

What's it like to indulge in \$93,007 worth of pampering in a single week? *Molly Young* submits to the house calls, the four-figure haircuts, and the customized everything to find out what it's like to be...

# the world's most pampered woman



photographed by horacio salinas

Roquefort—a Biologique facial is not for the faint of heart. For one thing, it's cold. No hot towels, no steaming. Mine ended with an application of Cryo-Sticks, which are wands made of surgical stainless steel that tighten the skin until it's as seamless as a tulip petal. Afterward, I was led to a lounge with gluten-free apple-granola bites and beds with fluffy, fresh duvets where I could, I guess, "recover" from my treatment in total lassitude. It was the most private place on earth. If I died there, I could go undiscovered for weeks.

Instead, I drifted into a nap, confident that I could go straight to lunch when I emerged because...

#### 4. SHE WAKES UP LIKE THAT.

Dara Liotta's practice is located in an Upper East Side townhouse that feels less like a medical facility than the elegant home it likely once was. During our consultation, she explained the origins of her trademarked LitLift (\$4,000). While exploring Instagram, the plastic surgeon had noticed an emphasis on contouring and strobing. Wouldn't it be nice, she mused, if people could wake up like that instead of spending two hours with a blending sponge? Over two years, Liotta developed a method of employing Botox and fillers on six key points of the face to achieve contouring and strobing without makeup. The result lasts up to two years.

In the exam room, I reclined on a faux-fur pillow while my face was injected with hyaluronic acid fillers—Juvéderm Vollure and Juvéderm Volbella—and a vial of Botox. When I began to faint (needles!), a handful of candy was delivered and an ice pack was placed behind my neck. Then it was over, and a mirror was lifted to my face. The results were instant. I did not look unrecognizable; I merely looked the way I do in restaurants with flattering lighting. And I wasn't even wearing makeup!

The makeuplessness was further facilitated by a visit to David Colbert's office for the Runway Facial and Runway Legs treatments (\$4,000 for both). They're popular among (you guessed it) runway models (like Adriana Lima and Stella Maxwell) and actresses (like Chloë Sevigny and

### THE FINAL TALLY

A-LIST INDULGENCE WILL REALLY SET YOU BACK.

Deborah Lippmann house call: **\$500**

Julien Farel Power Hour haircut and manicure: **\$1,075**

Biologique Recherche Haute Couture Program: **\$25,000**

LitLift: **\$4,000**

David Colbert's Runway Facial and Runway Legs treatments: **\$4,000**

Tracie Martyn Red Carpet Facial and Ruby Ray Treatment: **\$600**

Portable Chef: **\$707 per week**

Krigger Custom Perfume: **\$50,000**

Harry Josh house call: **\$2,500**

Aliana Lopez makeup session: **\$750**

The Eyebrow Doctor: **\$1,500**

Mark Hotel Madison Suite: **\$2,375 per night**

**Total: \$93,007**



Michelle Williams). At the doctor's airy loft, I was subjected to radio frequency from a beeping machine, chemical-peeled from head to toe, hit with 5,000 laser pulses, coated in serum, and finally soaked in LED lights to help the serum penetrate.

"How long does it take for the laser to stimulate collagen growth?" I asked, while an intimidating machine fired away at my thighs. "It's happening now," said Charissa Tagupa, Colbert's colleague.

When I was finished, she held a mirror up to my face and said, "See? You don't need makeup." And she was correct. Most facials leave my sensitive skin hot to the touch and marbled like raw bacon. This one gave my skin a tight, dewy, all-the-same-color finish.

"How often do clients come in for this treatment?" I asked. "Once a month," the doctor said. Quick math: I could stop wearing foundation for only \$24,000 a year!

