

# Navy Blue – Part 1

A photo story by Andrea Slip



The Royal Navy has some unusual traditions,  
but one was coming to an end. Part 1 of Navy Blue

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There are some strange traditions that are unique to the Royal Navy. There is the daily tot of rum dating back to 1850 issued to sailors every day when at sea. It was supposed to be abolished in 1970 but it still happens under cover in some ships. The Captain usually turns a blind eye.

In Britain there is a wedding tradition of the bride wearing something new, something old and something blue. The garter is often the blue item. At the end of the ceremony the bride often throws her bouquet over her shoulder and whoever catches it is next to be married. When a naval officer wants to marry, he has to ask his commanding officer permission to get married in his dress uniform. However, there is a lesser-known tradition that the garter of the bride has to be navy blue, not pale blue. The bride then throws the garter over her shoulder rather than bouquet. In some naval weddings they even throw navy blue and white confetti.



There are also some unusual dress regulations when a ship docks in its home port after a long trip on the high seas. These date back to the early 1950's when Queen Elizabeth came to the throne. This was because the Queen might visit any of her ships when the ship came home.

#### 23.4.1 Visiting wives and partners

The wives and partners of officers, Lieutenants upwards, may come aboard on docking at the home port after a six-month tour when safe to do so. The ladies shall be subject to Her Majesty's dress regulations. This includes wear a frock, nylon stockings (navy blue), suspenders, a slip and dress heels. It is the duty of the Commodore to inspect the dress of wives and partners. Non compliance shall mean the Commodore refuses entry to the ship.

The dress regulation meant that wives or partners of senior officers were allowed on board when the ship docked at its home port, but they had to conform to a dress code of wearing a dress (although skirt /blouses were allowed more recently), stockings, suspenders (women did not wear tights in the 50's) and a slip if they wanted to get on board. The chance of meeting the Queen on board was almost none to zero, but the regulations had never been changed. There was a good reason the regulation had not changed, the officers loved the inspection.



Daniel Johnson was a civilian working for the Navy as a supply manager. His office was in the dockside building. It was here that he met his future wife, Jenna Wales, or Commander Wales to give her rank. She was the first female Commander on HMS Endeavour. He found her very easy to get on with, especially compared to some of the arsehole Commanders, who played the blame game when supplies went wrong. She was in Daniel's office sorting out a supply issue when she noticed a sofa in the corner of his office.

"Do you have to work nights, Daniel, and sleep on the sofa?"

"No Commander Wales."

"Oh, do call me Jenna."

"Well Jenna. When there is a ship berthing after a long tour, the wives of the most senior officers are invited on board for lunch with the Captain. The Commander of the ship has to do a pre-boarding inspection of the wives and I have to vacate the office."

"I have heard about this but my fellow officers were very reluctant to share any details. It sounds like an outdated Navy regulation. I have shore leave at 17:00, I will meet you here at 18:00 we can go for dinner. Book a table at the Frigate in the High Street, do you know it?. You can tell me all about lowering the gangplank. I must get back on board now," said Commander Wales.

Truth be told, Daniel was quite a mild-mannered man and easily dominated by both men and women. He had applied to join the Navy when he was 18 but he failed the medical. However, he did manage to get a clerk job as a civilian in the supply office.



Daniel did book the table, as requested, or was that commanded? And was this actually a date? Jenna turned up at 18:00 on the dot. She looked stunning in green satin dress, black heels, and black tights. He felt honoured. He felt turned on, to say the least.

At the meal in the nearby Frigate restaurant all the gossip was about what his office was used for during homecoming came out. Although Daniel was not a direct witness of the Commanders inspections as he was kicked out of his own office, he was at the door letting the ladies in every two minutes and saw the ladies all dressed up. There were also a couple of the Commanders who could not resist bragging about “Lowering the gangplank.”

This all confirmed to Jenna the whispers she had overheard in the officers mess. She said would report this to HR as it was time this old-fashioned practice stopped. The conversation carried onto other things. Their relationship quickly developed.





Daniel discovered later that evening, when she took off her green dress in his flat, that she was not wearing black tights but black stockings and suspenders. He rather liked that and what went with it. She was wearing matching green lingerie, a full slip, a lacy bra, and French knickers. The sheer black stockings even had a green pattern in the lacy top to match her lingerie. Daniel was stiff as a board and quickly took off his clothes.



