



Kevin Moore is happy to put his face in the hands of cosmetic nurse Fiona Shanks

PHOTOGRAPH: NICK PONTY

Me and my ... cosmetic nurse

Kindred spirits Kevin Moore and Fiona Shanks have a friendship that's more than skin deep. By **Ali Howard**

KEVIN MOORE, 42, BEAUTY INDUSTRY SALESMAN

I've not had that much cosmetic work done – just Botox, my lips built up and my jaw line strengthened. I've also had filler to lift my cheeks. I suppose that does sound like quite a lot. I never wanted to go overboard. My cosmetic nurse, Fiona, wouldn't let me anyway. But I wanted to make a difference. Fiona's put my age back by 10 or 15 years. I work in the anti-ageing industry so my job is to look the best I can without looking like a Frankenstein.

I don't mind lines and wrinkles. I don't have so much Botox that it paralyses my eyes and you can't see my forehead move. Fiona knows where to inject it so it looks natural. I first met Fiona at an industry event three or four years

ago and then, when she started working at La Belle Forme, our relationship grew.

When Fiona looks at my face, she doesn't say: "You need this and that done." She asks what's bothering me. And I find that refreshing. She's not wanting to inject me everywhere. There's a huge degree of trust involved. These things are very permanent and it could be devastating if you didn't like something. You have to feel relaxed. Fiona takes everything in her stride and is so professional. She chats to me before the treatment and she talks to me while she's doing it and, before I know it, she's finished. Fiona makes me laugh and she brightens up my day. I instantly want to smile when I see her. She's a very happy person.

Fiona and I have similar personalities. We both like to talk, we both like nice things

and we both like to look good. When people look at Fiona, they think "party animal", but she's not. She's prim and proper – the prettiest Miss Jean Brodie I've ever met. She's not searching for anything. I'm also in that position, which is why we have this affinity. People have a certain perception of you when you're in this industry.

The first thing I had done was Botox. I was a sunbed user when I was younger and went clubbing in Ibiza on the weekends and it took its toll. I looked 45 when I was 38. I don't know if cosmetic work is addictive. It's not if you have a practitioner with a conscience like Fiona. She's had to rein me in many times. She'll say, "No, that's enough." And I'll say, "Just one more syringe," and she'll tell me no. Although when something new comes out, I'm first in line to try it.

For me, it's 50/50 vanity and confidence. I've never been concerned with saying I'm vain because most people are vain in some way – whether it's about baldness or boob size. But I wouldn't consider serious surgery.

Fiona's a very important person in my life because she remodelled my face. Her background is nursing, so she cares. For me, she's the nicest person I've met in the industry. I hold her in the highest regard. Fiona's pregnant, so I'll be booking in for my treatments before and after her maternity leave. I'd even phone her to say: "If you're not breast-feeding today, I need my Botox done."

FIONA SHANKS, 28, COSMETIC NURSE AT LA BELLE FORME, GLASGOW

I've been doing Kevin's cosmetic procedures since I started working at the clinic. When you're treating a man, you never want to feminise his features – you want to keep them looking masculine.

Kevin is a very outgoing chap. But he likes his quiet life as well. He lives in the country with his partner. He's a happy, nice guy and very motivated in life. He likes to look his best without having to opt for surgical intervention – he likes to look natural.

When I'm doing treatments on Kevin, we have a good chat. Most of my patients like to have a little bit of a giggle, depending on the treatment. It can help them relax. Kevin sometimes likes to zone out and go to a happy place. Most of the treatments are pretty comfortable and not too painful – but they are on your face, so sometimes people just like to think of other things. It's a bit more serious than a haircut.

Kevin and I have a good relationship. It's professional, but we're friends too. Like with most of my patients, he's guided by what I think is best for him. I never let people go overboard. If someone becomes obsessed with having treatments – not that you get many people like that – you don't want to antagonise the issue. You want to help people remain looking natural, like they're just looking well. They have to trust me.

I've had a few things done myself. I regularly have Botox treatment, although that's stopped because I'm pregnant – but I'll be straight back on to it as soon as possible.

The first question my clients ask is, "When are you due?" The second question is, "When is your maternity leave?" so they can book in for their treatments.

I've had people come in with crippled self-esteem. Some people think it's only super-glam people that have work done, but all ages, shapes and sizes come in the door. It isn't just about looks; it can be a confidence boost. In this day and age, people are feeling a lot younger. Sometimes clients email me or phone in to say how pleased they are with the treatment. I've had people send in cards because they're so happy. It's great to know I've helped someone feel good. That's the best bit about the job.

I'm very confident about performing the treatments on Kevin. I talk him through the procedure and what to expect. When he sees the difference, his reaction is great. I think he'll keep coming to me for his treatments for a while to come.

Do you have an interesting relationship?
Email magazine@sundayherald.com.

Fiona Gibson

We are in Oban for the weekend. It's been a year since J and I have been away on our own, and I am aware that we are behaving oddly. Excitement, that's what it is. In our hotel room there's a decanter of complimentary sherry. "Let's have some," I say eagerly, pouring us each a glass. Over dinner we are so delighted not to be interrupted by children that we babble madly, interrupting each other.

I become aware that other couples are throwing us odd looks, and try to adopt the calm manner of someone who knows how to conduct herself in hotels. After all, there's no reason to be so excited. J and I have been together for nearly 17 years and should have mastered the art of being relaxed and easy in each other's company. The waiter comes to take our dessert order but I'm too thrilled at being able to talk freely to J to make a sensible decision. Perhaps I'll be more mellow tomorrow. After all, that's why we're here – to have a long lie and relax.

At 7am, I'm wide awake. There are so many things we can do today and they're all whirring around in my head.

Later, we have a walk in the woods and stop off at what looks like the perfect pub but is actually grotty inside with sticky tables and two men scowling at us from the bar. I suspect it's because we are laughing and ruining the gloomy atmosphere. We can't help it. It's the novelty of being able to speak in plain English instead of lapsing into bad French whenever we want to discuss the children and can't get away from their flapping lugs. "Il y a une probleme avec les garcons," we witter to each other at home, even though they can understand this perfectly well. "Je pense que nous, er, must penser d'une... consequence pour l'extreme naughtiness." Here in the Highlands, there's none of that rubbish. A simple lunch of soup and sandwiches overlooking Oban harbour tastes sublime. Can food really be this good, or are we just appreciating everything more keenly because the children aren't here? It's eerie, and almost guilt-inducing, how happy we are.

We drive home playing loud music on the radio. This is great, I keep thinking. Like when we first met and would sit up all night talking instead of discussing whether to move our wheelie bin to a less conspicuous position. I start figuring out how to convey our enjoyment of the weekend to the children, without making them feel as if it's because they weren't there. Maybe I should pretend it was rubbish?

We walk in, and I expect them to thunder towards us. "Hi," daughter says, flicking through a magazine. Our sons wander downstairs eventually. Yeah, they say, they've had a good time with Gran. I try to seem ambivalent about our weekend, as if it was OK, although a little dreary without them. But my enthusiasm bubbles up: about our hotel room, the sherry, the incredible cupcakes dusted with edible glitter which we scooped in a cafe on the way home.

The children stand there politely, waiting for us to finish. I notice that one of our sons is giving us a disdainful look. It's a look which says: "This is what happens when you're old. You get excited about free sherry."

