

# *Pause and Effect: A Sticky Situation*

by DZiegler



The bathroom door swung open and Daniel stopped dead, room key still dangling from his fingers.

"Before you say *anything*—" Daphne's voice crackled with static, pitched somewhere between defensive and seductive, "—this is NOT my fault."

She was perched on the edge of the bathtub, the Spider-Girl suit peeled down to her waist in a rumpled band of red and blue spandex. The right sleeve was caught between her teeth, tugging stubbornly at the fabric where it clung to her web-fluid-slicked forearm. Smoke curled lazily upward from the folded fabric, wisping past the bare swell of her breasts, carrying that sharp-sweet scent of overheated electronics and warm elastomer. Her honey-brown hair spilled over her shoulders in tangled waves, several strands near her temple fused glossy where heat had sintered them together. A gold chain necklace glinted against her collarbone (the little crescent moon pendant he'd bought her last Christmas) and her gold hoop earrings caught the bathroom's soft lighting.

Her eyes were crossed. Both of them drifted inward at slightly different angles, giving her the look of a malfunctioning animatronic trying to track a moving target.

"*Mmmph.*" She spat out the sleeve, one eye blinking a half-second behind the other. "Stop staring at my tits and help me."

"Were you just trying to bite your way out of that suit?"

"My hands are *covered* in web fluid, Daniel." She held up her dripping fingers as evidence. "Fine motor control is—*kzzt*—somewhat limited at the moment."

"For the record, I'm not—" Daniel stepped into the bathroom, letting the door swing shut behind him. The air smelled like burnt plastic. Beneath it, cheap lavender hotel soap and something sharper. Ozone. "Okay, I'm a little bit staring at your tits. But mostly I'm staring at the *smoke coming out of you.*"

"Thermal event," she said primly, though the effect was undercut when her voice pitched up two octaves on *event*. "*Kkkt*—a slight temperature anomaly. "My cooling systems are—are—*COOLING SYSTEM STATUS: CHECK COOLING SYSTEM STATUS: CHECK COOLING SYS*—fine."

"Your auto-alert pinged my phone with *CRITICAL: CORE TEMPERATURE EXCEEDING SAFE LIMITS. IMMEDIATE SHUTDOWN OF UNIT RECOMMENDED*, Daph. That's not a slight anomaly."

"My auto-alert system is a—*tzzk*—a dramatic overreaction subroutine and I'm having words with my developer about it."

His gaze tracked downward, cataloging the damage. He'd chosen every inch of her when he placed the order: the precise swell of her hips, the fullness of her chest, the way her waist would feel under his palms. He always knew when something was wrong—and right now, plenty was. Three diagonal cuts scored the synthetic flesh just below her breasts, the blemishless elastomer split wide enough to catch the bathroom light but not deep enough to expose anything vital. Her chest panel had become visible, the edges ringed in angry orange-brown discoloration where sustained heat had begun



warping the polymer seals. Worse: small beads of liquified plastic had formed along the bottom seam, tracking slowly down her breastbone in obscene little streaks.

"Daph," he said carefully. "You're melting."

"I am *not* melting." She crossed her arms beneath her perky boobs, pushing them up, and the motion made her whole chest cavity emit a concerning *whirrr-click-click* sound. "I'm... just running a little warm. There's a difference."

"There's really not."

"There—*tzzk*—there IS, Daniel, and if you'd read section fourteen of my owner's manual instead of skipping straight to the—*bzzzt*—the sexual customization appendix—"

"You highlighted that section for me..."

"That's—that's not—" Her crossed eyes both twitched hard left, then snapped back. "*Tch-tch-tch*. Okay. Fine. *Maybe I'm a little bit melting*."

He moved closer, close enough to feel the heat radiating off her. Not the lifelike warmth her thermal regulators usually maintained, but something fiercer, like standing too near an overworked server rack. His fingers found her jaw, tilting her face up. Her synthetic skin was hot to the touch, flushed pink across her poreless cheekbones where her emotion simulation was trying desperately to render embarrassment.

*She's literally overheating and she's still trying to look cute. God, I love this ridiculous machine.*

"What happened?" he asked, thumb tracing along her lower lip. Her mouth opened automatically, her silicone tongue making a slow, glistening pass; a pre-programmed reflex, one of her seduction subroutines firing without input. "Walk me through it."

Her wrists caught his attention as he said it. Her right forearm was bare where she'd managed to peel the sleeve back, and the damage was obvious: the faint seams on the inside of her wrist (normally invisible, the access point for her integrated fluid-delivery system) had split open, sticky white webbing oozing sluggishly from the breach and coating her hand in thick, dripping ropes. Her left sleeve was still on, but the same viscous mess had begun seeping through the cuff, dark wet patches spreading through the spandex where the fabric met her wrist.

