**The Naturist Naturalist – Penny**

by base

“Penny! Welcome back, girl! Looking good!”

Penny turned around still dripping wet from her shower, “Thanks Abby. Good to see you, too. How was your summer?”

Abby said, “Hey, come on down to my room. We’re having a sort of a reunion.”

Penny said, “Well, okay, sure. I’ll be down in when I have a chance.”

Abby grabbed Penny by the arm, “No way girl. You’re coming now. You have some explaining to do. Like where did you get that tan?”

Penny said, “Oh that? I spent the summer…”

Abby said, “Wait until everyone can hear it.”

Penny walked into Abby’s room, well sort of pushed into her room. A chorus rang out, “Penny!”

Penny said, “Hi, everyone.”

Abby said, “Penny was just about to tell me about her summer and how she got that incredible tan.”

A dark haired girl in the corner said, “Little Miss Penny wearing an all-over tan? I never would have believed unless I saw it with my own two eyes.”

Penny said, “Get used to it.” As she sat down on the pillows scattered on the floor with all the girls returning to the dorm from the previous year, Penny said, “Where to start?”

She thought a moment and said, “Well, as some of you knew, last semester ended with me trying to land a research job with Professor Atkins.” A few girls sighed. He is a good looking man, and last year when Penny wanted the job, it wasn’t just his looks, but his knowledge and his own grants that she found appealing. “But as you know, he picked some guy from a Chilean college to help him research over the summer. I was bummed, and figured I’d be serving burgers for tips again.”

The girls interrupted with their own horror stories of minimum wage jobs. Abby said, “Hush! I want to hear Penny’s story. Has to be more than that.”

Penny said, “There is! My mom decided to make some inquiries. I told her I wanted a job in my field – naturalism. She said, ‘Leave it to her.’ She is the queen of connections, and her fourth husband proves it. She found me a job out in Arizona as a naturalist for some camp. She was planning on spending the summer in Europe with Mr. Right #4.” Penny looked disgusted, “The guy is a creep. At the wedding, I swear he was hitting on me!”

Abby said, “Back the story. Arizona?”

“Oh, Arizona. So I drive my clunker out there, and it barely makes it. I had to pour water in the radiator every hour for last two hundred miles. I arrived at the camp. Get this. Sunny Ridge Naturist Resort and Campgrounds.”

Half the girls started laughing. The other half looked puzzled. Abby, puzzled, asked, “What’s so funny? You wanted a nature job right?”

Penny said, “You sound like my mother. I’m studying to be a naturalist – someone who studies plants and animals in the environment. A naturist is someone who prefers to be naked.”

Abby said, “Oh, like Lynn and Heather. I didn’t know they were taking biology classes with you.”

Penny laughed. “No, they are not. They spend most of their time naked, but they are not naturalists. They are naturists.” She waited to see if it registered. It didn’t.

“Sunny Ridge Naturist Resort and campgrounds is a nudist resort. And they enforce the rules strictly. Once I arrived, I realized the stupid mistake my mother made. I explained the situation to the resort owner, but she didn’t see a problem. She still needed someone to lead nature hikes and help document all the wildlife on the resort for advertisements. I didn’t want to spend my summer nude. I asked to stay the night, then I would leave. She welcomed me to stay, but insisted I follow the resort rules – ‘No clothing, no exceptions.’”

Abby said, “At least you had some training here for that.”

Penny said, “Exactly what I thought. I went ahead and stripped down for the night. Get some sleep and turn around and leave in the morning. The owner showed me to a tent I could use for the night. It was late, so I went to bed straight away. I also figured on waking early and leaving. But the next morning, I must have slept in a bit. I woke with lots of daylight, and plenty of people, naked people, milling about the grounds. I walked back the to the office where my car was parked, and thought I’d make a quick exit. No good.”

Abby said, “What happened?”

Penny said, “Pass me a bottle of water and I’ll tell you.” The water bottle was passed to her. She sipped it, and continued the story, “My car was dead. This naked guy came over and looked it over. He thought everything looked fine, until he looked under the engine. My engine block was cracked. All the oil drained from it. He told me, ‘No repair for it. You need a new engine, and from the looks of the rest of it, you probably should just get a new car.”

All I had was a hundred bucks and a gas credit card. No way could I afford to fix or buy another car. The resort owner sat down next to me on the office steps, ‘Job is still yours if you want it. I checked your references, and that Professor Atkins gave you a glowing recommendation.’

I looked at her, ‘You talked to Professor Atkins?’

She said, ‘Of course. I wanted someone qualified, and he said you were well qualified. Well, no, he said ‘uniquely qualified’ for this job.’

I might not have got the job working on his research team, but at least he made a good recommendation for me. I decided since he made the recommendation, I’d accept.”

Abby said, “Based on Atkins recommending you, you decide to spend your summer naked?”

Penny said, “Yeah, something like that.”