He rather liked it even more when she pulled down her green lacy bra and got him to suck her large breasts. Daniel was having trouble holding it back. She yanked off her green French knickers and pulled his stiff rod inside her wet pussy. As she did so she wrapped her stocking clad legs around his naked back. He loved the feeling of nylon sliding up his back. Daniel spurted his cum inside her tight pussy, pulled out and then splashed more cum over her big tits and her sheer black stockings. Jenna knew exactly what she was doing, she had him hooked, everything had gone to plan.





Six months later, they were married at St Ann's, the dockyard chapel. Jenna had thought about asking her commanding officer, Captain Phillips, if she could get married in her uniform, like her fellow officers had.

"Would that mean I would have to wear the dress, Jenna," asked Daniel?

"Of course not, darling, not yet anyway, and a size 14 dress would not fit you, you are probably a size 18!"

In the end Jenna for a traditional white dress, white stockings and a blue garter. At the end of evening, she lifted her dress and allowed her new husband to remove her garter. In doing so he could not help having a feel of her nylon clad legs. He loved it when she wore stockings and suspenders, just like she had on their first date. Her wedding day was no exception. Jenna took the garter from him, turned her back and threw it over her shoulder. She was delighted that Lisa, her best friend from her hockey club caught the garter. Lisa and Jenna had both worn stockings to Jenna's hen night and ended up in bed together, their sheer stockings wrapped around each other, and not for the first time.



Mary Smith was nervous. She knocked on the front door a large Tudor style house, situated in Waterlooville, just outside Portsmouth. She had met the other senior officers wives in their support group but not Mrs Phillips, the wife of Captain Phillips, the commanding officer of HMS Endeavour. Mary's husband was a first Lieutenant on Endeavour, this was his first posting on a long tour.

A maid opened the door.

"Good afternoon Maam. Can I take your coat?"

Mary took off her coat and handed it to the maid. She had never been to a house where there was a maid. She was impressed with the maid's uniform. It was black satin with white ribbons. Mary could see a frilly white petticoat peeping out from under the dress. The maid was wearing sheer black hosiery, although they might have been stockings not tights, she was not sure. She thought about asking the maid where she got the costume as she knew her husband Mark would love to see her open the door to their flat dressed like this, when he came home.

"Follow me, Maam, Mrs Phillips is expecting you."



The maid turned and walked down the hallway to a room on the left. Her black high heels click clacked on the wooden floor.

As Mary followed the maid down the hall, she could see a big white bow on the back of the maid's dress. The dress was really quite short, the frilly petticoat made the dress stick out. It was also obvious that the maid was wearing black stockings, not tights. Mary would definitely have to try and get a maid's costume like this.

The maid stopped at the end of the hall and indicated that Mary should enter.



Josephine Philips stood up as the maid showed Mary into the living room and extended a hand to her guest.

“Welcome Mary, I am pleased to meet you as the wife of our most junior officer. I think you know the others.” The other wives greeted her with a hi.

“Now do sit here, Mary. I think that as we are all here, we can have tea served. Jose picked up a bell and gave it a feint ring.







The maid appeared a few moments later with a tray laid for tea. She put the tray down on the coffee table.

Mary could not help but notice what pretty lacy white panties, stocking tops and suspender the maid was showing as she leant forward to serve tea and home scones to the ladies.

Jose noticed Mary staring at the maid's frilly costume and lingerie. She would have words about it later.

“Mary, we were just talking about preparations for the homecoming of HMS Endeavour at the end of the month. Do you know about the dress regulations for the wives and partners of the senior officers? You now fall into that category.”

“Well, Mark said I should ask you about that, I think he was a bit embarrassed.”

“You are expected to wear the clothes fit to meet the Queen, as it is her ship you will going onboard. Perhaps ladies you could demonstrate?”

Anna stood up. She was wearing a yellow chiffon dress, perhaps a little formal for afternoon tea.

“Ladies are expected to wear a dress or a skirt.”

Anna slowly lifted the hem of her dress to show her lingerie.

“Underneath you are expected to wear a slip, full or half-slip, stockings and suspenders in accordance with Navy regulation 23.4.1. Thank you, Anna,” said Jose. Anna dropped the hem of her dress, her lacy slip and brown stocking tops disappeared from view.

“Women didn’t wear tights when this regulation came in in 1952, So it is still stockings and suspenders still today. And of course, a lady always wore a petticoat or slip in the 50’s under her dress.





