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The original real-life mag

96p

# chat

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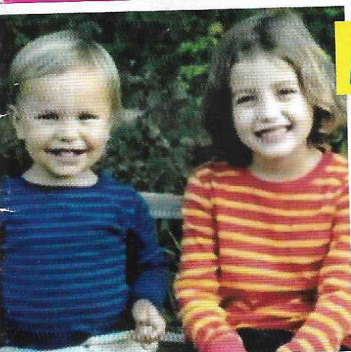
**TEA TERROR**

Beaten  
to a pulp  
OVER A CUPPA



**MUM'S HELL**

Who stole  
my tots'  
laughter?



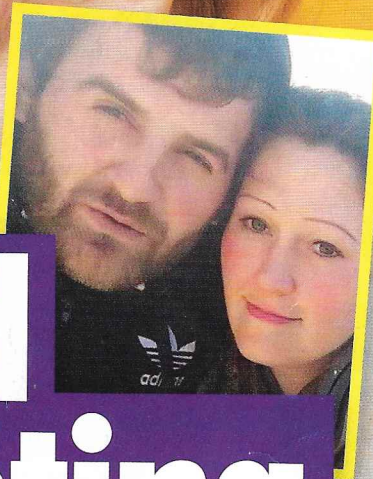
**EATEN ALIVE...**

Starting  
with my  
POOR  
BOOB!



**THERE'S  
A SPYCAM  
IN MY LOO!**

Who put it there stunned me



Found  
cheating  
with his  
'COUSIN'

AND THAT WASN'T THE  
WORST OF IT



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# What was EATING MY BOOBB?

***It was spreading and slowly killing me... The docs had to act fast***

***Vicky Doxat, 37, Portsmouth***

**P**ropped up in my hospital bed, I beamed at my newborn baby girl and boy.

'I can't believe we have twins!' I beamed at my hubby Paul, then 36.

It was January 2016, and Corin, 6lb 7oz, and 5lb 4oz Maeve had arrived 10 minutes apart.

I was thrilled as Maeve latched on to my breast, guzzled down milk.

Then it was Corin's turn. I'd done the same with

my eldest, Austin, then 3. It was a wonderful bonding experience.

Still, I knew that breast-feeding twins would be different.

Back home, three months of sleepless nights followed.

'I just wish they'd sleep,' I said to Paul.

Maeve was grumpy, and she'd set Corin off.

And breast-feeding was a chore. Having them on rotation left my nipples red and cracked.

As the months rolled by,



***Me and Paul, home with the twins for the first time***

I got worse. My left breast was now so painful when my clothes brushed against it.

I was still breast-feeding with my other breast, but as the twins weren't getting enough milk they were constantly hungry.

Two days later, I went to the out-of-hours clinic in agony.

'I can see a bruise on your breast,' the doctor said.

We assumed that I'd done it trying to express my milk.

The doctor prescribed stronger medication and when that didn't work I was admitted to Queen Alexandra

Hospital in Portsmouth. Paul looked after the kids while I had tests.

But doctors were baffled. And over the next two

I became exhausted, run-down.

My breasts were constantly aching and sore.

Plus I felt like I had the flu.

'I think I might have mastitis,' I confided in my friend Katie one morning when the twins were 7 months.

I'd experienced it with Austin and recognised the symptoms.

Suddenly, I turned as white as a sheet, felt faint.

'I think I might pass out,' I told Katie.

I went straight home, and then Paul took me to the doctor's.

'Yes, it's mastitis,' my doctor confirmed.

He prescribed antibiotics and rest. Tricky when you have three kids under 3!

