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Bye-Bye to Big Boobs and Back Pain; Hello Itty-Bitty Titties

Breast reduction surgery has made mole hills of Lucie Frost's mountains, which means she can no longer hide stolen vehicles in her cleavage.

I have the cutest little titties, if I may say so myself. *Little*, of course, is relative—my mole hills, your mountains. (Not that I'm saying yours are mountains. I'll let you size them yourself. I'm just saying mine are cute, and little, to me. That is all.)

They used to be enormous. I'm not saying that to brag. It's just fact. But the day my youngest came into the bathroom and asked, "Mommy, why are your breastezzz so loooooong?" I knew they needed shrinking. *Long* just isn't an adjective a woman wants associated with her breastezzz.

A corrective procedure, however, was too expensive for young-mother-me. Besides that, there was my job. I worked with the human resources group, and my team processed all of the leave of absence paperwork. I couldn't imagine everyone in the department knowing my reason for leave: "Time off for tatas."

But now financially stable and retired, I had both time and resources, so I lopped them off. Oh wait, that sounded harsh. I'll say it medically: I had reduction mammoplasty.

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Breast Reduction Surgery or Bust

Was I scared? Hell yes. What if I were to die on the operating room table? How would my kids explain it in the obituary? "Our beloved mother died unexpectedly while carving her melons. We are udderly devastated."

But after a lifetime of back pain—pain that shot up through my shoulder blades and bore into my skull—I decided it was worth the risk to go for bust.

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I can sleep on my stomach. Did you

Here's what I'll tell you about going from a G cup (that's a quarter of the way through the alphabet, so objectively enormous) to a D cup (still large, but by comparison itty-bitty titties): I no longer need to wear a camisole under every top because my shirt buttons no longer gasp to be sprung free. I can hug my husband without wishing that my arms were four times as long, so they could make it around his neck. I can sleep on my stomach. Did you hear that? ON MY STOMACH.

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MY STOMACH.

Oh, there are downsides, to be sure. I no longer have an easy place to hide my car key when I exercise. The surgery ruined my excuse for avoiding a jog. And worst of all, I can no longer hide stolen vehicles under my breasticles. But those drawbacks are all mere inconveniences, when up against back pain and migraines.

Should You Shrink Too?

Here's what I'll say for any mid-lifer considering such a procedure. It's not too late. You're not too vain. It won't hurt too much.

You will have some scarring —a thin line around the nipple, which I suspect will be unnoticeable in time, and a large cut under the breast, which I suspect will always be noticeable. But your breasts are likely no longer under the male gaze, so who cares about a line or two?

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There are *other risks*, which your surgeon will discuss with you *ad nauseum* (cue infomercial narrator voice: side effects may include bleeding, blood clots, infection, loss of sensation, breast asymmetry, etc., etc., and yet more etc.). I don't want to minimize the risks about minimizing the girls.

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But if you and your doctor decide the pros outweighs the cons, just know this: You can have the cutest little titties too.

Read More: She Always Wanted Bigger Boobs, Then Learned to Be Careful What She Wished For



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