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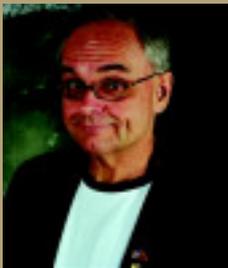
I read her Part I and Part II of our Love Story over vodka and cranberry late at night in the hotel restaurant, for although we live and love by red wine, tonight she was in the mood for berries and fire water.

I read every word to her with the passion she knows to be ours and timing as though it was now that had inspired me to poetically recall our recent times together. It carried her to the places where we met and made love and shared Bordeaux, California, Australia, Chile, South Africa and more.

# Red As Our Love

## A Chinese Love Story Continues ( Part III )

As I read the words to her, every one touching her lips before being heard, I was also there in those same places with her: I could see it in the depth of her stare, our hearts now, once again, One. The table that separated us in the restaurant no longer had any meaning: We left our bodies and joined hands from beginning to end. It pleased her and I was very happy she felt I had captured, with just the right words, the joy we had together experienced.



Fred Tibitts Jr. is a global wine consultant based in New York. He assists some of the top hotel and restaurant chains in the U.S. and Asia Pacific developing their wine by the glass programs, leading educational trips to wine producing countries and hosting VIP industry dinners at New York and across Asia.

For I had painted my precious Chinese Mona Lisa in every detail with pen poetic, just as Michelangelo had brought her to life with his gifted brush. When we are together there is only One. The red wine softly lifts us to a gentler, kinder place with rose gardens, gardenias and lilacs as far as the eye can see beneath a silky sky of crimson, mere and incense.

Velvet and serene our red wine as I gaze upon the perfect seam of red elixir as it sits in her wine glass and she upon

mine: For it is the perfect drink of lovers before, during and after passion's passion unfolds like the perfect unfurling of a red rose when you gift your beloved petal by petal and wish upon a star as each wing is detached and presented as though a treasure without equal in the universe.

An average red wine is more water than grape solids, so the sensation on your palate is wet, encompassing, and somewhat satisfying, yet clearly not as satisfying as you have known. It will do if economy is necessary or

better wine is not possible for whatever reason. It is as though she is standing in front of you, begging you to please her, yet as in a dream, you are helpless to move toward her. You are but feet from her; you can smell her

perfume from the lavender of her silken, very long, black hair to the ecstasy of the perspiration across the perfection that are her breasts to the tips of her pedicure. You continue to struggle in disbelief: For it cannot be; you are so close, yet still not touching, not together.

And though the wine is red, not nearly as red as the rose; it fills the glass all the same, but does little to nurture your most intimate desires like its cousins of bonafide pedigree that envelop the senses and propel your emotions headlong against the shore as the tide that is Mother Moon's constant reminder that She is always with you if you believe. Believe in the eternal beauty of loving for the beauty of loving.

For, indeed, that is truly the art of loving. Loving for the sake of loving and nothing more, because it is real, and you have no choice when reunited with the beloved but to celebrate your creation and continued existence for ever more. And when at last coupled with the beloved, the meaning of life is as clear as the clear light that shines the way across the steps of Heaven's staircase as you ascend it as One into the firey release we know as Orgasm. But the gods know it is but a brief glimpse of eternity: An infinitesimal hint of what is to come. Of what is to come.

Live from China, I am Red Fred. Red as the love that is the love of my life.

*To be continued*