

## THE BIRDERS (PART II)

*Reynald Altéma, MD.*

(The first part was published in the previous edition. For the full story together, click [The birders](#)).

Cholo would pique anyone's curiosity for sure. He comes across as well-informed and has an aura that exudes positive vibes. How that came about is a story in of itself, for it could have easily gone awry. Raised by his grandmother since his mom passed away during labor when he was two, he lost his father when he was twelve. Growing up in an environment with few amenities, he had to be creative and learn to use all his senses, especially his common sense, to survive and thrive. He had to learn to be in tune with his environment and carry on the traditions of his forebears. By necessity, he became handy and could fix stuff. A keen observer, he learned from others and or self-taught. He was a quick study in school and would play the wunderkind role in another environment.

He learned how to whistle at an early age and noticed that he could flawlessly imitate the birds' callings, and he so indulged and became a bird lover. He excelled at playing the drum, the *tambor alegre*, and the *marimbula*, similar to our *marimba* of yesteryear. He learned to dance the local genre, *champeta* (a cross of Reggaeton and modern African beat), and then the national sensation, *cumbia*. His real name is Charles Cassia. As is common in Latin American slang, a suave fellow can be called a *chulo*. This moniker comes in various flavors, but all have the underlying connotation of a debonair fellow who knows his way with the opposite sex. We have an equivalent expression, *tchoul*, with two meanings: *chulo* and underling.

His lady friends have coined the term *Cholo* to glorify his superlative talent as an accomplished *chulo*. It meant he had the gift of the gab, a smoocher par excellence, like a great kisser capable of stimulating carnal sinning. One of his friends described his talents likewise, "he evokes and invokes the senses to provoke erotic cascades in the vertical as well as the horizontal positions." Yet he had to face the brutal reality of life. With his grandmother's health failing, he had to step up and provide financial help once he finished high school. He migrated to Cartagena to find steady employment and was lucky to land this gig with a travel agency to serve as a guide for tourists. He listened to hours of audiotapes of English conversations to become fluent. He also learned about others' cultures. He made it his business to read about world events and trends as much as possible. He noticed that the more he impressed the tourists, the more generous they tended to be, which suited him fine.

He had to sign a covenant not to fraternize with the tourists to avoid any legal mishap, especially with *Norteamericanos*, notorious for lawsuits. Enforcement of the rule was on the loose side. "Just avoid us any trouble," was the running order. That left him with some latitude, but his job was always on the line in case of an infraction. He aimed to please the tourists to get nice tips and wanted to keep his job and not jeopardize it. Now and then, some young filly comes along and buffets the natural order. Somehow, he had a gut feeling that this young Emma was beginning to develop some ideas while looking at him. He would pretend not to see or hear anything and be a good professional. He needed to emphasize this word more, he decided. In the meantime, he would continue to stay in shape by lifting weights, running to stay trimmed and fit. A balm that threatened to become a bane with Emma unless handled deftly.

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Emma's world has included many academic swaths but has remained threadbare in social scores. The intrigue about Cholo was multi-dimensional. Without a doubt, he was a whiz, a plus on her radar, and very resourceful at that; no better combination to be found. This was the

prominent part. His élan with women and his way of coaxing them, just like the birds, akin to a magnet, made her wonder. She had not come across a fella like this before. So far, as a guide, he was the ideal and would suit her itinerary fine. The next and grand place to visit was the *Aviario Nacional* the following day. The same scenario occurred; Cholo came well ahead of time with the same bubbling self. The ride of 51 km was another discovery into a well-maintained tropical gem on a peninsula, Barú, surrounded by pristine beaches. A nearby island of the same name holds the reputation of the jewel resort, yet a best-kept secret. The *Aviario* was as close to an enclosed bird paradise as one can imagine, with a mix of open-air and netted habitats.