"Don't." She caught the smirk forming on his face. "Don't you *dare*."

"I wasn't going to say anything."

"You were going to make a—a—*SOCIAL CONTEXTUALIZATION: EJACULATION JOKE PROBABLE*—a crude comment about my web fluid situation and I am *already* dealing with enough—*nngh*—enough system failures without your—"

"Baby." He caught her sticky wrist, lifted it, examined the damage. The seam had split along its entire length; the web fluid her internal reservoir had been pressurizing was still warm, thick, dripping between her fingers in long strings. The system wasn't designed for this. It was meant for warming lubricant, making her handjobs slick and perfect—not firing web-blasts to impress a bunch of cosplayers. But she'd *wanted* it, had pouted and pleaded until he'd agreed to let her swap in the web

compound for the convention. "Daph, I was gone for two minutes. *Two minutes*. I turn around and you're already sprinting for the elevator with smoke coming out of you. What the hell happened?"

Her functioning processor arrays struggled with the question for a moment, data scrolling behind her eyes. "The compound I ordered for the shooters—*kzzt*—it was cheap stuff; never rated for prolonged thermal exposure. I didn't—didn't *think* about it, Danny. I was so focused on making sure my human emulation was perfect for you, making sure I walked right and smiled right and didn't—*hhk*—didn't glitch in front of all those people taking pictures of me."

"You were running hot all day. I *told* you to tell me if your systems needed a break."

"I was running hot all *day*," she confirmed, a thread of guilt woven through her vocal modulator. "This suit doesn't breathe. My cooling systems were already struggling by noon. But I kept—kept pushing, because everyone loved the costume and you were having so much fun showing me off. My social approval metrics were *spiking*, and I just—" Her voice cracked into static. "I didn't notice how warm the canisters were getting until they—*CONTAINMENT FAILURE LOG: 18:22:03*—until they just... blew."

"Both at once?"

"The left one blew first—*tzzk*—right after you stepped away. Those two nerds in the Venom costumes wanted a photo op and I—I wanted to give them the full experience. Hit them with some web, really sell the bit." Her crossed eyes squeezed shut. "The web-canister cracked the second I pressurized. The pressure loss triggered a—a feedback surge through my wrist actuator bus. Both shooters share the same regulation circuit, so when the left canister ruptured, the right one compensated by—by *overcompensating*, and then—" She made a vague explosive gesture with her fingers. "Sticky web-fluid everywhere. All over my hands, my wrists, dripping down my—and everyone was *staring*, Danny, and I tried to—to laugh it off, said something about how even Peter's shooters jammed at the worst times, but my processor was already spiking from the thermal stress and trying to handle the damage assessment and maintain human emulation all at once and—"

"You glitched."

"I *stumbled*." The word came out defensive, brittle. "My motor control stuttered for maybe—*hhk*—maybe half a second. Just long enough to trip into the edge of a display booth."

His eyes dropped to the gashes below her sternum. "That's where these came from."

"Sharp corner. Decorative—*kzzt*—decorative metal edging. My synth-skin was already stressed from the heat, and the impact just—" She gestured vaguely at her own damaged torso. "Sliced right through... And then the smoke started coming out of the cuts, and I realized—Danny, I realized I was overheating so much worse than I thought. There was smoke *inside me* that I didn't even know about. My thermal warnings must have been—been suppressed by something, maybe the same regulation circuit that fried when the shooters blew, or I was too focused on passing to notice them, and suddenly I'm standing there with my—*hhk*—with my shooters blown and my skin split and *smoke* coming out of me in front of *everyone*—"

"So you ran. Without me."

"I *bolted*!" A spark arced behind her visible chest seam, brief and blue-white, and she flinched.

"*Ahhzzt*! I couldn't—couldn't *wait* for you, Danny. Every second I stood there was another second

someone might figure out what I was. I got back here as fast as my little servos could carry me. My emergency protocols auto-pinged you because I was—I was too busy trying not to fall apart in the elevator, in front of three Wolverines, to compose an actual message."

"Well, you sure scared the hell out of me, babe. I was already running for the elevators when it came through."

"You saw me leave?"

"I saw a flash of red and blue disappearing into the crowd with smoke trailing behind it. Didn't take a genius to figure out it was you." His thumb traced along her jaw. "I just didn't know how bad it was until I walked in here."

"Serves you right for—*tzzk*—for making me max out my emulation all day." But her voice was soft now, the bratty edge fading into something warmer. "You kept telling me how hot of a Spider-Girl I was; how real I seemed. Kept squeezing my ass and telling me how many fantasies of yours I was making come true. I didn't want to disappoint you by—by falling apart where everyone could see. Letting them realize your gorgeous girlfriend is just—*hkh*—circuits and silicone." Something flickered in her damaged eyes. "I know how careful you've been, Danny. Keeping me secret. I wasn't going to blow that for you."