Joan was next. She was wearing a blue skirt, a lacy blue blouse, and navy-blue stockings. There was a lacy blue slip peeping out from under the hem of the dress. Her blue bra showed through her lacy blouse. Joan stood up and lifted her skirt and then slowly lifted her lacy blue slip so that Mary could see her blue French knickers, stocking tops and suspenders.

“Traditionally the slip, the French knickers and stockings are blue, as you can see,” said Jose.

“I think my husband would love seeing that, Joan,” said Mary in wonder, “but isn’t up skirting illegal now?”

“Yes, taking upskirt photos without the knowledge or consent of a woman’s underwear is now illegal in the UK, but this is with permission and definitely with the knowledge of the woman. It is an expectation in the Commander’s inspection, and he is not allowed to take photos. Well, not supposed to take photos but I know some do.”







“The only problem is that I haven’t got a slip, let alone a blue one,” exclaimed Mary.

“Don’t worry dear,” said Jose, “I can lend you one, some wives now prefer white lingerie as it is hard to find a navy blue one slip. Stockings are black or navy-blue.”

“Now, do you know about the other aspect of the Commander’s inspection, Mary?”

“Do they call it firing the cannon or is it lowering the cannon?” asked Mary.

There were sniggers all round from the support group.

“Well yes they do, but you won’t find that in the regulations,” said Jose.

“What do you mean,” asked Mary in all innocence?

“It varies from Commander to Commander and on how many officers of that rank are on board. In a small ship like HMS Endeavour there is only one. They are in effective the deputy Captain. On a bigger ship, like HMS Elizabeth, there would be several Commanders and they would have a drinking competition to see who gets to inspect the wives. The Commander inspects you in the supply office on the dockside before you are allowed aboard. Some will ask you to pick up a pencil they have dropped on the floor. This is so they can see up your skirt to see if you are wearing your slip and stockings, some will just want you to lift your skirt to show your slip, like this, Kerry can you show what I mean?”

Kerry stood up and lifted her pink pleated slip to show a pale pink slip with lots of lace.

“Oh, I say, do we all have to do that,” asked Mary? The wives nodded.

“Wow, that slip looks so pretty, and I can see your stockings and suspenders through the slip. I love it, it looks so sexy,” gasped Mary.

“I thought that there might be a kit inspection today, so I came prepared,” said Kerry. “And my husband loves seeing me in a slip and stockings as well, Mary. I never wear tights when he comes home.”





Kerry sat back down.

“Sometimes just showing a peeping lacy slip or a lacy bra is enough for some Commanders. Like this.” A very lacy hem of Jose’s slip was peeping out from under her brown skirt.

“But what does “firing the cannon mean”,” asked Mary?

“A good question. Spouses have to line up outside the dockside office in order of seniority, except the spouse of the Commander goes last. As the Captain’s wife I go first. I get the honour of lowering the gangplank.”





As you can imagine the Commander is stiff as a board anticipating what is to cum. I have to unzip his trousers and pull out his stiff cock and either wank him off or suck him off as he looks up my skirt. I had one Commander who wanted to lie on the floor and for me to stand over him whilst he wanked.

“Did you make him cum,” asked Mary?



“Oh no, you only get two minutes and then the next wife has to be let in. The prize for the wives is to be the one who manages to get the Commander to “fire the cannon”, usually into the mouth of the third or fourth wife. This wife has to say, “Cannon fired, semen on board.” Do not swallow all the seamen as the other wives, waiting on the dockside, will want to inspect the evidence and agree who is the winner.”

“I had one Commander who pulled out too early and came all over my stockings,” chipped in Kerry. “He made a right mess.”

They all giggled at this idea that the Commander had splattered her nylons with his cum and she then had to go onboard with the cum stains showing on her stockings.

“So, who is Commander on HMS Endeavour,” asked Mary? “Is his wife not here?”

“It is Commander Johnson,” said Jose.

“Do you know anything about him?”

“She, not he, said a male voice from the doorway.



The wives turned round to look at the maid in her frilly maid's costume.

"My new maid for the day is Danielle. Do come in Danielle, welcome, we have never had a man in our spouses group before. Your wife must be the first female Commander in the Navy."

"Yes, she is. I am very proud of her. She told me about "Firing the Cannon". She said there are moves to abolish it so this might be the last time it happens."

