

Mums know BREAST!

Pick Me Up
REAL PAINFUL



CLAUDIA BANNISTER, 22, Manchester

I boobed after op...

Mum said she'd done some research. And nothing much happened.

A few months on, Mum switched makes but her chest wasn't growing.

'Maybe there's a faster way,' I suggested.

So that July, the two of us went along to check out a cosmetic surgery clinic.

For a total of £3,500 – all my savings – I could have a perfect pair almost instantly.

'I'm going for it,' I told Mum afterwards.

But she chickened out. As I slipped into a surgical gown in October 2009, I felt excited.

And after the op, when I saw my new 32G curves

under the bandages, I was ecstatic.

'You look fantastic!' Mum smiled.

She'd just begun on yet another tablet, Perfect C.

For a few months I had my perfect body.

Then, on 9 January 2010, I visited my mum and dad, Steve, 50.

I popped upstairs to put on mascara, leaning on the towel rail for support.

Then, glancing down, I saw a big, red mark on my left breast.

I burned my new 32G breasts on my parents' towel rail



ME AFTER THE OP

Like mother, like daughter,' people often say when they meet me and my mum, Rachel.

I've always taken it as a compliment because my mum's pretty glam.

But there's one part of her I'd rather not have inherited - her small boobs!

Mum always disliked her 32B breasts.

'Side-on, I look nearly flat,' she would groan.

'Wouldn't it be great to have proper, round ones?'

I nodded in agreement. My chest was marginally larger than hers, at a 32C, but it still wasn't exactly impressive.

What I wanted was masses of breasts – and confidence to match!

In spring 2009, Mum decided to act.

'I've bought myself some pills,' she said, showing me her tablets that promised bigger boobs.

'Erm, is that wise?' I asked. 'Do you know what's in them?'

Mum's last pills pushed her cup size up to a 34D



That's weird. 'Does it hurt?' Mum asked.

Well, no, it didn't. But my breasts had been numb since the op.

'Maybe I burnt myself on the towel rail and didn't notice,' I said.

Next day, the mark was scarlet.

I still assumed it would heal, until I woke up three days later aching all over.

Something's

seriously wrong with me.

At Wythenshawe Hospital, doctors said I had a deep, third-degree burn.

Two weeks later, there

was more bad news – two horrible, flesh eating bugs had invaded my skin through the wound.

Antibiotics and nine months of bandages followed.

After my last dressing was removed in October 2010, my breast was still lumpy and scarred.

Now, I have feeling in my boobs again but, far from showing them off, I have to hide them under high necked tops and scarves.

Only more plastic

surgery, costing around £400, would fix me but I'll need to save.

Mum's more certain than ever that she'll be steering clear of surgery.

But she's happy with her cleavage now – she has blossomed to

a 34D.

It just goes to show, mums do know best!

Flesh eating bugs invaded my skin

RACHEL BANNISTER, 57, FROM MANCHESTER SAYS:

I feel so sorry for Claudia and wish she could just have the surgery now to make her better.

Instead of gaining more confidence, she's ended up with hardly any.

I feel so lucky that I was scared of having an op! ●