“Anyhow, I soon learned what I had to do. Sunrise hikes were a big thing at the resort. A group would hike in the pre-dawn to the top of the ridge to witness sunrise. It was a beautiful sight, and all summer, I enjoyed seeing it.

A few times during the week, I would take groups on nature hikes, and that worked well with my other job of documenting all the flora and fauna at the resort. On the inbetween days, I’d explore a new route and take notes of what I saw, giving me a chance to look up what I did not recognize, and then I could lead a group on the same path. I found many of the naturists were accomplished naturalists, too. Some were birders and could identify a bird just by a call or call back to them. Others seemed to be experts on desert flowers or cacti. Whatever it was, I was learning from them as well as from the fieldbooks.

Then it happened. I spotted a yellow throated marsh thrasher. Not a common bird at all. But when we saw it enter a barrel cactus hole, I was confused. They typically nest in trees. So, I made a point to visit it regular hoping to see its mate, or especially its fledglings.

Can you imagine my surprise to see a black banded sparrow leaving the same nest hole?”

Abby rolled her eyes, “No, I can’t imagine that at all!”

Penny said, “It is quite uncommon for two different mating pairs to share a nest. So I studied the nest for days. Soon I came to the conclusion, it was not two different mating pairs, but an inter-species mating of the thrasher and sparrow. WOW!”

Abby voiced in monotone, “Wow, indeed.”

Penny said, “Okay, not something you might find special, but I did. I had to document this, so I started spending all my free time at the nest. I had my camera pointing at the nest waiting for them to return to feed the young, but I always seemed to just miss the sparrow.

Then one day as I sat and waited, the sparrow landed on my camera! A pretty little song drew her mate out and sitting on my camera were the two birds singing. Oh! I wish I had a second camera. But I just sat there not wanting to frighten them off.

Every time I arranged a group to go, no birds. Solo, I had better luck, but if I ever reached for the camera, they flew off.

So, I convinced this one guy to come with me to the nest in the early hours and skip the sunrise on the ridge. He sort of hid as we waited for the birds to come out. They did come too, and to my surprise, the sparrow landed on my forearm. I froze. I heard the camera snapping pictures. When the thrasher joined his mate on me, I was excited. The photographer kept snapping, and inching closer, but he scared them off. I was thrilled! Okay, I still needed the photos of both birds using the same nest, but WOW!

I didn’t have a computer, but the photographer downloaded the images onto the resort owner’s computer, and I managed to find a couple of photos I could email to Professor Atkins – tightly cropped to keep my naked body out of the photo. I typed up the story and all my notes. I was so excited. I told the owner, ‘I’ve just drafted the email. I need to get one more photo before sending it.’

She misunderstood me. She sent the email with one more photo… Me sitting naked with two birds on my arm. I managed the next day to get each bird sitting in the same hole. I ran back to the office and showed the owner. I wanted to download and send the photos right away.

The owner said, ‘Why? He already replied saying he was coming out to see for himself.’ She looked so happy. ‘Imagine if we get some big naturalist paper written on our resort. We’ll be the envy of the naturist community. We’ll be booked every nesting season!’

I said, “Whoa! Back up! Professor Atkins is coming here? When? How did he know?”

She said, ‘Should be here tomorrow. He called after I invited him. Pleasant man. So smart, too. Dear, he knew when I sent your email out like you asked.’

“No! I wanted to wait until I had these images to send.”

She said, “Oh, dear. But he is coming anyhow.”

I pointed to her sign, “No clothing, no exceptions.”

She said, “Oh, I’ll make an exception for the professor.”

I said, “What about me when he comes?”

She asked, “What about you?”

I asked, “Can I wear my clothes when he is here?”

She laughed as if it was the funniest thing she heard. “Oh no, dear, in fact, when we spoke, he asked that very same question.”

I was shocked, “What?”

She said, “I think he took a fancy to the other photo I sent.”

I steeled myself, “What other photo did you send?”

She said, “Well, you picked out a couple of nice photos of the little birds, so I picked out a nice one of you.”

“You sent my professor a photo of me naked?”

She said, “Well, that’s what I thought you asked me to do. Anyhow, he is coming.”

And he did come. When I saw the rental car in front of the office, I knew he arrived. There was no slow way of doing this. I walked into the office and said, “Good morning Professor Atkins.”

The professor said, “It’s a wonderful morning, Penny. And it is quite a pleasure to see you.” He couldn’t resist saying it, “All of you.”

I explained the situation at the nest. We lugged his expensive video gear down there and waited. I explained it might be better if he hid back, as the birds seemed to know me. He laughed, but did retreat. I could hear his camera zooming in and out when the sparrow made her appearance. She was all over the place before resting on my arm. Soon enough the thrasher joined her. I sat motionless listening to their song. Then the female flew to the nest, and the thrasher followed her. To my amazement, a fledgling poked his head out of the hole. But retreated. All day, the babies poked out but none crossed through the opening.