Cholo and Emma found themselves in their entire comfort zone. They complemented each other. She had scientific training and could classify the birds by genus. He had the practical forte to seek and engage them in playful interchanges. A video of their interactions would amount to a collage of canvasses, one as poignant as the other. For example, a picture she captured of a Cholo dappled by the shade of the canopy serenading a scarlet ibis was worth the cover of a National Geographic or a poster she would cherish like a talisman.

Emma's task of capturing the birds as digital images benefited from Cholo's whistling, hissing, or any impromptu calling to achieve warbling. She could eternalize his court holding with the birds with effortless acumen and endearing exuberance. Bird watching in Cholo's presence had the accretion of augmented reality, the type of interactive activity she could only dream of. From a scientific viewpoint, she could write a paper about attracting birds by imitating their calls and using him as ironclad proof. His performance, however, went beyond just the mechanics of vocal cords virtuosity. He immersed himself in birdspeak, and bird bonding, with a level of emotions transcending species. That was art and not science. Passion and not duty. Reckless abandon and not just dispassionate investigation. And that was contagious.

Neither became tired of this activity. Cholo's gig entailed self-gratification disguised as work. He was receiving money for doing something he enjoyed spending hours at. The avian milieu spread a catnip that he followed; the glee that permeated him also oozed out of his pores. Issuing a fiat, such natural attraction doesn't establish, nor can a lariat catch it, bottle it and mix it into a brew to serve and get it going. Emma and Cholo were wallowing in a surfeit of winsome sap that kept begetting enchantment. The kind that keeps on giving and is not associated with any hangover.

Now and then, this type of sap would come from the observation of an elaborate mating ritual. Cholo pointed out the famed mating dance of the [manakin](#) in different [flavors](#). Seen but not commented on and looked at with subliminal eyes—ultimately, a contagious disposition but not acknowledged spontaneously. The silence during such scenes was duplicitous; most likely, each one was wondering what the other was thinking.

The sap would hit a bump on Emma's road when some young female admirer would approach Cholo and engage him in small talk about his wondrous whistling. A gentle "Help me to get this view" would sway the intruder away from this montage. The sap would come to a screeching halt if such a young interloper would share a phone number with Cholo. Emma was jealous of a paid service at first and slowly as a witness of someone engaging in an unbidden and unwelcome proxy gesture. The sap flow would resume with Cholo pointing to an excellent specimen, like a [yellow-backed oriole](#), known for its impressive vocal register, or motioning to her to come for a worthwhile picture. The pure sound of his whistling that has fascinated birds has also slowly begun to beguile her as a captive and captivated audience of one. How she wished she could whistle as well as he did!

Besides the aural pleasure, he consistently demonstrated good taste in choices, whether for food to eat, pose for shooting a picture, etc. She even began relying on his suggestions and started enjoying it. “You should make a day trip to this beautiful beach,” he suggested to her. Although she was not exactly fond of such activity due to swimmer’s itch on and off, wearing a bathing suit with Cholo’s eyes cast upon them seemed like a good offer. It occurred to her that he kept a professional distance per the rules. Persnickety rules that get in the way of spontaneous fellowship at least and a downer against flirting.

She cashed in on the offer to go to the beach. She leaned on him to find a place to buy and pick a swimsuit model. She picked one that exposed plenty of skin. He kept a poker face and avoided making any comment about the choice. The following day, they did go to the beach. She could swim but didn’t care much for it. She was clad in a skimpy cover with the essence of her breasts showing and her buttocks puckering out, barely layered by a *filo dental*, a popular style. Cholo, on the other hand, had shorts, and his bare torso revealed well-defined muscles of the abdomen, thighs, and arms. He was not a good swimmer and had a fear of water. By necessity, they sat by the sea and conversed. Her physical appearance in this very sexy outfit made him get a quick and persistent erection, and he avoided looking at her in an attempt to control himself.

How he hated being in such a situation of torturing himself. However, duty came before pleasure; it was better to avoid mixing business with pleasure. He elaborated on his passion for birds and his old wish to work at an aviary. He avoided revealing much about his personal life other than to say he enjoyed working and was hellbent on helping his family. One would never guess his social success with the opposite sex. He refrained from asking questions about Emma’s social status.

