**Girls Rule**

**by [Bakeboss](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1019670&page=submissions)©**

Growing up, all my friends and I were always saying 'Girls rule boy's drool' but I don't think I actually believed it until after I was eighteen and in college. I always knew boys wanted to get a look up your dress but I guess what I didn't understand was how much a boy would do for the privilege of peeking.  
  
It all started in Chem Lab with my partner Larry. Now Larry was one of those science nerds and he was smart so I was glad to pair with him. I was asking him a question on an exercise I was struggling with and as I bent over to show him, he just stopped talking in mid sentence. I looked up to find out why and caught him looking down my blouse. As soon as he realized he was caught his face turned beet red right before my eyes. I thought this funny and jokingly I said,  
  
"Why Larry, you big pervert why do you think you can ogle my breasts any time you want?"   
  
"Gina, I'm so sorry, I just, I just couldn't help myself they just look so beautiful..."  
  
'They're called breasts Larry; do you think you can give my breasts the proper respect and use the correct term when you talk about them?"  
  
I couldn't believe it but his face got even redder and I noticed a tingling deep in my belly as I realized I enjoyed embarrassing him. I kept my gaze steady looking him right in the eyes, although I was having a tough time not laughing.  
  
"Gina please don't be mad at me," he begged, "Look, just let me do that problem for you."  
  
He took my paper ready to do my work for me but now that I had him at my advantage, I wasn't ready to let him off the hook that easy.  
  
"Sure, that's fine for this paper but what about tonight's assignment?"  
  
"How about I swing by your dorm this evening and help you with it?"  
  
I liked where this was going so I ordered him to be there by seven-thirty.  
  
I was ready for him when he showed up exactly on time and I opened the door dressed only in my baby doll nighty,  
  
"Larry what are you doing here? Oh yeah I forgot, you were going to do my homework weren't you?"  
  
He couldn't even speak as he stared open mouthed at my nipples plainly showing through my gauzy nightgown. This was going to be fun; I invited him in, then had him sit at the desk. I walked over to the little frig we had and then asked him if he wanted a soda. When he looked up, I bent over exposing my panties as I took my time looking through the little compartment.   
  
"I guess we don't have any, my roomies must have drunk them."   
  
I continued to expose my rear end as I pretended to keep looking and then suddenly swung around to catch him starting. I marched over to him and shook my finger in his face, knowing this made my boobs bounce inside my thin nighty.  
  
"Larry Miller, every time I turn around I catch you peeping at my privates. Here will this make you happy?"  
  
I pulled my top off exposing my breasts in his face, my nipples were so hard I thought they might burst, my pussy was wet and I could actually smell my juices. My tits were close enough to him that I could feel his breath on my nipples and I could tell by the look on his face that I had complete control over this boy. I grabbed a handful of his hair pulling his head between my breasts, and then I did a little shimmy bouncing my boobs on his cheeks. Then I calmly put my top back on and asked him if he was ready to work.   
  
Larry was so easy I thought I might try the chem prof next. I showed up in class with a short skirt and bright pink panties underneath. My top was Italian peasant with my least supporting bra under it. I sat in the front row in lecture and did everything in my power to accidentally flash my pink panties to the professor. The best was when I turned in my seat to talk with a person behind me, my skirt rode up so far that when I turned back around even I could see a flash of pink. I looked up just in time to see him turning away and I thought I could see the hint of an erection in his trousers. I hung around after class until the hall was almost empty and then I went to his desk. It had worked so well with Larry I tried the same plan with Professor Myers. I bent over his desk as far as I could to show him my worksheet and the formula I was having trouble solving. I quickly looked up to catch him staring down my blouse and I swear he was drooling. I put my hand to my top covering up my exposed breasts.   
  
"Professor Myers, are you looking down my blouse?"  
  
"No, of course not, Miss Rogers, well I did happen to glance by accident and I apologize if I may have seemed inappropriate."   
  
I then took my hand away and continued my question with my head down, allowing the Professor full vision access to my boobs. This time when I caught him ogling I merely smiled and did nothing to hide my assets. Then in my best 'helpless little girl' voice,  
  
"Professor how will I ever pass this class if I don't understand this formula?"  
  
I finished this off with a pout as I watched him shamelessly stare at my tits.  
  
"Ah, ah, Ms. Rogers I assure you, you will not have a problem passing this class, because I think I might be able to tutor you a few days a week to help you understand it easier."  
  
I ran around his desk to give him a big hug and 'accidentally' my breast fell out of my bra. Right in his face, I slowly held it in my hand and after rubbing my nipple; I placed it back where it belonged. I almost laughed when I heard a moan. I told him I was late and left in a hurry for my French class. This had all been such a turn on for me and I could tell my panties were drenched. As I hurried along, I wondered how my short skirt would work for my French teacher. I mean she had really short hair and she dressed so manly, it would be worth a try.