

Cracking The Uniform Code

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The *F.S.S. Radiant Moon*'s crescent-shaped form carved a bespeckled path through hyperspace. While within its hull, a Skunk in track clothes jogged her way through the corridors. Punching the air as she passed bulkhead after bulkhead. Many of which were veined with hydrotubes, the means by which or the Aquatic members of the crew moved about the vessel. Lieutenant Bernadette Bouvier wasn't just exercising. She was running an unofficial patrol. Until an alarm on her wristcomm informed her that it was time to shower off and suit up for her shift. Security wasn't going to Chief itself.

She reached a magnolift, tapped a summons on the control panel. Standing inside when it came was Chief Medical Officer Da Costa. He looked up, briefly, from a datapad. "Chief," he smiled.

"Doctor," she nodded. The Skunk strongly considered waiting for another lift.

The Dart Frog was dressed, as always, in a form-fitting bodysuit. The only thing that (barely) qualified it as a Corefleet Uniform in her opinion was it did have the proper coloring. Silver and white, with the green trim of Medical Branch. A belt that served absolutely no purpose but holding up a Corefleet emblem was threaded through its waist.

It wasn't to say he was bad to look at, if one was into amphibians. If he only had some fur on him he'd be in one Skunk's appraisal one of the best-looking males on the ship. Blazing yellow-gold skin contrasted strongly with wide black spots. An athletic body with a significant amount of muscle. This was a medic who spent enough time in the gym to rival members of the *Moon*'s security forces.

But why did he have to show that off?! That choice of 'uniform' left precious little to the imagination. At least Bouvier could consider herself lucky that amphibian genitals for both sexes were internal. Or there'd be even fewer mysteries to ponder. Not that she'd *want* to!

With an internal sigh, she entered the lift. And an uncomfortable silence up against the wall. Calling out her destination before sinking into a mental discussion of the Uniform Code. There were dozens of little regulations and exceptions to the same that had been worked up to cover the vast range of anatomies to be found in Corefleet. Fur, Scalie, and beyond. Her Aquatic crewmates wore hydrodynamic drysuits. Female crew had the option of wearing skirts instead of pants. The Captain sometimes wore an Away Team jacket on the Bridge. To deny the Dart Frog the same stylistic choices would constitute workplace discrimination. He was just as entitled to feel comfortable as anyone else, within the bounds of regulations... But on the other paw, *there was no practical reason for him to be dressed like that!*

The doctor read on, oblivious. The magnolift came to a stop, and the doctor leapt right on out of it. Inadvertently offering the other passenger a tailored view of his well-built ass. Which bounced every so slightly when he landed and started walking away.

That tore it! "Why don't you just come to work in a thong?" she demanded. Not exactly meaning to do so out loud. Good thing they were both Lieutenants, or she'd be in real trouble.

Da Costa gave her a slightly offended look. "I'm a doctor, not an exotic dancer," was his answer. Delivered just before the doors closed.

With a rigid tail, the Security Chief tapped her wristcomm. "Bouvier to Night Officer Jansen. Heads up, I may be a little late getting in to relieve you."

She needed to take a longer shower. To wash the crawl out of her skin.