

# marie claire



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**BREASTS** Hayley, 28  
Beverly Hills, CA, married  
to Robert Rey, M.D., M.P.P.



■ After Robert and I married, I started helping out with his practice. Before then, I had no interest in plastic surgery.

I'd always believed that natural was better. But I soon changed my mind. Each day, I watched previously shy patients prance into his office for their post-op visits oozing confidence. I expected women with breast implants to look like they were wearing two coconuts. Instead, I envied their natural-looking shapes—and their ability to fill out strappy sundresses—and found myself dropping hints to Robert about having my B-cups made larger.

Robert was realistic. He said, "I love you the way you are," but he wasn't opposed to the surgery. He had a policy of not working on family, so he said he'd choose a colleague to handle my procedure. But I wanted Robert. He was the only surgeon I knew who did implants through the navel, for less scarring.

I didn't push the issue until more than a year later. My breasts had shrunken to an A cup after breast-feeding, and I didn't feel sexy. Suddenly, I disliked having to dress up for industry functions. One night, I was getting ready for an affair and the dress I'd bought pre-nursing no longer fit me on top. Robert saw how miserable I was and said, "Put yourself on the schedule. I don't trust anyone to do the kind of job I'd do for you, anyway."

"HE WON'T ADMIT IT, BUT HE'S MORE ATTRACTED TO ME NOW."

—HAYLEY

On the day of my surgery, I couldn't help but feel nervous. Yet I was confident of a positive outcome; I knew Robert has never had any surgical complications.

During the procedure, he was simply my surgeon—all business. Afterward, he became my husband again, taking time off work to take care of me. Once the pain subsided, I was thrilled with my full C.

He won't admit it, but Robert is more attracted to me now. He buys me tiny tops, and when clients ask to see his work in person, he calls me into the office. At first, it felt odd showing my chest, but I'm proud of my shape—and it does help them make the decision!

Being the wife of a plastic surgeon, I've definitely seen it all. And what's surprised—and reassured—me most has been seeing celebrities, whom I once assumed were born perfect, end up in my husband's waiting room. It's so nice to know that nearly everyone relies on "assistance."