

I HATED MY MONSTER THIGHS

Hannah loathed her thighs so much, she was sure she'd be single forever...

Squeezing myself into my skinny jeans, I picked out a scoop-neck T-shirt from my wardrobe. Pulling it on, I caught sight of my reflection in my bedroom mirror and squirmed.

'Oh, my God,' I sighed. I stopped, then turned to look at myself properly. It was as if my figure was made up of two different bodies.

My top half was a slim, toned size 10, and then there was the bottom half. My thighs were huge.

I'd been the same shape ever since I could remember. But now, at 18, no matter how many lunges I did, my thighs stayed wobbly.

I'd seen plenty of TV shows where women had surgery to change their bodies, and I was sorely tempted.

'It's a bit drastic,' my mate, Ronnie, 18, said when I told her about my idea. 'And it's expensive, too.'

She was right. I was studying marketing and design at university. I didn't have the money to splurge on cosmetic surgery.

So, I decided to enjoy myself instead, tucking into takeaways and having boozy nights out with my pals.

Hiding my bumps

But soon, my party lifestyle began to take a heavy toll. Two years later, I was a size 14 – far too heavy for my 5ft 4in frame. And my chunky thighs were bigger than ever.

While all my mates wore miniskirts and cropped tops, I'd hide my bulges under big jumpers and baggy jeans.

In 2001, I graduated from uni, and joined a gym. Within weeks, my body felt more toned – except my thighs.

Starting work as an IT manager, I was forced to hide my wobbly thighs under loose trousers and smart, but flared, skirts.

Determined to lose weight, I spent a fortune on gym sessions and diet meals. But nothing would shift my bulky thighs – they were monstrous.

When I walked, I could feel my



flesh rubbing together. 'Disgusting,' I'd think, wincing at the burning pain between my legs.

Then, one day at work, as I walked up a flight of stairs, I heard someone right behind me and stopped still.

I just couldn't face them being below me. I was worried they'd see the hideous porridge-like lumps bursting through my thick tights.

'This has to stop,' I cried inside, while a bemused-looking man passed me. 'My horrible thighs are controlling my whole life.'

That night, I went online to research liposuction, and came across a clinic in Belgium.

It charged £1,300 for the procedure, which included a three-day stay in a

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luxury hotel – much cheaper than having it done in the UK.

And now I was earning a good wage, I had that much stashed away in my savings account.

'Sounds perfect,' I thought, emailing them for an appointment.

Getting ready for bed that night, I hauled my bulk into my tatty PJs and pinched my fat thighs. 'You'll be gone very soon,' I thought happily.

The next day, I felt nervous telling my friend, Mai-ling.

'Would you come with me?' I asked.

After the op, I'd feel very tender, and would struggle to move around



The results of my first lipo were disappointing

easily. I wanted Mai-ling, 30, there for a bit of moral support.

Smiling, she put her arm around me. 'Of course, I'll be with you all the way,' she promised.

Two weeks later, I jetted off to

Belgium to meet the surgeon. 'This is the answer to my problems,' I thought as I boarded Eurostar.

I got a cab from the station to the clinic for my consultation.

If all went well, I'd have the procedure in two days' time.

A surgeon explained a thin metal tube would be used to break up the fat, then it would be extracted with a long syringe. He warned me the procedure would hurt.

After I'd been examined, and had my blood pressure taken, the surgeon agreed to do the operation.

I handed over a cheque for £1,300. It was a lot, but I felt confident it would be money well spent.

Two days later, I was taken to theatre and given a general anaesthetic.

'Bye, saddlebags,' I thought as I drifted off to sleep.

An hour later, I came round,

feeling groggy and a bit sore.

A nurse told me surgeons had sucked 600ml of fat out of my thighs.

Pushing myself up, I twisted round to see the backs of my legs.

Big disappointment

Tenderly, I touched the bandages. It would take a few weeks for the swelling to go down. And then, hopefully, I'd be a leggy lovely.

The surgeon checked me over and, a few days later, Mai-Ling helped me on to the train home.

Back in the UK, I was desperate to see the full effects of the op.

Six weeks on, I hobbled upstairs and carefully removed my bandages.

Standing in front of my full-length mirror, I stared – and stared.

And then I cried.

Some of the blubber had disappeared, but my thighs were still heavy, wobbly and ugly.

All that time and money had been wasted. 'I guess I'm stuck with you,' I thought bitterly, running my fingers over the remaining flab.

