

Encounter of the 3rd Nipple Kind

As always this story is intended for readers over the age of 18. I do not support or promote anything illegal. Please enjoy my story below.

It was already a hot summer and the carnival had just arrived in town a few days ago. They came every year about this time to setup their amusements and make a few bucks off of the visitors to this vacation retreat. My name is Rob and I've lived here all 18 years of my life. My town is small but gets busy every summer because of the lake and the great fishing. I look forward to this season as it usually brings in new visitors. I have quite a few friends I've made over the years that I keep in touch with on Facebook. As always the seasons come and go. Everything gets quiet in the fall and then we have a small winter festival. The in-between seasons are always boring. Hopefully this year will be different.

I woke up and looked outside at the orange sun. The sun was just rising above the distant mountains and you could tell it was going to be a hot one. I went through my morning routine and got ready to take a bike ride down to the trail around the lake. The trail was perfect for checking out the local action. It passed by the carnival, the town pool, and the lake's beach area. I loved checking out all the girls in their tight summer outfits. If anything, I loved the beach scene the best. All the girls would be sporting their bikinis and tanning up in the sun. I would always imagine the girls with small boobs to grow bigger. The bikini tops ready to burst from the huge melons. If this was one power I could have it would be awesome! I'd like to think I would be performing community service in this way. Besides, you can tell all the girls are in competition with each other. The big tit girls always flaunt their assets and the small boob girls always lay on their stomachs.

On the way back from my ride I stopped by the carnival for some food. Nothing beats a good burger and fries after a long ride. I got my food and sat down under common tent. The tent was mainly empty except for a few families with small children on the other side. A few tables down from me was a girl who had her back to me but I guessed about my age. She had long brown hair that had a few braids mixed in. She was wearing a dark purple sundress which revealed her nicely tanned shoulders. I ate my burger as I watched her writing in a book. After a few minutes she finally got up and started walking past me. She was beautiful, her face was something out of a hometown hotties contest. She had bright green eyes, a cute nose, and a great smile. Her 5'5" height was a great match for her body. She wasn't skinny but more built with a great ass and a pair of probably C Cups to match.

As she passed I smiled and she smiled back. A pen that she was carrying seemed work its way loose and land on the ground next to me. I called out, "excuse me beautiful, you dropped this." She turned around, blushed, and said a quick thank you as she took the pen back. I asked if she was from around here and she said she's with the carnival. She seemed very shy but really cute. I definitely wanted to talk to her more. She works here at the carnival and if I wanted to see her she said to come to the fortune teller's tent. I finished my food and went to go look for that girl.

I don't know what's with the whole fortune teller thing. I guess I never understood or maybe believed it. I did always think there was some kind of magic or mystery to it. I entered the tent and I saw her sitting behind a small table. She looked up and said I was expecting you. I said "wow, you can see the future." Then she said that will be five bucks as she laughed. We talked for a bit as no one else was there. Her name is Christina and she works with her mom. Christina works as the cashier and is in training to be a fortune teller herself. She said her mom is the fortune teller and is at lunch now. I kept thinking to myself how pretty Christina was and how it would be great to go out with her. Christina offered me a free palm reading and said it was something she was rather good at. She took my hand into her soft fingers and started tracing the lines in my palm. "You have a strong life line, your health looks good, and your heart is great", she said with a smile. Then she paused for a minute and the smile disappeared. She seemed to concentrate on a small line that I never noticed. As she traced it I felt a little tingle in my hand. I didn't say anything because she seemed so focused. She looked at me and asked if I ever heard of a destiny line before. I never had a palm reading before so I had no idea. She grabbed my arm and pulled me closer. "Look at my hand," she said. It had the same destiny line as me and in the same place. She said this was extremely rare for two people to even have the mark, especially in the same place. I told her it's not rare if it's destiny. Her smile returned and she said, "we'll see, I don't see that future yet." I told her I was making a prediction that she'll go out with me to bike ride tomorrow at 10. We made plans for the morning and would meet up by the lake trail.

That night my I couldn't stop thinking about Christina. She seemed even more beautiful in my memory. I quickly fell asleep thinking about her. I awoke to my hand tingling again. Things were kind of fuzzy but I could hear Christina's voice in the distance. I started walking towards her voice and I could see I was by the lake beach. There were all these girls there but they were all flat chested. I looked at one blonde in particular and thought to myself she would be so much hotter with a nice pair of D cups. Then instantly the blonde screamed out, I stopped and watched her. What started out as nonexistent boobs quickly started growing. Her tight bikini top now had hard nipples poking through the size of quarters. Then she started rubbing her boobs and she said they were getting hot. As she rubbed them you could see her hands were being pushed away. The growth was slow and steady. Tit flesh was pouring out of her skimpy bikini. She let out a moan that only brought me to a full boner. As she turned to face me her top gave out and snapped. It flew 5 feet and landed on my head. She walked over to me and I could only see the most perfect tits I'd ever seen. She said she wanted to thank me and pulled my hands to her tits. Just as I was about to feel them I heard Christina's voice.