"Now, I think we are done with the maid for now, there are some more suitable clothes for a navy wife on the chair by the door, you can get changed."

"Oh, thank you Maam. I will get changed in the kitchen."



“No need, Danielle, you can change here in front of the ladies,” said Jose.

“Oh yes, we are dying to see what pretty lingerie you are wearing,” said Joan,” just like we are.”

“Well, I, I suppose I could.”

“Come here and let me help you take off your maid’s dress,” said Jose.

Danielle walked forward and turned her back to Jose. Jose stood up and helped Danielle take off the black maid’s costume. It was quite tight. Danielle’s pretty white lingerie was revealed to the Navy wives.

“Here, Mary, you can borrow the dress next,” said Jose.

“Well, I.... err... I,” stammered Mary, she had gone red with embarrassment. Jose raised one eyebrow at her.





“I know you want to. I saw the way you were ogling the maid’s frilly panties and stocking tops when she was serving tea. You are imagining that your husband would rather enjoying seeing you wearing it, aren’t you? I think this dress should fit you, it is a size 16.”

Mary took a big sigh and recovered her composure, “Yes it should fit, I think he would love seeing me wearing the dress, thank you,” she said.



She would have to buy some new frilly nylon lingerie and stockings, just the maid was wearing. They looked so sexy. Mary took the black satin maid's dress from the maid and put it in her bag.





“Now Danielle, you can get dressed in the clothes by the door. Danielle walked back to the door to look for the clothes on the chair. There was a black skirt, a cream blouse and cream half-slip that matched her other lingerie.



“You are wearing some pretty lingerie and stockings,” said Kerry. “It looks gorgeous on you. Doesn’t it feel nice to wear?”

“Oh yes and I love wearing a slip.”

Danielle stepped into the cream slip and pulled it up over her stockings.



Then she donned the skirt and blouse. The slip was so silky and so pretty, she was getting very excited.





“Make sure the slip is not rucked up under your skirt,” said Jose.

Danielle lifted the skirt and pulled the lacy slip down; it had indeed got caught on her stockings when she put on the skirt.

“Bring the chair with you Danielle and sit next to me,” said Jose.



As Danielle walked back towards Jose, carrying the chair, she found it awkward.

Jose realised what was happening straight away.

“Oh dear, there seems to be a very un-lady like tent in your skirt Danielle. Leave the chair. This is a great opportunity to demonstrate to Mary what “Lowering the gangplank and firing the cannon,” actually means. No need to imagine, just watch.”



Jose squatted in front of Danielle. Danielle could see her beige panties and that Jose was also wearing stockings and suspenders not tights as Danielle had assumed.





Jose release the stiff protrusion in Danielle's knickers and took it in her mouth. Having "Lowered the gangpank" many times she was fairly sure that two minutes would be enough this time to make Danielle cum.

Danielle loved being sucked off. Jenna had anticipated this might happen and had given him permission to do so over the phone.



Jose's warm wet mouth felt wonderful as she sucked and licked Danielle's stiffie. About a minute or so she stopped, stood up and took off her blouse and skirt to reveal a very sexy full slip.



Jose picked up where she left off caressing Danielle's stiffie. She used her hands to hold the stiff cock in front of her.

"I am going to cum," said Danielle, "I am going to cum."





Jose stopped and stood up, she pulled the top of her brown slip down to expose her matching beige bra.

“Cum on my tits, Danielle, just like the old days when I was a Wren.”



Danielle obliged by spewing ropes of hot white cum all over Jose's breasts, bra and slip/

"Gangplank lowered and semen on board," said Jose

The other wives clapped.

"You definitely win the prize, Jose, wonderful," said Kerry. "I have never watched another wife do that. It was so sexy."



“I suppose that will be the end of lowering the gangplank.” said Jose. “Shame, I rather enjoyed making new Commanders cum over my tits. Will you be cumming, I mean attending the homecoming, Danielle?” Jose wiped the cum off her big tits.

Danielle had to take some breaths to recover. She pulled her knickers up and smoothed down her slip and skirt.





“Yes, I hope so,” said Daniel. “But I will have to wear a frock or dress as well, as per the current regulations. You know what the Navy is like. If I want to go, I have to comply with the dress code. Jenna told me that any changes to regulations have to be approved by several committees at the Admiralty and that will take at least a year. So, the current regulations apply for now, but this might be the last time for the Commander inspection as there are more women in senior roles, like Jenna.”