I noticed the sun going down and realized we spent the entire day at the nest, and all we had was water. I suggested since we were losing light, and it was backlighting the nest, we might as well call it a day and get something to eat at camp.

Of course, the one person still dressed made for lots of questions, but once everyone learned of an important discovery of inter-species mating, they were thrilled. In fact, once it got dark, many stayed to preview the footage he took throughout the day.

The first twenty minutes or so was my naked body being recorded. Professor Atkins used that time to explain the events we’d be seeing. I stared at how much the camera was seeing of me, and to think the professor was the one zooming in on my private parts waiting for the birds to arrive.

When the sparrow landed on my arm, a cheer went up. I couldn’t focus on the birds. There was my smiling face and naked breasts on the screen. The thrasher’s arrival brought more cheers, and I could not believe it as he zoomed out. Now, my pussy could be seen. Of course, I was motionless, and that meant my pussy was visible the entire song.

The only footage not showing me naked was on the nest itself. But the professor was pleased, and since he had to return to his other research, he left me the expensive equipment promising to return as soon as he could. While I did manage to capture some great footage, there was no way to transmit it to him over the lousy internet connect we had in the desert. He eventually returned driving back with more gear.

He spent a week in camp, and well, shared my tent. At first it seemed like it would would awkward, but he made no big deal of the fact I was naked and he seldom was. When it was time to shower, he would strip down and walk to the showers with just his towel wrapped around himself. Of course, since I was showering too, I got to see him naked, and he made no attempt to cover himself. I guess either the nudist camp lifestyle or the camping itself made him more relaxed about his own nudity.

One evening I returned to the tent to find him reviewing the day’s video, and on the screen wasn’t any bird, but just me applying sun screen to my naked tanned body. He zoomed in to record I didn’t miss any spots. He was more embarrassed than I was when he realized I saw him watching me.

His week ended with my summer ending. I had a tearful goodbye with the resort owners and some residents I grew to knew over the past several weeks. The professor had packed my luggage and stuff from my wreck into his car. I think he purposely packed my stuff first so it would be a major hassle to dig it out. I laughed when he suggested I just ride home naked.

Abby said, “You spent a week naked with your professor and now spent the drive home nude, too?”

Penny said, “And the professor took the long route home. We stopped at several of his naturalist friends homes along the way. Of course, showing up naked in their driveways meant explaining the naturalist and naturist thing. They all thought it was funny, but each seemed to readily accept my nudity once we showed them the video of the birds.

I spent all summer naked at the camp, but somehow I felt more naked on the drive home.”

Abby said, “I bet you did. I’d be totally freaking out having to be the only one nude.”

Penny said, “That’s just it. I wasn’t freaking out. I was enjoying it! Going from their look of shock to acceptance was a thrill. What I loved even more was when a couple of his friends assumed we were sleeping together and prepared a single bed in their guest for the both of us. He was going to sleep on the couch, but I told him, ‘You’ll have a long drive in the morning, and we are both adults. No big deal.’ Well, it was a big deal when he stripped down to slide under the covers. I don’t think he thought about it. At camp he was sleeping in his underwear, but on the road home, naked as me.

So we finally arrived on campus yesterday.”

Abby interrupted, “Yesterday? Why is this the first I’ve seen you?”

Penny said, “Because, yesterday, we unpacked all the equipment, and by the time we finished, it was late. So I slept at the professor’s house.”

Abby sat up, “With the professor?”

Penny said, “No, he had guest room for me. But we had left all my things in his car, so I was naked the entire time I was in his house. The next morning, I woke to birds singing in his garden, and joined him outside for coffee. He then took me on a stroll through the woods to observe the local birds. His place is connected to the nature preserve, and well, we spent several hours hiking. It was amazing, as several little birds came to rest on my hands and shoulders when we would stop to observe them. When we returned, we showered, and he drove me over here.”

Penny said, “I had to laugh as he tossed my luggage on my bed. Neither suit case had been opened for three months! When I mentioned that to him, he said, ‘Maybe I should just take them back to the car.’”

Abby said, “Tell me you didn’t agree.”

Penny laughed, “No, it was a joke. But he did suggest on our next nature hike I had a way with the birds when nude. He wants me to come along on his camping weekend trips with his research assistants. I explained I didn’t have camping gear, and he told me I didn’t need any. I’d be sharing his tent and sleeping bag, and besides, a naked camper does not need to bring very much else along.”

Abby asked, “You are going to go on naked camping trips?”

Penny sighed, “Each weekend. And the professor wants me to help present the research on the inter-mating birds to the conference this fall. All of his friends are expecting me to attend naked, too. I’m already being referred to as the naturist naturalist.”

Abby laughed, “Well, little Miss Nudie might as well stay naked. You sure do look good without clothes. so when are we going to see these videos?”

Penny said, “Once we edit them, we’ll present them. And before you ask, the professor already told me to get used to the idea of presenting naked.”