I woke up not sure what just happened, but my mom was next to me with the phone. It must have been a dream and of course my mom had to walk in. "A Christina is on the phone", my mother said. I looked at the clock and it said 10:30! Crap! That must have been some dream! Christina said she would wait around for a few more minutes but had to be at work by 12. I told her I would be right there as I grabbed my stuff and ran for my bike.

The ride to the trail seemed to take forever. I couldn't shake the thought of the dream I had and what Christina had to do with it. A few minutes later I saw Christina next to her bike not looking too happy. She was wearing a pair of form fitting shorts and a pink shirt that showed no cleavage. Bummer. I apologized for being late and we got on our way. The ride turned out really well and it seems Christina and I had much in common. We talked about everything and when we got back to the lake beach we stopped for a while and just people watched. I told her about my observations on how all the girls seem to compete

with each other. She said it sucks for those girls not to have any boobs as she stuck out her chest and said "C's are my babies." She was proud and I could see why as I had to adjust my shorts. Then she said something that was a little strange. "The girls would be happier if they just had some sort of boobs." I chuckled and said that's every guys dream. We laughed and she leaned over and gave me a kiss.

The next few weeks were amazing as Christina and I hung out. She had her mornings off and one night a week to go out. Christina even got me a job at the carnival taking tickets as the business picked up. It was an easy job and the ticket booth was only a few feet away from the fortune teller's tent. Christina would visit me often and would sometimes get yelled at by her mom not to leave the tent so often. We were in love or something like that. Our dates were exciting and our relationship was getting more sexual except something bothered me. We would make out for hours at a time just cuddling and groping. I would feel her tits through her shirt but for some reason whenever I went to go under her shirt she would say she's not ready yet. It was always a bummer but she would then offer a hand job instead. I couldn't complain about that.

One late afternoon in July we both had the day off and went to the lake beach. The water was always cool because the flow came from the mountains. Christina was wearing a two piece bathing suit. Her ass looked great but her top was more conservative being wrapped in a sports bra like top. Her chest looked spectacular but only reminded me of how I didn't see them yet. We also brought a raft so we could lay out on the water and get a tan. The lake was quiet today as many of the families came early to beat the heat. Christina and I jumped off of the dock and quickly realized the shock of the cold water. Christina swam over to me gave me a hug as she shivered. I could feel her tits squeeze against me and it made me hard. She asked me to get the raft and I told her I would need to calm down a little first. She gave me a kiss and reached down to my hard on. "What, is this being a problem", she said as she started stroking my cock. Her touch felt sooo good. I could feel her tits rubbing up and down against me and her cold hard nipples poking through the fabric. After a few minutes I was about to cum when I looked down at her chest. Christina was shivering and I happened to notice something strange. Did she have a third nipple? It was faint but something was poking out just to the right of her left boob. I reached up to touch it as she was busy working on me. Just as I was about to cum I touched the mysterious nipple and she let out a little yelp. She quickly pushed my hand away and hurried out of the water. I tried to follow but my boner was still raging and this would take a few minutes.

After settling down I got out and saw Christina was sitting up on the beach looking sad. I asked her what's wrong and why she is so prude about her boobs. Maybe that was the wrong choice of words because after I said it I knew I screwed up. "Did you just call me prude to my face!" she yelled. I sulked back and tried to explain. I told her I was a boob man and that she had only teased me the past few weeks. She seemed to acknowledge this fact but had no response other than "I gotta go."

I went home disappointed and mad. I looked down at my palm and laughed how this was supposed to be destiny. After a few games of Xbox I was over my initial anger. It was about 8pm and starting to get dark. All my other friends were camping this weekend and I was bored. I sat on my front porch just watching cars go by. After some time I had played out the day's events over and over in my head. I couldn't get the thought of her 3rd nipple out of my mind. I needed to see Christina again. Just as I was about to get up and go inside to call her I saw a woman's silhouette walking towards me. As she drew nearer I could tell it was Christina. I stood up and she without a word grabbed my hand turned it over to

my palm. She placed her palm on mine and I felt the tingle I forgot about return. "I have something to confess", she said. She told me that she spoke with her mother about the matching destiny lines on our hands. Her mother said it's very rare and magical. Some old books indicate that matching destiny lines can trigger magic by means of a conduit. The definition of conduit could only be defined as something unique which determines what kind of magic may be passed. One example the book gave was from a couple 200 years ago whom one of them was blind in one eye. When the couple held hands and looked at someone who had poor vision their vision would be fully restored. I was curious but doubtful this stuff exists. I asked if we could talk about this somewhere else.

