on OnlyFans as soon as I was done and was barely able to get the bag in the fridge and get cleaned up by the time my coworkers came back. I could get fired for doing something like that, but in fairness I barely worked anymore and it was worth it just to make an extra thousand bucks a month.

“You can post naked pictures and videos of yourself on the internet to your heart’s content for all I care. Matter of fact, that’s why I’ve really come to you.”

He crept closer to me and kneeled down next to me. He grinned and his grin stretched around his long triangular face like rubber.

“As scripture might have taught you, I like to make deals. I’m here to make you a deal.”

“Why would you want to make a deal with me?”

I had eaten spaghetti for lunch and a pressure was welling in my gut. I thought it was gas at first, before recognizing it as piss. I was so frightened that I couldn’t feel anything below my waist and if my bladder gave out and I peed in front of Satan, I might just die of embarrassment. It was too late. The pressure subsided and I looked between my legs and saw that I had peed and immediately turned red.

Aw well, what did it matter. I was already dead anyway. I scooched away from the wet spot I'd made on the rocks. My urine quickly evaporated in the heat.

“Look, you're a nice girl. You bust your ass to provide for your family and I can appreciate that. You don't deserve to be here, whether you believe in me or not.”

He grabbed his dong to get it to go erect, and right in front of me, he yanked on it until he masturbated. The Bible said he could bring fire and brimstone down, but didn't say anything about this. He was quite good at it too. After a few seconds of tugging, a substantial amount of ick was coming out. I would never forget the image.

“Therefore, I have come to you to offer you a deal. I'll give you your soul back, but in return, you must do something for me.”

“What did you have in mind?”

I got to my feet and stood with my legs spread apart so I could air-dry. The pee was gone from the rocks, but my thighs were still wet. Deals with the devil were often bizarre and this one did not disappoint when he laid it out.

“I would like you to have intercourse with me, and post pictures of us doing it on your OnlyFans page.”

4.

Satan had a very deep and eloquent voice. It was exactly as the actors in movies always portrayed it and carried off over the cliff face and across the canyon below.

“Is that it?”

“That is all.”

He nodded. Ick was still coming out of him. Something told me he'd been planning this since the moment he appeared before me, and possibly a lot longer than that. He could probably see the past and the future through some sort of makeshift eye of hell like the Sauron eye in the *Lord of the Rings* movies with a hoity-toity Latin name of some kind or something. Either way, something in my hairy and unshaven gut told me he'd been planning for my arrival for centuries.

“And if you do this for me, I will give you back your soul. It's as simple as that.”

I rested my hands on my stomach.

“But what if I get pregnant or something? I don't want to be carrying your demon seed.”

He came behind me. He was as silent as he was deadly, like an errant fart in the night.

“Don't worry, nothing will come of it. We're not even compatible, so you have nothing to lose.”

“Even still, that seems like an odd request.”

“I want people to see my image. Faith has been sorely lacking in the mortal realm lately and I want to remind people that I exist.”

“Faith is about believing, not seeing.”

“Doesn't matter. As long as my image gets out there, even if people don't believe it, they'll know.”

My phone magically appeared in my hand.

“Now let's get to it. Just try not to swallow it this time.”

He laid down and I got down upon him. He slid his furry dick into my equally furry vagina and I went to work snapping pics of the two of us in coitus on my phone. The ruler of hell hammered me mercilessly until he drew a groan from my lips and made me go wet and flaccid from the waist down. Before that happened, I got several choice shots of his cock jammed into

me and also of him jamming his tongue into me once that had gotten boring. He looked like an animal and he fucked like one too. I took a page out of a classic Cosmo ad for pleasing your man and pinched my nose and sucked on his dick for a few choice seconds, just long enough to reel off a few pics of my obscene oral sex act. For the grand finale, we posed together for a selfie with my head on his chest and a devilish grin on his face and promptly uploaded everything onto my OnlyFans account. After that I closed my eyes, and when they opened, I was back on the couch. My phone was on the coffee table. Maybe it had all been a dream.

Only one way to find out. I picked up my phone and checked my OnlyFans account. Sure enough, it was peppered with pictures of Satan and I having sex. They were grouped into a collection called FUCKING HELL and were accruing fans and money before my eyes. Surprisingly, the image that had the most fans and had made the most money was the selfie with my head on Satan's chest and him grinning, which had garnered such droll comments as ****nice costume**** and ****sik dik can totally see the latex lmao**** and plenty of the requisite devil emojis too. The time stamp said it had been posted about three hours ago and so far it had amassed about seventy dollars. Not bad, but nowhere near as much as an image like that deserved. Maybe no one believed, but as long as the image was out there like he said, maybe it wouldn't matter.

It was then I realized someone else was in the house. Someone cleared their throat and I looked over my shoulder and saw my supervisor in the hall.

“Ashley, you in here? The door was open.”

I was still naked and I did the first thing I could think of and pulled the blanket from the back of the couch over myself.

“Is this a bad time?”

He had a mask on and was complying with social distancing and wasn't coming any closer, luckily for me. If he did, it would be easy for him to tell I was naked under the blanket.

"Thanks to you, time's all I've got."

The front door was wide open and the cold December air of Minnesota was coming in. I shivered under my blanket and pulled it tighter against my body.

"Yes, well, I just came by to tell you that we're promoting you to assistant supervisor. You're going to get a substantial pay raise and won't have to work nearly as many hours. How does that sound?"

My jaw about hit the floor. I knew there was a promotion floating around but I always thought I was the last person he would consider for it. Maybe this was Satan's doing.

"After thinking it over, it's only fair you get it. You haven't quit on us like so many of the kids and you do have a family to support. Anyway, you start on Monday and you'll get your own office and everything. No more riding in ambulances."

