Rule 34  
  
“Er John, I’ve come across something a bit weird,” Faye said.  
  
“Well that doesn’t sound ominous at all,”  John replied.  
  
“I don’t think it’s bad, but I don’t know if it’s good either,” she replied nervously. “Have you heard of rule 34?”  
  
“Not sure, is that the regulation about minimum notice periods for leave?” John asked.  
  
“If it exists there is porn for it – no exceptions,” Rachel said, not looking up from her console.  
  
All eyes turned to the tawny-haired Doctor in surprise.  
  
“What?” she asked, looking up. “A girl has needs, ya know?” she added, before returning to her work.  
  
“Learning every day,” Calara chuckled.  
  
“Yes, that’s the one,” Faye said.  
  
“Okay, well nothing to worry about there, I think there has been porn as long as there have been people having sex,” John replied, leaning back in his chair.  
  
“That’s true, but well, it’s the subject. It’s probably just easier if I show you,” Faye said.  
  
“Okay, go ahead,” John replied.  
  
Faye dimmed the lights on the bridge and the view screen filled with a star field. A sleek white ship flew in to view as theme music started to play.  
  
“These are the voyages of the starship Invincible, its continuing mission to explore known space and find lusty young sluts to ravage!” A deep male voice narrated. The screen displayed the legend "The Tigers of Terra!" in huge letters.  
  
The scene cut to the bridge of a space ship, the Captain’s Chair unoccupied. A busty blonde girl sat to the left, dressed in a very short white uniform showing off her shapely thighs. White knee-high boots competed her look.  
  
Sat forward of her was a Latina wearing a black under-bust corset, her ample bosom displayed provocatively.  
  
Seated to the rear of the bridge was a brunette in an extremely tight and short nurse’s outfit. She sat there twirling her stethoscope aimlessly.  
  
“What the hell is this?” Alyssa asked.  
  
“Let’s just see,” John said.  
  
The doors at the rear of the bridge opened with a swoosh, one of them not opening all the way.  A man entered the bridge, his skin was just a hint of blue and his ears were slightly pointed.  
  
“Good morning girls, where are we heading today?” He asked, making his way over and sitting in the Captain’s Chair.  
  
“Proximal distal seven, Don,” said the blonde, clearly struggling with the big words. “It’s in the medial sector.” She finished looking extremely pleased with herself.  
  
“Well done, Lissa,” said the Captain, patting her knee. “And what’s at Distal proxima seven?”  
  
“Oh my fucking god! It’s us! We’re porn!” Dana said, bouncing up and down in the chair and waving her arms in the air. Laughing at Alyssa, she added, “And they’ve got you just right!”  
  
Alyssa buried her face in her hands, and groaned, “This is so humiliating.”  
  
“Sluts who need fucking!” The Latina on the screen said brandishing a whip.  
  
“Excellent work, Lieutenant CeeCee,” Captain Don said, staring brazenly at the Latina’s bust.  
  
“Ha ha! And that’s you!” Dana chortled, pointing at Calara.  
  
“I am going to find them, and kill them all,” Calara said, shaking her head.  
  
“Oh that sounds fun, I can’t wait! Can’t we make the ship go, like, really fast or something, please Captain Drake?” The nurse said from the back of the bridge, sounding nearly as dim as Lissa.  
  
“Don’t worry Rakel, there will be plenty of pussy for you too,” Don Drake said.  
  
“Yep, they got you three perfectly! Not a thought in your pretty little heads!” Dana said, as tears rolled down her cheeks.  
  
“You are such a bitch, Sparks!” Alyssa said.  
  
“Hey, don’t blame me! Art reflects life,” Dana replied, wiping her face clean with her hands.  
  
On screen the doors tried to open again, and a huge-breasted redhead stepped onto the bridge. She had a tiny highly-stressed micro bikini and stripper heels on, and a tool belt was slung low about her hips.  
  
“Oh, crap!” Dana squealed.  
  
