

'I lipo'd my love handles

and I'm telling you the sex has never been so good'

I never had body issues when I was younger. I was a tiny size 8 and worked hard to maintain it – barely eating – but my body was great and I always felt confident in my underwear and around men.

But once I became pregnant at 18, I piled on more than six stone. Despite losing three of them after giving birth to my son, I was left with “muffin-top” love handles and boobs like deflated balloons.

I was self-conscious in the bedroom too. When we were in bed together I'd make Paul turn off the lights before he came anywhere near me. He'd tell me not to be silly, but I noticed that he was paying me fewer compliments than he used to.

Paul and I had been engaged for six years, but I couldn't get married feeling this way about my body. My only hope was to have plastic surgery – liposuction on my waist, and breast implants.

Paul said I didn't need it, but he wanted me to be happy. We remortgaged the house to pay for my treatments, the wedding and a new car for Paul.

I booked my surgery last February, a year before my wedding – the boob job and lipo cost £7,500, but it was worth it.

Standing there in a pair of knickers while the surgeon marked where I'd have the incisions was mortifying. I wouldn't even let Paul see me naked. But I was desperate for my new body, I just wanted to be happy again.

The op took seven hours. When I woke up I was shaking uncontrollably. My waist was sore and bruised and there were two 16-inch tubes attached to each breast, sucking out all the excess blood to reduce swelling and clots. They were pulled out



Factfile

Name: Izzy Salter
Age: 24
Occupation: Signer for the deaf
Lives: Suffolk

'We remortgaged the house for my surgery but it was worth it'

the following morning, then two hours later I was back at home.

My breasts were sore and tender for three weeks afterwards and my waist hurt when I prodded it. Even though I'd had the surgery to look good for my wedding, ironically Paul refused to look at my body at first, because all the bruising made him feel queasy. I couldn't wear an

underwired bra for four weeks and was given a big pair of Bridget Jones-style knickers to support my waist.

A month later I splashed out on loads of new lingerie – Paul loves me to wear something sexy to bed. Our sex life is back on track and we love my new body. I can't wait to thrill him on our wedding night – with the lights on! >