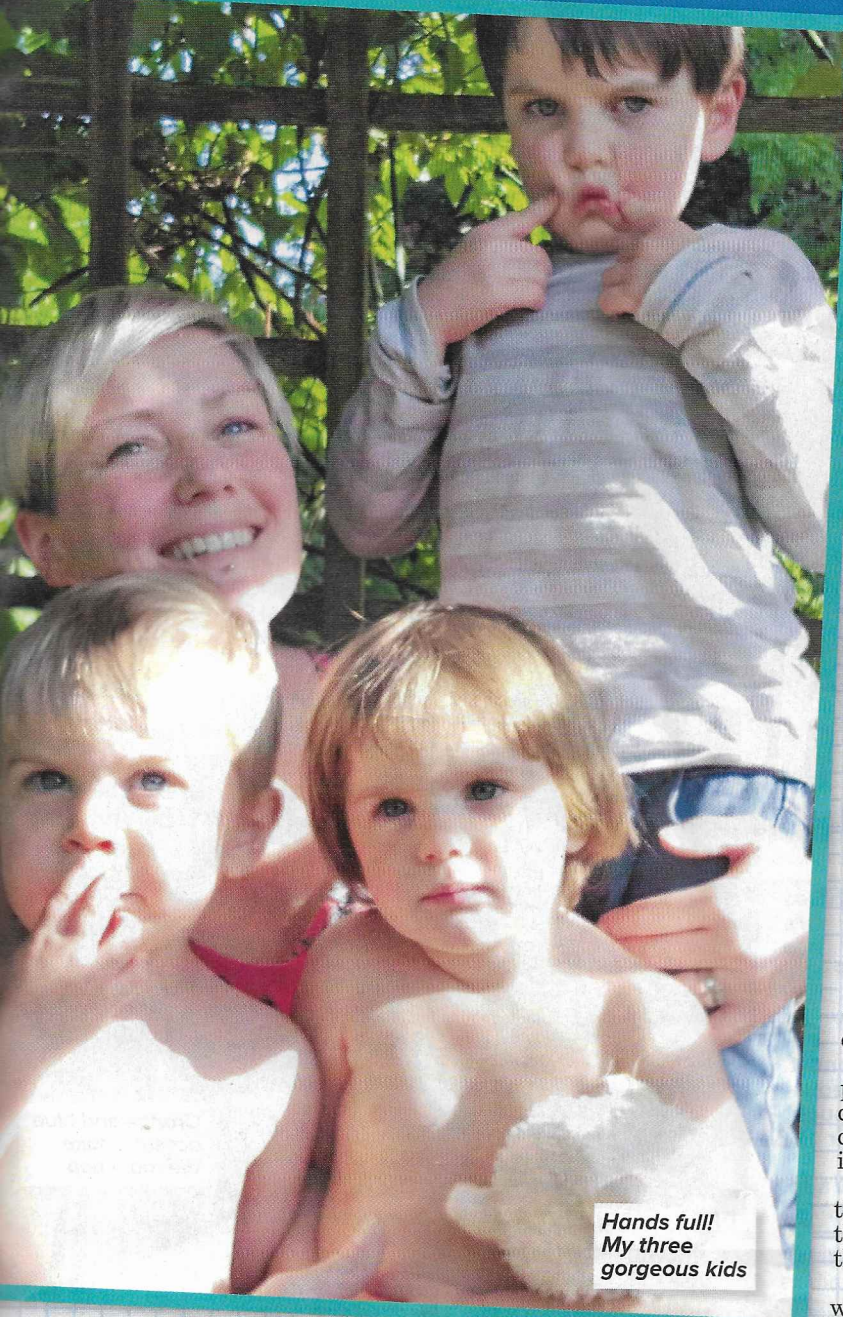
And as the days went on,

## More than mastitis

**M**astitis is most common in breast-feeding women, and often caused by a build-up of milk due to the baby not attaching properly, having problems sucking, or missed feeds. This causes breast tissue to become painful and inflamed. It's usually easily treated – but in some cases, this milk build-up can become infected with bacteria. See your GP if you suspect you are suffering from mastitis. Symptoms include a red, swollen area that's hot and painful to touch; a lump or hardness; burning pain; nipple discharge that's white or contains blood, and flu-like symptoms.

**Before long, it was the colour of a bruised banana**





**Hands full!  
My three  
gorgeous kids**

days, my entire left breast turned black.

'It's the colour of a bruised banana,' I gasped, horrified.