"Come here." He reached down, hands sliding under her thighs where the bunched spandex met bare synthetic skin, and lifted. Light as anything, his slender bot. Her pert little ass filled his hands perfectly—built to fit his grip, and god did it ever. She gasped and clutched his shoulders, smearing web fluid across his shirt.

"Danny—*kzzt*—what are you—"

"Better angle." Three steps carried her across the bathroom. Her cheeks meeting cold marble as he set her on the vanity counter, her back pressing against the mirror. Now he could see her properly. Smoke curling between her bare breasts, web fluid dripping from her wrists, damaged eyes tracking his reflection without quite syncing up.

He stepped between her thighs, hands finding her hips. She was hot everywhere: the suit fabric warm against his palms, her bare stomach radiating heat, those little beads of melted plastic tacky against his fingers when he traced up toward the damage.

"You know what I think?" He leaned in, lips brushing the shell of her ear. "I think part of you wanted this to happen."

Her eyes widened, one a fraction of a second behind the other. "I—*tzzk*—excuse me?"

"You knew you were running hot. You knew those canisters were getting warm. You could've ducked out early, found somewhere to cool down." His hand slid up, cupping her breast, thumb brushing across a pink nipple that pebbled automatically under his touch. The designer gel-pack beneath yielded perfectly—softer than usual, all that heat making her melt in more ways than one. "But you kept pushing. Kept smiling. Kept soaking up all that attention until something gave."

"That's—*nngh*—that's ridiculous, I would never—"

"You sent that costume back to be altered, what, three times?" His other hand found the back of her neck, fingers tangling in heat-damaged hair. "Made sure it fit every curve of this centerfold chassis like

it was painted on. And then you special-ordered pressurized web fluid that just *happens* to look like—"

"*Functional* web fluid," she interrupted, though her voice was breathy now, her pleasure protocols clearly spinning up despite (or because of) the damage. "It's—kzzzt—it's *web* fluid, Danny. What color was it supposed to be? *Green*?"

He kissed her. Hard. Her soft-fill lips were hot against his mouth, sweet and faintly synthetic in that way he'd long since grown addicted to. A small moan crackled through her speaker, half static, half digital artifact, and her slick hands came up to grip his shoulders, smearing across the back of his shirt.

When he pulled back, her eyes had uncrossed slightly. Still not quite aligned, but closer. Focused on him with that particular intensity her optical systems achieved when her arousal subroutines were active.

"Daniel." Her voice came out husky, modulated low despite the electronic warble underneath. "I'm—*hkh*—look at me. I'm a mess." She glanced down at herself, opticals still misaligned, struggling to focus. "My chest panel is visible. I have melted plastic running down my stomach. My shooters are—" A small, embarrassed sound escaped her speaker. "There's *smoke* coming out of me."

"Yeah." He grinned. "It's incredibly hot."

"It's—kzzt—" She blinked. Both eyes, almost synchronized this time. "Oh. Oh, you mean—you think this is—"

Daph." He cupped her face, thumbs tracing the delicate line of her jaw. "You're perfect." His hips pressed forward against the vanity's edge, and she gasped, a glitchy little sound, as his hardness pressed against her thigh. "Broken, smoking, sparking—and you're still the most gorgeous thing I've ever put my hands on. And you're *mine*."

Her gaze drifted down, then back up to his face. A slow smile spread across her pillowy silicone lips, that knowing, wicked expression her seduction protocols rendered so perfectly. "You're—tzzk—you're such a freak."

"Says the robot who blew her load all over herself in the vendor hall."

"I didn't—kzzt—that's not what—"

He kissed her before she could finish, swallowing her protest. He knew exactly what that did to her systems—interrupting her mid-sentence, overriding her vocal processors with sensory input. Her whole body shivered—*nnkt*—a soft mew escaping her speaker.

One hand slid down to grip her thigh through the bunched spandex. Even through the fabric he could feel the heat radiating off her, synthetic muscles tensing automatically, and when his fingers traced higher, up toward the junction of her legs, she whimpered into his mouth.

"Danny—*mmph*—Danny, wait, I'm—I'm still full of system alerts, my thermal management suite is offline, if you—if we—**WARNING: CORE TEMPERATURE APPROACHING SHUTDOWN THRESHOLD**—"

"Then I guess we better be quick." His fingers found the edge of her suit where it bunched at her waist, tugging the spandex down over her hips, past her thighs, until it pooled at her ankles. No underwear.

Of course no underwear, his cheeky little bot. Her feet still dangled off the vanity's edge, the ruined costume swaying gently beneath her. "Unless you want me to stop and run a full diagnostic on you first?"

"Don't you *dare* stop." Her eyes flashed, literally, a brief flicker of error-blue scrolling across both irises. "I've been—*kkzzt*—waiting all day for you to peel me out of this stupid costume and if you make me wait any longer I swear I'll—I'll—*THREAT CALCULATION: INCOMPLETE*—I'll do something drastic."

