Romantic Dinner
(German original translated by ChatGPT)

The key turned in the lock, the door opened, and they entered the hallway. "That was a very lovely evening," she said to him. She was slightly tipsy from the last glass of champagne... or maybe the last three. Her cheeks were flushed, both from the alcohol and embarrassment. She could never have dreamed of having a date with a man like him. "It really was." He, slender, handsome, and well-built, was wearing a casual linen suit. He helped her with her coat. She wore a green evening gown and subtle, tasteful makeup. Her blonde hair cascaded in waves down her back and rested on her ample curves. She was a beautiful but extremely overweight young woman. It hadn't been easy for her to squeeze into such a tight dress and present her voluminous body to the public. But his presence had ignited an unprecedented sense of confidence in her, and so she had gathered the courage to dress up, her now 550 pounds dressed to impress, and they had spent a wonderful evening together.

The restaurant was upscale but not too pretentious. The food served there was of excellent quality but came in quite generous portions. This suited her well as she could eat to her heart's content without feeling like a glutton. She always felt embarrassed about satisfying her appetite in public. In this case, however, they both left the restaurant satisfied. He was the perfect gentleman. He held both wings of the entrance door for her, insisted on a bench when making the reservation to accommodate her broad behind, complimented her appearance, and even persuaded her to order dessert, even though she had sworn not to just end up devouring half of his portion.

And now she stood there, in his apartment. It had been their third date, and it was clear that she would be going to his place today. She was so excited. Although she had no reason to be. He had made it more than clear that he liked her not in spite of her immense weight but precisely because of it. So she could slowly shed her shame and get used to the idea that this amazing man found her desirable with all her excess flab.

He approached her, took her broad waist in both hands, and pulled her close. They kissed. It was wonderful. When they separated, they looked deep into each other's eyes. He took her hand and led her through one of the doors, presumably to the bedroom.

As she entered the still dimly lit room, an unpleasant smell hit her nose. The light came on, and she couldn't believe her eyes. In front of her, on a double bed, sat or lay the fattest woman she had ever seen in her life. The woman was completely naked, a massive belly extended between rolls of fat-covered legs, reaching down to swollen feet and hanging on both sides of the bed. Huge breasts lay like two sacks beside her, segmented arms lay on massive rolls of fat. Her face resembled pudding with a double chin that rested heavily on the chest. The enormous body was covered in blood and chunks of flesh, with bones scattered around the bed. A bloodied mouth grinned from ear to ear, revealing needle-sharp teeth. "It's about time, baby!" "I'm sorry, honey, but I got you an extra fat one. She should last a while!" Horrified, she turned to him, but only saw him swinging the blow.

Then, only darkness.