*What the hell was wrong with me?*

Then, one day, I woke up in a daze.

Surgeons, nurses and doctors swarmed round my bed.

*Am I dying?* I thought.

Specialists did more tests, and I was pumped with antibiotics.

But the blackness was spreading. Soon, my entire left side was scarlet and swollen like a balloon.

Days passed in a blur.

'Vicky has necrotising fasciitis,' I heard the specialist tell Paul as I drifted in and out of consciousness.

It was a life-threatening, 'flesh-eating' infection that

kills the body's soft tissue.

It was like my left breast was being eaten alive.

And the doctors had to act fast – the infection was spreading quickly.

During two life-saving ops, surgeons sliced out the infection.

I needed two blood transfusions as they cut flesh from my left breast and part of my side.

They even took my nipple.

I was in

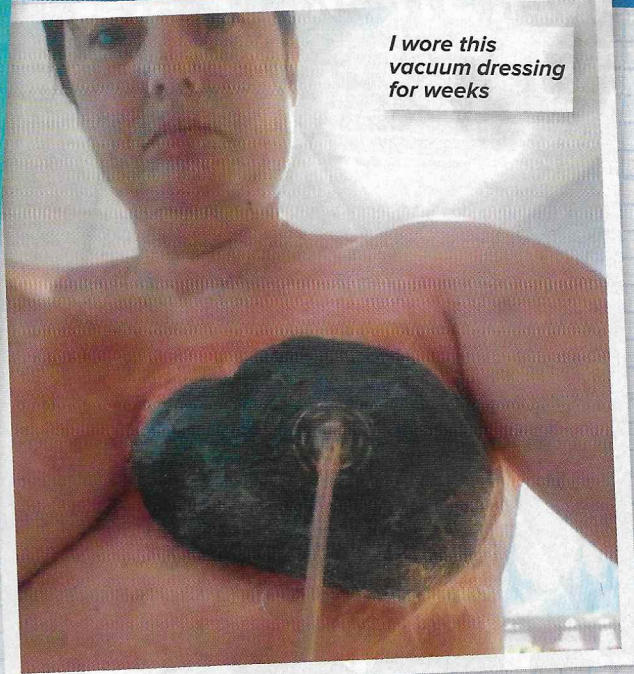
Intensive Care another two weeks, dosed up on morphine.

'You're lucky to be alive,' one of the doctors said when I finally came round.

Next to him, Paul was in tears – but grinning with relief, too.

I was groggy, but desperate to know how it'd happened.

Had I done something



**I wore this  
vacuum dressing  
for weeks**

wrong, I wondered.

'It wasn't your fault,' the doctor reassured me.

They explained I'd been suffering from mastitis, and normally antibiotics would fix it.

But I'd been run-down, overweight, my immune system low...

Necrotising fasciitis, which is a form of sepsis, developed as a result.

And the warm milk pumping into my breasts created the perfect conditions for the infection to spread.

I was desperate to see the kids. They needed their mum – especially the twins.

But the risk of infection was still too high.

After three weeks, Paul brought Austin in and just seeing his little smile made me feel better.

I was discharged after a month and spent two weeks on bed rest.

I eventually saw the twins after five weeks. I'd

missed them so much!

For the next four weeks, I had to wear a special vacuum dressing. It protected the wound and drained any fluid, like pus or blood, into a bottle.

'Yuk!' Austin cried, as the gunk poured out of me.

He was right, it was disgusting – but, thankfully, it didn't smell.

And it protected me from further infection.

On 12 September, doctors performed a skin graft, using skin from my thigh to cover my breast.

Then, six months later, I had reconstructive surgery, where fat from my sides was placed into my breasts.

They look amazing now! But it's been two years of hell.

I still can't believe breast-feeding nearly killed me.

I definitely wouldn't warn new mums against it, though.

What happened to me was rare – I was unlucky.

I'm just glad that Austin, now 5, and the twins, 2, got their mum back!

**What  
happened  
to me was  
rare – I was  
unlucky**



**Just happy  
to be alive!**