Nonetheless, she volunteered tidbits about her educational background, her desire to publish scientific papers about birds’ behavior, shoot as many pictures as possible, and immerse herself in the local culture. Cholo ventured that he played the *tambor alegre* and usually participated in a music festival that featured regional instruments. “Oh my, I would love to see you play!” she blurted out. Emma’s curiosity about Cholo was growing by the day. She definitely wanted to get closer to him and take matters into her hands. They returned to the aviary the following day, and more of the same from the previous time occurred.

She wanted to thaw the ice, and at the end of a very productive day, when she binged on all aspects of birding, she tried to relax and be part of the human social scene. She experienced the influence that watching mating rituals can have on our hormones. Instead of sitting in the rear of the car, she nonchalantly chose to use the front seat. “Would you be available to take me to a restaurant where locals eat and enjoy themselves this evening?” She asked him with a smile. Cholo hesitated for a minute and said, “I have to check with my boss and see if it’s ok.” He knew the answer would be yes, but he wanted to emphasize the correct etiquette.

He called someone on the phone and obtained the green light. “Why are you so formal? I am not going to bite you.” She laughed as she said it. Again, he acted differently because he usually talked about everything and was effusive. He was now measured. A bit confused, she said, “Qué tal? Why are you so quiet?” Cholo took the time to explain that he must follow the rules because once in the past, a guide became friendly with a customer, and things went sour; the customer blamed the agency. “I want to hold on to my job.” He said it in a matter-of-fact tone to emphasize that he meant business.

An awkward silence followed for a few minutes. It lasted long enough, and then he burst into laughter. “No, I know you won’t bite me. I must be careful.” Without missing a beat, the old Cholo singing along, and whistling came back to the fore. They then talked about the nightlife, the

good places to eat, and to go to party. He made sure he only answered questions asked and didn't venture to make any spontaneous suggestions. He was hedging his bet, not wanting to be accused later of "being fresh." In a role reversal, Emma kept wishing he wouldn't be so politically correct and be more adventurous. She could tell that he knew his way with women, but he was reticent to a fault.

Emma surprised herself by being the aggressive party. She couldn't help it. The chemistry between the two of them just worked. She was beginning to nurse the opinion that "what happened in Colombia stays in Colombia." She decided she would freshen up, and then one hour later, he could pick her up to show her around so she could sample the nightlife. When he came back to pick her up, she was wearing a dress with generous cleavage on the chest. He was wearing his customary jeans and tight-fitting polo shirt. The first stop was at an outdoor restaurant on a cobbled street. He motioned to her to go and would stay behind and fetch himself something to eat. "No, buster. You are my guest. It's on the house. Come and help me choose some of the good dishes."

Well, one thing led to another. After dinner, it was to a nightclub. Emma could have been a better dancer; initially, she struggled with the rhythm. Cholo became an on-the-spot dance instructor. She could passably tag along after a while in a combination of a good instructor and a good student, and she kept improving. She wanted to experience leisurely activities that have been off-limits by choice or happenstance. In her neighborhood, while growing up, the idea of a party was mingling over wine and cheese and talking. Dancing was never part of her culture. Now that she had tasted it, she liked the pulse it generated. Cholo was having a ball and dancing to all the upbeat tunes. When a slow one started, he began heading to the table. Emma gently pulled him back and thrust herself against him, leaving very little distance because she had seen how people performed the slow ones. Cholo was hesitant because he knew what could happen; he didn't readily want to go down that road, but the *chulo* part of him usually takes over in a tug-and-pull game, and this was no exception.

