

T'S FRIDAY NIGHT, before a 7am flight to Puglia. I'm faced with bags to pack, small, unreasonable people to feed and a husband with man flu. Normally I would feel desperate, but right now the usual end-of-the-week exhaustion is absent. I'm bouncing around like Bambi, thanks to an earlier visit to the Infusion Clinic, just off London's Harley Street, for a Fit-amin Infusion (£227). This is the private jet-set's secret weapon for seamlessly transitioning through time zones. Rihanna, Cara Delevingne and Simon Cowell are all fans of intravenous vitamin drips.

You might have to bite your lip if you don't like needles but, take it from a girl who used to faint at the school flu jab, this is really not a big deal. Just a small scratch, then a slightly warm sensation along your arm as high doses of vitamin C course through your system to nourish overworked adrenal glands – a blessed relief for people whose stress levels need lowering. It also contains vitamin D and magnesium, great for regulating sleep cycles and a help with the jet lag, and a complex of B vitamins that works to calm the nervous system. For anxious flyers like myself it's a godsend. It boosts immunity (how many times have you arrived on a beach with a fresh EasyJet cold?) and improves energy levels so you start your holiday with a spring in your step rather than crawling on your knees.

As a beauty editor with a Girl Guide predisposition towards organisation, I have developed a travel routine that pre-empts pretty much any kind of vanity-related drama. Rogue spot erupting on a plane? Let me introduce you to Sarah Chapman's genius Spot Stickers (£19, www.sarahchapman.net). Crocodile

lips and puffy eyes? Try La Prairie's snappy Perfection A Porter (£100, www.selfridges.com), an eye and lip rescue duo. Most importantly though, I know that once you have energy, anything seems possible.

I am not a fan of body treatments. I'm allergic to body wraps: too claustrophobic. I have gritted my teeth through several courses of Endermologie because it works to banish cellulite, but it is very expensive, often causes bruising (not a good bikini look) and that dratted orange peel resurfaces more or less the second you stop doing it. Neither is there a single

fluro-orange gaffer tape. This sort of tape has been used in sports medicine for years to speed up muscle recovery and is now debuting in spas. It gently lifts superficial skin folds, increases circulation and encourages drainage in the lymph glands, all of which help to improve muscle function. You wear the tape for three to five days (it's not visible through clothes), before it starts to peel off. A course of five or six sessions is suggested but I noticed a difference after just two. The crêpiness around my tummy, which is the deal breaker when it comes to deciding between

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cellulite cream that I've ever met and loved, for the simple reason they don't do what they say on the tin. Smoother skin? Yes. Cellulite cure? It's a case of the emperor's new clothes. But if there is one treatment that I *would* recommend before you squeeze into your Heidi Klein two piece, it is this: Natura Bissé's Maxi-Firm Body Citric (from £840 at Grace Belgravia, www.gracebelgravia.com). This two-pronged attack on flab promises to significantly tone skin rather than rid you of inches. And, astonishingly, it works.

First your body is rubbed with a zesty bitter-orange scrub, before ascorbic acid (chemist-speak for high-potency vitamin C) is massaged in all over. This kickstarts collagen and elastin production and drains excess fluid. Hyaluronic acid plumps up cells and evens out dimpling. Next, 'problem' areas (arms, thighs, bums and tums – frankly, everywhere) are expertly wrapped with what looks like

swimsuit or bikini, appeared smooth and firm. No cream has ever done that.

I'm also a believer in Clarins Triactive Body Sculptor (£67, www.selfridges.com), a no-nonsense body massage that stimulates the lymph glands to flush out excess water and waste toxins, followed by a stomach massage that wakes up the colon to relieve bloating, which for many is the bane of air travel.

To de-puff cankles after a long-haul journey, I turn to Legology's Air-Lite cream (£60, www.liberty.co.uk), a lemon-scented potion with caffeine that makes tired legs feel lighter. If you're feeling lazy pre- or post-trip, make for the Beauty Works West spa (www.beautyworkswest.com) in Notting Hill, London, where they will rub in the stuff with brisk slaps to your bottom and legs.

Hair removal is always high on the holiday to-do list. Having a shaving rash on your legs is never a good look and waxing, in my opinion, is for sadists. If