TURN OVER TO SEE HANNAH'S HOT NEW FIGURE

I LOVE MY NEW LEGS

After years of hating her thunder thighs, Hannah was about to be transformed

Sitting at home with a ready-meal for one, I checked my emails on my laptop. One was from an old friend. *Are you going out with anyone yet?* she'd asked.

I sighed. **I'd been single for more than a year, and for one reason only. I hated my ugly, lumpy legs.**

I wouldn't let anyone see them. They were so bad, even liposuction hadn't worked properly.

Falling in love

Suddenly, an advert for a dating website popped up on to the screen.

A bit of online flirting couldn't hurt... I thought, clicking on it.

I joined the site and created a profile. Before long, I got an email.

Hi, I'm Chris Isaacson. You look lovely, the message said.

I felt my face go red. *I'm Hannah, I typed nervously. What do you do?*

Soon, the conversation was flowing. Chris, a 32-year-old video engineer, sent me a picture of himself.

Dark-haired with blue eyes, he was gorgeous. But, when he asked me on a date, I felt sick. If he saw my legs...

So, I decided to cover up my bottom half and have some fun. I was tired of being single and lonely.

The following Friday, I pulled on a long dress and went to meet Chris in a local bar. By the end of the night, I knew I really liked him.

After our third date, Chris pulled

me close. 'Do you want to come back to mine?' he asked, kissing me softly.

I nodded, but fear gripped me. What about my thunder thighs?

But I fancied Chris too much to resist. And, back at his, I turned off the lights and gave in to my desire.

Whenever Chris' hand strayed to my thighs, I'd gently bat him away.

Later, curled up in his arms, I panicked again. How was I going to get dressed without him seeing?

'Won't be a sec,' I said, sliding out of bed and backing out of the room.

Chris looked so confused.

'My thighs,' I blurted. 'I hate them.' He smiled. 'You're perfect,' he said.

Chris and I became a couple, and three months later, on holiday in Turkey, he pulled out a diamond ring.

'Will you marry me?' he asked.

I started to cry. 'Yes!' I shrieked.

But, **even though Chris and I were engaged, I still wouldn't let him see my legs.** I'd insist on making love with the lights turned off.

A year later, we married at a hotel beside the Grand Canyon in America.

I was happier than ever.

But, lounging by the hotel pool the following day, I cried when I saw so many girls parading around in bikinis.

'What's wrong?' Chris asked.

I shrugged. 'I'll never look like that,' I sniffed. 'My thighs are hideous.'

Chris kissed my cheek. 'You can't go on like this, love,' he soothed.

Back home, I read about a new type of procedure called SmartLipo.

Unlike normal liposuction, surgeons use a thin needle



**SMARTLIPO
£2,000**

'Now I'm happy for my hubby to see me naked'

attached to a laser to melt the fat and tighten the skin. *'Could this help?'* I wondered, making an appointment with Dr Ayham Al-Ayoubi at the London Medical & Aesthetic Clinic.

At my consultation, he said **the op would cost £2,000, and it wouldn't leave me with uneven ridges of fat.**

I'd just sold my Mazda MX-5, so I had the money.

Dr Al-Ayoubi said he could operate in five days' time, while Chris would be working in Argentina.

'You'll be awake during the operation,' he warned me.

'I still want to go ahead,' I said.

On the day of the op, the surgeon injected anaesthetic into the back of my thighs.

Then, wrapped in a green gown, I fell silent as he got to work.

As the needle entered my skin, I winced, but it wasn't too painful.

An hour on, I looked in the mirror. My legs looked slimmer already.

I rang Chris to say the procedure had gone well,

before going back home to rest.

'Can't wait to see you,' he said.

I couldn't believe I felt no pain, and there was no scarring, either.

It was a miracle treatment.

A leggy lovely

As a treat, Chris and I decided to stay in a hotel the night he came back from his work trip.

I checked in, went up to our room and slipped into a skimpy bra and frilly knickers.

Then, I sprawled myself across the bed and waited for him to arrive.

As he turned the key in the door, I sat up and smiled at him.

'You look amazing,' he cried.

I giggled. 'I know,' I grinned.

Diving on the bed, he covered me in kisses. For the first time ever, I was happy for him to see me naked.

Now, my drawers are full of sexy undies. At last, I'm the woman I always wanted to be. ■

Hannah Isaacson, 30, Watford, Hertfordshire

For more info on the London Medical & Aesthetic Clinic, call 020 8342 1100, or visit www.lmaclinic.com



'My flab made me self-conscious'



'Bruised after the first lipo'



'I can wear sexy undies at last'