I moved the blanket the wrong way and one of my boobs popped out. God bless social distancing.

"I know you've been struggling. Consider this my Christmas present to you."

"That...uh..."

I popped it back in sight-unseen and continued looking at him over the back of the sofa.

"Thanks, Mr. Brian. I don't know what to say."

"Call me David from now on. No more of this Mr. Brian crap."

He turned to leave the way he had come in.

"Sorry to just barge in like this. I thought about calling."

"It's okay. To be honest, I was getting lonely here all by myself."

I waved my phone at him.

“That’s a nice phone.”

He studied the new salmon pink Samsung Flip in my hand.

“Been meaning to ask where you got it.”

“What, this?”

I twisted around and draped my left hand over the back of the sofa.

“It was a gift. From my sister in Minneapolis.”

He seemed to buy it, not that he’d have any reason not to. He went to the door and didn’t say any more about it.

“Well, I’d better go. Don’t want to get the COVID. Happy holidays.”

“Wait.”

He stopped at the door. My eyes rolled off to the side and I gave him a half-smile.

“Um...happy holidays to you too.”

He left and I heard a car door slam and an engine start. I got up and shut the door after he left and let my blanket fall. There was a window nearby and I was naked in plain view of my neighbors, but I didn’t care. Plenty of complete strangers had seen a lot more of me over the last couple of months.

I grabbed my phone and pulled up my OnlyFans account and thought about deleting it, but with those choice pictures of Satan on it, maybe that wasn’t such a good idea. Now that I was making good money, I supposed I didn’t need it anymore, even if it had gotten me out of a tough jam. I made just enough to come through on my second mortgage and keep my house for the foreseeable future. It wasn’t a complete waste but the damage it could do to my life and reputation might be catastrophic.

Even still, I couldn't bring myself to delete it, not with Satan's pics all over it, so I did the next best thing and took a page out of my software developer ex-husband's playbook and put encryption on it so no one would know about it. My fans would probably wonder what happened to me. For some reason they couldn't get enough of my pasty and flabby mom bod. Maybe every once in a while I would post something new on it to stir the pot.

I was ravenously hungry after my ordeal, so I scrolled through my phone and ordered McDonalds through DoorDash. The driver soon came and left the three Filet-O-Fishes and two small fries and large Coke I'd ordered on the doorstep. I selected contactless delivery so I wouldn't have to open the door all the way to get it and I simply opened it a crack and slid the bag in. I brought it over to the couch and tore into it, still without any clothes on. I was careful not to eat and drink too fast and risk choking again. Visiting hell once was enough for one lifetime.

When my stomach was full and I was too gassy and sleepy to eat another bite, I decided to do something I had not done in almost a year and give my ex-husband a call. We had not spoken since our messy divorce had been finalized and I had gotten the kids in the settlement. I still had his number on my phone.

Before I called him, I downloaded that Satan selfie to my phone as if I was going to make it my wallpaper or my lock screen photo. To onlookers it would just be a man in a bad costume, a red and rubbery attempt at fake news, but I would keep it as a reminder that I had succumbed to sin, which in retrospect wasn't so bad. It had paid my bills. Trump certainly hadn't and God hadn't either. Besides, if Satan could be believed, what I did on OnlyFans wasn't technically a sin at all and I decided to take his word for it. I would keep the faith after this for sure, but that didn't mean I couldn't be a little more open-minded. Maybe if everyone split the difference like

that, more people would be religious. Even still, I put encryption on the picture and locked it behind three separate firewalls so no one could see it but me and then when that was done I set about calling the man that had taught me how to do that.

My ex-husband's phone rang three times. After the third ring, he picked up.

"This is Bob."

I had to admit, it was good to hear his voice after what happened. I curled up on the couch with my food-stained blanket pulled to my chin.

"Hey, Bob, it's Ashley."

"Ashley?"

"Yeah."

There was a pause.

"It's been a while. What's going on?"

"Not much."

My boob popped out again. It was a prime pic if ever I saw one.

"Just hanging out."

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *The concept for my story Devilish was loosely inspired by Lauren Kwei, a real-life EMT who started an account on OnlyFans to earn extra money during the pandemic. The New York Times did a story about her and lashed out at her over it, but the idea of an EMT being so desperate to make money that she would start an account on a glorified porn site was very appealing to me and I used that as the base I crafted my story around.*

Since I knew early on I was going to try and raise the bar by making my main character a devout churchgoer, religion was definitely a theme I wanted to explore. Just was so fascinated by a good Christian woman falling on hard times and having to resort to starting an account on OnlyFans to pay her bills, even if it meant she would go to hell in the process. Sexuality was another theme I wanted to explore with this. I read that the number of subscribers on OnlyFans went up by over 70% since this pandemic began and it's crazy to think that men and women can

dabble with selling bits of themselves off for a price and be paid way more than they'd earn by conventional means. If that isn't a blight on employment in this country, I don't know what is.

My big literary influence for this story was COVID. The pandemic has been turning our economy on its head for almost a year now and it's been simultaneously sad and fascinating to watch ordinary people take matters into their own hands to deal with it while men in positions of power that are supposed to resolve these issues bicker like simpering schoolchildren. COVID's really separated the sheep from the shepherds and hopefully when it's all said and done people won't forget the lessons the virus has taught them and that even though it has caused so much strife for so many, it has done so much good.

AUTHOR'S BIO: My name is Tyler McCurry and I am a 30-year-old author from Olathe, KS with a passion for food, family and fun. My work has appeared in Davega Bicycle, Athelion Webzine, the JCCC literary magazine Mind's Eye, the University of Kansas literary magazine Coal City Review and Grand Little Things.

