

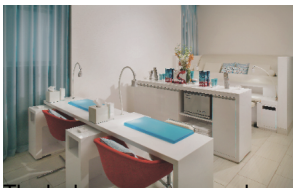
W Scottsdale's Bliss Spa- Triple Oxygen Facial Review

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I'd always known the name bliss for three things, the adorable samples you find in your room at W Hotels, the clever copy on their Web site (how do they make serious skincare sound so silly and fun?) and their pretty blue packaging that lines Sephora and Nordstrom shelves. So, like many others, I wasn't quite sure what to expect when I was given a bliss spa treatment at the W Scottsdale for my birthday.



I made my way through the posh hotel's living room and lobby to the gleaming spa entrance- bright, clean and delightful. The rows of beauty products along the cloud-adorned walls were inviting, but I didn't get to look before my treatment because they had me registered and on my way in two minutes flat.



The locker room was modern and cool, with keyless lockers, sinkside samples, grass-tiled steam showers and a petite waiting area, complete with a buffet of cucumbers, cheese and crackers and mini brownie squares. Cheerful tunes from all different eras played throughout the spa- a far cry from the typical oceanic music and whale voices one typically finds in spas.

As I donned my fluffy robe and Havaianas flip flops and completed my mini-survey, my spa guru Michelle found me and took me to one of the seven treatment rooms.

The celebrity-favorite Triple Oxygen Facial I received was 75 minutes of absolute glee. A whirlwind of scents and textures, it began with a smooth, thorough cleansing and "spicy" exfoliation, leaving my skin primed and ready for magic. An oxygen extraction creme went on, which was then covered with saran wrap to help it penetrate the skin and kill bacteria. Cucumber pads kept my eyes feeling cool. After extractions, another coat of oxygen mixture, a eucalyptus wrap, several amazing and minty masques, enzyme-soaked gauzes, grapefruit-scented toner and hot towels, I received an incredible oxygen mist to revive my skin. Delicious, orange-scented creme went on to seal in all that great moisture. Periodic hand, arm, foot, leg and scalp massages helped the time fly by as the numerous mixtures marinated on my face.

And because Bliss knows girls have to leave these treatments in broad daylight, they finish with a coat of tinted moisturizer and juicy vanilla lip balm, and have a side door so we can avoid a walk of shame through the W lobby. Guests leave with a handful of samples and bliss water, and are given a basket of recommended products to consider before exiting. I declined the recommendations, but splurged on the Monarch robe I'd been wearing- it was just too delightful to pass up!

I went straight to dinner afterward, looking dewy, smooth and glowing. I had no redness or dry patches, though I did sneak a few dabs of concealer and swipes of mascara to avoid looking like a makeupless creep at Christopher's. Two days later and my skin looks like it did when I was ten. Smooth and even, with shrunken pores. My boyfriend even noticed, which says a lot. Trust me.

The bliss spa is not particularly serene or zen-like, and definitely not someplace you'd go for a romantic couples massage or hot stone treatment to unwind after a hard week at work. It is, however, perfect for birthday or bachelorette weekends, waxings, facials, mother-daughter pedis and ultra-hip pampering. It's social, fun and girly- you'll leave perkier, happier and much prettier.

Triple Oxygen Facial, \$160

W Hotels