“I, like, totally fixed your vibrator, Stephany. Again, I might add,” The redhead said, in an awful Scottish accent.  
  
“Who the hell is Stephany?” Calara asked.  
  
“That’s the real name of the nurse,” Faye said, helpfully.  
  
The whole crew except Dana burst out laughing.  
  
“She can’t even get the character’s names right!” Dana wailed, covering her mouth with her hands.  
  
“Yep, they got you right! Dumb as a rock!” Rachel said, laughing loudly.  
  
“At least I’ve got the biggest tits,” Dana said, crossing her arms over her boobs and sitting back in with a huff.  
  
On screen the nurse flounced over to collect the rather large sex toy from the redhead. It was clear the nurse noticed the redhead get her name wrong, but she was determined to carry on regardless.  
  
“Thank you so much, Scotty,” she said, kissing the redhead passionately.  
  
“Like, you should totally check it works, and that’s an order and everything,” Lissa said.  
  
“This is painful,” Alyssa said.  
  
“As if you’d need to check on of my repairs,” Dana huffed.  
  
“Yeah, but let’s keep watching. I can go make popcorn if you like?” Irillith smirked, enjoying the discomfort of her crew mates.  
  
On screen the nurse spread herself wide on one of the free chairs and began pleasuring herself with the sex toy. Scotty knelt beside her, pulled her uniform open, and began playing with her nipples.  
  
“Lissa come here!” Don Drake ordered, striking a heroic pose with his hands on his hips. "I need some help unloading the ship's biggest weapon!"

The blonde dropped eagerly to her knees, pulling the Captain's pants open, and exposing his hard cock. Quickly she began bobbing up and down on his shaft.  
  
“They could have got someone with a bigger cock,” Sakura said, eliciting some more laughter from the rest of the crew.  
  
“Yeah and she can’t even deep throat that, stupid bitch,” Dana said, critiquing the starlet’s technique.  
  
“I wonder where the rest of us are?” Faye asked.  
  
“Budget cuts?” Jade suggested.  
  
On screen Don Drake now had Lissa on her hands and knees, giving her a rough pounding from behind as he pulled her hair.  
  
“Well they got that bit right at least.” Alyssa said, giving John a smouldering look.  
  
“Fuck yeah!” Dana said, with equal passion.  
  
On screen, Don Drake pulled out from Lissa, and shot his load over Scotty’s bountiful breasts.  
  
“Was that it?” Irillith asked.  
  
“Yeah, ‘fraid so. Human males can be disappointing that way,” Jade said. “Not like our John.”  
  
The crew watched with a mixture of horror and hilarity, as the crew proceeded to fuck in just about every position conceivable, until the screen faded as the episode finished.  
  
"I really don't know what to say about that," John said, shaking his head.  
  
"At least I had the biggest tits," Dana laughed.  
  
"They made me a total bimbo!" Alyssa said, ruefully.  
  
"Yeah they got you cast perfectly!” Dana said, her wicked sense of humour returning with force.  
  
"There's no way I'd use a toy like that right here on the bridge!" Rachel said.

Dana walked up behind the brunette, and wrapped her arms around her. "I bet you would, if John asked nicely," Dana whispered in her ear.

Rachel's blush told them all the needed to know.

"I might get a corset like that," Calara mused.  
  
"I've got one! You're welcome to borrow it whenever you like," Alyssa said, grinning at her lover. She swept her sultry glance around at the girls, and added, "Actually, how about now?"

"I think I might have a tool belt a bit like my character's, and I've got some really sexy bikinis," Dana said thoughtfully, her blue eyes meeting the psychic blonde's and flashing with excitement.

"I could use your nurse's uniform!" Rachel said, eager to join in.

Alyssa sidled up to John, and whispered to him seductively, "So how about we retire to the bedroom, and find out how the next thrilling instalment of 'Tigers of Terra' is going to pan out? Would you like to ravish some air-headed sluts for a change, Don Drake?"

"I think the ship's biggest weapon is reloaded and ready for action, Lissa," John replied, a broad grin on his face.