There were gasps around the room from the ladies.

“Do you need to borrow a slip or a dress as well, Danielle,” asked Jose?

“Well, a dress maybe, Jenna told me I am a size 18, she is 14. Underwear might be OK.”

“After we have finished, we can pop upstairs and I can find a dress or maybe a skirt. I am a size 18 so I should be able to find something for you.

Jenna had realised quickly how much Daniel enjoyed her silky lingerie and sheer stockings, right from the moment on their first date when she wrapped her nylon clad legs around his bare back. It was a test and he had passed.

With the prospect of the Commanders inspection still being in place at the end of her forthcoming tour to the Med she decided to push the boat out on spouses dress code. Although she did not have a dress that would fit Daniel, she thought he might fit her lingerie. Daniel had been really reluctant to try dressing up in her lingerie, but Jenna could be very persuasive. She told him he might even enjoy it.

When he wore her blue panties for the first time there was a definite stiff tent in the panties.

“Now tell me you don’t like wearing my lingerie, Dan,” she said as she massaged his stiff protrusion. He was like putty in her hands and soon flooded the nylon.

“I think I might change my mind about getting rid of firing the cannon if I have to inspect you in my panties, slip and stockings. I will speak to Captain Phillips and Mrs Phillips to see if we can come up with a way for you to practice before the big day and find the right dress.



It was Mrs Phillips that came up with the idea of Dan dressing as the maid and serving afternoon tea to the other wives and then to meet them as the spouse of the Commander. She had a good friend in Waterloooville who was Wardrobe Mistress of a large am-dram group. This produced a maids dress. Mrs Phillips delved into her own lingerie stock and the right size panties, bra and suspenders. The black stockings were new.

Mrs Phillips had spoken to Dan on the phone about becoming her maid for the day. He was a bit reluctant, but she wore him down, just like Jenna had when she first came up with idea. In the end he just went along with it. They discussed clothing sizes. He already knew his bra size. They agreed that he would arrive early to get ready.







Jesse Phillips had laid out the dress and lingerie on the bed in her spare room. She left him alone while she went to get dressed herself in matching brown lingerie, a brown skirt and pink blouse. She was not sure how this would turn out but decided to go with it.

Danielle did rather like being back in panties and nylon stockings again. It was a shame there was no silky slip, only a little net petticoat. She was becoming addicted to nylon slips. She squeezed into the maid's dress; it was a little tight. Josie had only been able to get a size 16 costume.

Josie came back to see how he was getting on. She fussed over his makeup and then added a wig.

"There, you make a wonderful maid. I will have to call you Danielle now, not Dan. You can come and help me make some scones, so you get some time to practice walking in heels."

Serving tea to the ladies had worked even better than Josie Phillips had hoped for. Lowering the gangplank and getting cum all over her tits was an added bonus. It took her back to her nursing days in the Royal Hospital Haslar in Gosport when she was a Wren. She sometimes gave relief to some of the naval officers. It was how she met her husband, Captain Phillips when he was recovering from an injured leg that kept him bed bound for a month.





After afternoon tea had finished most of the ladies had gone home. Josie took Mary and Danielle upstairs to find Mary a slip. She found two half-slips, a short white and a longer navy blue one. She offered them to Mary.

“Oh, I don’t know which to choose, they both look pretty,” said Mary, “I have never worn a slip before. My granny and my mum did.”

“Here, take both, no need to give them back, I have lots of slips. And do not forget to try on the maid’s costume, I am sure it will fit.”

“That is very kind, thank you Jose, and for inviting me today. It was lovely to meet you and the ladies again, and Danielle of course. I was convinced she was your maid. I would not have dreamt that she was the Commander’s husband.”

“You are welcome, we stick together, especially when our spouses are off on a long trip.”

Mary gave Jose a big hug and bid them farewell.

“Now Danielle, I need to find something for you to wear for the home coming.”





. “Now Danielle, take off your skirt and blouse.”

Danielle had loved wearing the silky blouse and satin black skirt, so it was with some reluctance she disrobed.

“You will need to remove your slip as well, I will find another one for you. I can see how much you like wearing nylon slips”?

“Oh, I do, Mrs Phillips. I am very grateful that you and Jenna sorted this out for me. I was a bit reluctant but I am hooked now.”

“Excellent, now where is that blue dress I was thinking of.”

**The End**

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