"I'm not prude, but I am protective as you saw today", Christina said calmly as we walked to the park a few blocks away. It was dark now, but the moon was full and providing enough light to see. We settled by the old gazebo and sat down. She explained how all her life she had this third nipple and she has been very self conscious. She told me that the first time we touched hands the nipple became slightly larger and more sensitive. It scared her and she didn't know what it meant. I told her that I was falling in love with her and that it didn't matter to me. She had a wonderful body and had nothing to be self conscious about.

I asked how all this comes together and she grabbed my hand and put it under her shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra. Instead all I felt was the softest firm tit I had ever felt. My mind quickly flashed back to the dream I had the night we first met. Where the blond girl grew tits and I was about to touch them. This was almost a continuation of that dream. Only her tits were the size of apples topped with dime size nipples. She pulled up her shirt and motioned to me to move in. I kissed down her neck and my lips landed on her left tit. She let out a small gasp as I approached her nipple. I wrapped my lips around her nipple and it quickly fattened up and grew hard. Christina moaned a bit and said that feels so good. She said not to stop as she started to unbutton her pants. I laid her down on the bench. I could see her eyes sparkle in the moon light. No one else was around and it was quiet except for the frogs from the nearby lake.

I worked both her nipples as she slid her pants off. She pulled on my pants and I complied. I slid my pants off and got on top of her. We laid there naked on the bench as she looked at me and smiled. I pressed my cock into her and was met with a warm wet welcome. As I entered I could tell she was very tight and she was probably a virgin. She let out a little yelp as I pushed even deeper into her wet pussy. We started slow at first and then picked up the pace. Our bodies clung together and her tits wobbled back and fourth as we made love. I pulled my chest up a little to watch her tits bounce around as I thrust into her. Her tits were nice but I wished they were even bigger. As we held hands, the moonlight was glimmering on her third nipple. I told her I loved her as I kissed my way down to her third nipple.

My lips enveloped the nipple and it immediately perked up to attention. As I began to suck on it both of our hands tingled but it didn't stop just there. The tingle slowly spread through our hot bodies. At that moment Christina cried out "I wish my tits were bigger for you." As the words left her lips the tingle rocked our bodies and we came hard at the same time. We both passed out on each other for a few minutes. "Wow, that was incredible! Where did that come from", she said as we regained our composure. I nodded and leaned forward to give her a kiss but something was different. As I leaned in her chest seemed to be pushing back on me. I looked down and froze still. Christina looked at me and

followed my eyes down. On top of her chest, were no C cup boobs anymore. She now had tits! They looked like cantaloupes with long quarter sized nipples. They were perfect in every way. It was then that we understood our connection. We unlocked the magic.

That night we made love a few more times. Her tits were awesome. We played around with the magic a few more times. We figured we must have somehow unlocked the magic holding hands, making love, and sucking on her third nipple or some combination. The 3rd nipple seemed to have faded as more of a dimple now but the magic remained. We tried changing our wording of what size tits Christina should have. She gave me a dirty look and said, "I know what my tit man wants." With that she said, "I want tits the size of a watermelon and big sensitive nipples to match." Once again the tingle came and her tits grew. I pressed my hand into her tits and watched as the tit fleshed pushed back. I could feel her nipples grow hard under my palm and I could see her areolas widen to the size of small dinner plates. Her tits were absolutely huge and perfect. I climbed onto of her chest and straddled her melons. I slid my cock between her huge tits and start pumping. Christina laid there and pulled one of her nipples to her mouth and started sucking. My cock was lost in her massive cleavage. I grabbed her other nipple and rubbed it between my fingers. Christina let out a coo and a few seconds later I sprayed my cum all over her tits.

We were both exhausted and decided to clean up and go back to my house. My mother wouldn't be home until late because she was at a friend's wedding anniversary party. Christina walked home with her huge tits filling up her shirt. I got hard again just looking at them. We got to my room and went into the shower. When Christina tried to get in the shower she couldn't fit because her tits got in the way. We kissed again and held hands. She said, "I wish my tits were D cups again." Again the tingle came and her tits shrank down to a perfect pair of D's. "Do you like my tits now", asked Christina as she soaped them up. I told her she was beautiful and I would love her no matter what size they were.

The next day Christina and I had some exploring to do. We wanted to try out our new found magic together. We wanted to see if it worked on other people, how big they could be, and how people would react. Stay tuned for chapter 2 in Encounter of the 3rd Nipple Kind.

A little background on this story: I enjoy breast expansion fantasies as many of the readers these stories. Writing these stories has been an exciting outlet for these fantasies . This story came easy to me as I laid in bed one morning. You know, not tired but not ready to get up for the day. The entire story played out vividly in my head before I even thought of writing it down. The hardest part was to capture the details that would bring the reader into this reality. I hope you enjoyed this story and will provide feedback in the overflowingbra.com feedback for authors forum. Your comments are appreciated. Thanks for reading! By CJ.