

### The Tweakment Tart: A Turbo-Charged Lymph Massage Billed As 'France's Best-Kept Beauty Secret'

Will it do anything for my sun raddled cleavage, I enquired of my hot Endermologie contact, because I am bothered about that. She promised it would, and so it is that I find myself having my boobs Ivor the Engine'd.

Endermologie works on a lymph-node-massage principle. Lymph is a yellowish fluid which, when it collects in pockets beneath the skin, causes all manner of issues from toxin build-up to eye-puff to double chins to complexion dullness. Massaging it is meant to alleviate a lot of these symptoms, and, in my not inconsiderable experience, it does. I've had different kinds of hands-on lymph massage on my face in the past, and have noticed, every time, that my flesh settles more sharply over my bones in the aftermath, and that my face gets a glow-on, for a good 24 hours. But I've never had it with a machine before. Nor have I had it on my boobs.

It feels weird. Not painful, but definitely weird: a bit like a mechanical clawless cat is kneading my cleavage. Alex tells me people get used to it, some of her clients even fall asleep during treatment. Also, I'm perfectly safe: she trained on the machine in Romania, which doesn't surprise me. I've learned during recent forays into the tweakment universe that Eastern Europe is rather advanced in these kinds of cosmetic technologies; all the best cosmetic laser devices also come from thereabouts. It's just how the fall-out from Communism settled.

Alex changes the machine head from the delicate cat-paw-kneader of before, to something bigger and a lot more sucky, and gets going on the back of my thighs and my bum. This is an intense massage, strong and borderline painful, a notch down from an intense deep tissue massage, but definitely in that ballpark. Alex promises it'll get easier over time (she's insisted I come back for a course of six treatments, and I've agreed). She turns me over and onto one side, and then the other, so that she can see to my inner thighs, then does their fronts; then switches machine heads and returns to my neck and face. I come back the next week, and the week after that, and the week after that and - after four of the six treatments - GODDAMMIT, my thighs are smoother. The cellulite in which I officially don't believe, appears substantially reduced. So I go back for more. Also? I'm growing fonder of Alex every time. She worries I'm never wearing enough clothes, and might catch a chill. It makes me feel very cared for.

Before I had it, I truly believed cellulite didn't matter or even count, and that even if it did - nothing much can be done about it, so screw it! But the fact of the matter is, two thirds of the way through my treatment course, I have much smoother thighs than I used to. It's hard not to like that a bit; it's like I whacked an Instagram filter on 'em, but in real life. So: I might pay for it myself. I just might.