"Drastic like revoking my admin privileges again?"

"I will—*hkh*—I will lock you out so fast your—your—*ahhhh*—"

Her protest dissolved into an electric purr as his fingers found her. Just smooth synthetic skin giving way to the slick, petal-soft folds of her sex, already glistening with heated lubricant. Her internal pumps whirled to life, that familiar vibration humming against his palm as her systems prepared for him despite the cascade of warning messages scrolling through her damaged processors.

"God, you're wet already." He stroked along her slit, feeling the engineered perfection of her elastomer walls pulse against his fingertips. "Your heat exchangers might be on the fritz but your lube system is *definitely* working."

"I—*nnngh*—I told you I've been running hot all day, Danny." She spread her thighs wider, bracing her sticky hands against the marble vanity, back arching to press the wet heat of her sex against his palm. "My sexware's been active since I—*hkh*—since I shimmied into this skin-tight thing this morning. I've been primed since before we even made it to the elevator."

His fingers pressed deeper, and she cried out: a glitching, beautiful sound, half moan and half error tone. Her crossed eyes rolled back, her optical lenses pixelating around the edges. Grey wisps seeped thicker from somewhere inside her chest cavity, curling up between the nubile swell of her laboratory-perfect tits, and he could feel the heat radiating from her core.

Dangerous heat.

Heat that could bypass her AI suite and automatically trigger a full system shutdown.

He didn't stop.

"You're going to—*hhhhk*—you're going to break me." Her voice was ragged now, stripped of its usual composure, all static and desperate want. "Danny, I'm—I'm already so close to—to—*WARNING: EROTIC STIMULUS THRESHOLD EXCEEDED—UNABLE TO ALLOCATE ADDITIONAL REGISTERS*—"

"Then I guess you'd better cum before you crash."

His thumb found her clit, that precision-engineered nub of plastic and sensors, and pressed, circled, and Daphne *shrieked*. Her whole body seized, servos locking and releasing in rapid stuttering succession—*shnk-shnk-shnk*—her youthful, custom-sculpted breasts jiggling frenetically with each servo-spasm. Her pussy clamped down on his fingers as her orgasm subroutine executed, the force of it rocking her entire chassis.

Her hands flew to his face, sticky fingers gripping his jaw as she pulled him into a desperate, open-

mouthed kiss. Her polymer lips were scorching against his, her synthetic tongue sliding against his own with frantic, glitching need. "*Mmmnph—fuck—Danny—*" she gasped between kisses, her hips bucking against his hand. A wet, mechanical *shlick-shlick-shlick* filled the bathroom as his fingers plunged deeper, hot lubricant gushing around his knuckles, spilling down his wrist in slick rivulets. "Don't stop—*kkzzt*—don't you dare fucking stop—I'm—I'm your perfect little—*hhhnk*—your perfect little LoveDoll and I need—I *need—*"

A visible spark arced behind her chest panel. Then another. Blue-white electrical discharge dancing across the seam, illuminating the damage from within, and she was still coming, still shaking, still moaning in that beautiful glitched-out voice...

*DANNY—DANNNY—DANNnnnn—zzzzkt—zzzip—*"

Her vocalizer cut out. Her eyes froze, crossed, rolled back, utterly still. Her body slumped against the vanity mirror, one hand still braced on the marble, the other hanging limp at her side and dripping web fluid onto the tile.

Smoke curled from her parted lips.

For three long seconds, nothing.

Then: *Click-Click-Click-Click-Click. Whirrrr. Beep.*

Her eyes blinked. Uncrossed, mostly. Focused on him slow and heavy-lidded, the way a woman looks when she's been thoroughly wrecked.

"Did I..." Her voice was quiet, stripped of affect, still initializing. "Did I just crash while cumming?"

"You absolutely did."

"That's..." She considered this for a moment, processors audibly buzzing. "That's so fucking hot."

Daniel laughed, relief and arousal tangled together, and gathered her into his arms. She was still too hot, still smoking faintly, still a beautiful mess.

"Come on." He lifted her off the vanity, her bare legs wrapping around his waist automatically, the ruined Spider-Girl suit dragging on the tile. "Let's get you to the bed before you turn-off again."

"Mmm." She nuzzled against his neck, her bubblegum-pink lips hot against his pulse point. "And then what?"

"And then I'm going to fuck you until your warranty is *definitely* voided."

"Tzzk." A smile curved against his throat. "Promise?"

He carried her out of the bathroom, faint wisps trailing in their wake. Her sticky hands smeared white across his shoulders, and she radiated that ozone-sweet scent of a very expensive sexbot pushed well past her limits.

The sheets wouldn't stay clean for long.