Cholo introduced Emma to the "grind." In this style of dancing, the two pubic bones come in close contact, the man's phallus becomes erected, and the excitation begins its crest. Some claim there is no better way to start an intro into tantra on the way to the steamy satisfaction of Nirvana. Emma had an uninterrupted beat of her clit, and it felt wet and hot. She had a strange sensation in her throat, her nipples felt erect, and a slight drip of sweat was flowing from her nape. In the meantime, a steady heave in rapid succession from the chest gave her a flutter sensation, like an accordion. The chest then devolved into a pit of burning charcoal fueling a locomotive avid of this energy, a true propulsive machine. The heat from the chest dissipated to the quivering lips, searching for gratification, and it spread to the skin, causing goosebumps. The friction of his penis against her clit was unbearably thrilling, and she maintained her body flush against his, ever so tighter. She ensconced her head against his neck, and her nares caught the whiff of his cologne, a subtle lime-based aroma. She was close enough to sense the orchestra's rhythm rehearsing in his chest at an accelerated pace as she came closer. Her receptive mood was in crescendo mode. She managed to efface any remaining space between the bodies. She was letting Cholo know in no uncertain way that she was aroused and enjoying it.

Cholo, for his part, was somewhat surprised about Emma's ease with the grind. He had noticed at first glance her revealing chest when he had picked her up and had an immediate hard-on that he had difficulty concealing. For the better part of the evening, the professional Cholo was reining in the real Cholo, sinner, carefree, true *chulo*. He knew the former was no match for the latter, but he had to try it and give himself cover, just in case. He could always claim that she voluntarily came on to him and that he was not the aggressor. But now that he was in the middle

of a developing steamy scene, there would be no turning back. His hard-on was too stiff and needed relief. He slightly lowered his head enough to feel her breath and the lavender-laden fruity smell of her pores. His lips lightly touched her forehead, and he noticed the ripple that splayed through her body. She turned her head slightly upward, and her burning lips that had been in limbo saw daylight, and she entered the most pleasant alleyway that led to a smoocher. Emma discovered that Cholo's control of the muscles that make up the oral cavity was exceptional. She already knew about his vocal cords as she witnessed them in action several times. His lips were unique and could move back and forth between silky moderato to spicy allegro in caressing hers. His tongue moved by ebb and flow, alternating suck and release with a steady and subtle vibrato that resonated from the tits to the rosebud. This heat-generated and heat-producing exchange signaled the prelude to absolute carnal pleasure. Emma had never met a kisser like Cholo before.

They danced three slow tunes, and then she whispered to his ear, "Please take me to my room." Obliging he led her to the car. During the short trip to her hotel, he held the steering wheel with his left hand while the right one brushed her inner thighs lightly. His nimble fingers deftly and slowly reached her rosebud in a circular motion that sped up as the gyrations of her pelvis increased. She has a hypersensitive clit and can, under the right circumstance, have many orgasms in series. So far, she was experiencing her second one. The one on the dance floor made her knees buckle, and that's the time she asked him to take her home. She was in for a hot night, which has not happened in recent memory.

A horny Emma met her match in Cholo, now in full blossom and without restraint. She stepped into his territory, and now he was going to have fun. Cholo took his time to have Emma reach climax several times in a row by manual stimulation of the nub of the clit followed by a session of alternating sucking and fingering. He was working the nipples, clit, and vagina in a perfect storm for maximum, multipolar excitation while she was grunting, hissing, whimpering, screaming, body heaving, cursing, and begging for his penetration. When it took place, it was in the doggie position, with a condom on, with one finger gently rubbing a nipple and another massaging the clit. The rapid thrust sent her into a mind-blowing climactic region she had never reached. The size of his joystick and his ability to easily maneuver it to touch all the sensitive spots of the body of the clit contouring the vagina gave her paroxysmal pleasure. He also had the endurance of a dog, adding bliss to blessing. Having climaxed too many times to count, Emma asked Cholo to relax on his back while performing her version of oral excitation. As a quick study, she mimicked his assertive movement of lips and tongue on his cock, bulging like a cannon. She experienced firsthand why "young women tended to flock to Cholo."