When my glow subsided two days later, I considered applying tinted moisturizer but instead booked a Tracie Martyn Red Carpet Facial (\$450), which is beloved by Rihanna, Sarah Jessica Parker, Kim Kardashian West, and seemingly everyone who has ever attended an awards show. Upon arrival at the spa, I signed my name in the guest book right below a sweet note from Naomi Campbell and accepted a crystal tumbler of lemon water, then stripped naked for my Ruby Ray Treatment (\$150 for 15 minutes). This involved climbing into what looked like a tanning bed, but instead of being bathed in UV radiation, I was surrounded by pink LED light designed to minimize stretch marks and fine lines.

A hallmark of extreme pampering is excess square footage. Surely there was no reason the Tracie Martyn facial room had to be the size of my whole apartment...but why not? In New York City, unused space is the ultimate luxury. My skin was swathed in pineapple-enzyme exfoliant (\$90) and "resculpting" cream (\$175) before being zapped with an electric current to lift and tone. By the time I left two hours later, I was starving, and not just any snack would do. I needed something tailored to my exact nutritional requirements, because...

#### 5. SHE CUSTOMIZES EVERYTHING.

Off-the-shelf green juice is fine for civilians but hardly adequate for the world's most pampered woman. The following morning I woke at 6:15 a.m., when a courier buzzed my doorbell. He had arrived to drop off a cooler of meals from Portable Chef (\$707 per week), a service that prepares organic meals tailored to the pickiest diets. Mine specified no eggplant, no pork, low sugar, and a total of 1,500 calories, which is a number I picked because I thought I'd read somewhere that Kate Hudson eats 1,500 calories a day. I fetched my cooler and returned to bed, falling asleep to thoughts of breakfast: a whole-grain German apple pancake, probiotic yogurt with lemon zest, slow-cooked strawberry puree, and the world's tiniest handful of toasted slivered almonds.

The sustenance was necessary for my appointment at the Plaza Hotel, where I met Ben Krigger of the iconic Krigger perfume house to begin the process of crafting a bespoke fragrance (\$50,000). The company is sort of like the inside of a private jet, in that you need to belong to a certain tax bracket to be even vaguely familiar with it. Everyone from Grace Kelly to Audrey Hepburn wore Krigger fragrances; Ben is the fifth-

**Rich people, I've noticed, don't want things. They need things. I'm going to need an extra massage. "Want" is too low priority, as verbs go.**

generation heir to the throne. We sipped champagne in a penthouse suite. "When you create a custom perfume, you become a perfumer," Krigger explained, as he guided me through a lengthy interview that included questions like "What was your favorite cake as a child?" (lemon) and "What is your favorite season?" (autumn).

Then Krigger spritzed perfume on paper testers, passed them to me, and observed my reactions. I liked the black tea notes from one, the fig notes from another, the violet from a

third. So as I was becoming a perfumer, it dawned on me: This is what billionaires are buying when they sit down to make a bespoke scent—the opportunity to create a work of art without undergoing the decades of training that underpin Krigger's craft. What they're purchasing is a scent. What they're paying for is the opportunity to feel creative.

After we finished, Krigger would send a recording of our interview to his staff for analysis, and the process of formulation would begin. It takes months and cannot be hurried.

But the perfect scent, he said, is worth the effort: "Life is very difficult these days, and people want a perfume that makes them feel better. It's like having a truffle on your pasta." I appreciated his honesty. In fact, I'd come to expect it, because...

#### 6. SHE DOESN'T CARE FOR SUGARCOATING.

As with any important person, the arrival of Harry Josh was preceded by the arrival of Harry Josh's assistant, who appeared at my house 15 minutes early to set up a proper work area for the man who styles Gisele, Karlie Kloss, Lily Aldridge, and Miranda Kerr. (His house calls, he says, cost "in the four to five figures, depending on services and timing.")

When Josh arrived, I told him that I wanted my hair to drape like Lily Aldridge's. He gave me a look. "You have a cowlick right"—he gestured at the front of my head—"here. That's why there's always one little piece whisking in the opposite direction."

Using a series of clips and targeted multidirectional blow-drying with his new Harry Josh Pro Tools Ultra Light Pro Dryer (\$349), he corrected the cowlick. "But," he warned ominously, "it will always come back."

"Will I ever have the Lily Aldridge drape?"