

The Independent's journalism is supported by our readers. When you purchase through links on our site, we may earn commission.

[Travel](#) > [Europe](#) > [France](#)

Where to travel on a mums-only holiday? The perfect French villa without the kids

After two years of A-levels stress, it is not just the kids that need a break – [Sarah Rodrigues](#) discovers a villa near Biarritz where her group of mum friends can unwind with poolside lazing, vintage markets and local wine

Tuesday 03 September 2024 09:09 BST • [2](#) Comments



Activer Windows



If you've ever watched 2016's *Bad Moms*, starring Mila Kunis, you may remember a certain scene in a supermarket.

Set to Icona Pop's "I Love It", it shows three overworked, underappreciated mothers storming the aisles of a supermarket being, in turns, suggestive, raucous, aggressive and frankly terrifying. At the checkout, one of them fondles an oversized *saucisson* in the face of a male cashier.

There were no such antics on a recent girls' – indeed, moms – trip to Moliets-et-Maa, located about an **hour north of Biarritz**. In the supermarket, we were all too busy stocking up on rosé, cheeses, radishes (to be eaten raw and salted) and pâté – all served, grazing-style, on the outdoor table by our villa pool.

It was a celebration, of sorts. None of us knew whether we'd be wailing in a corner or crowing from the rooftops when results came out in a few weeks – but, at least, the stress of **A-levels** was over.



The friends stayed in a villa in Moliets-et-Maa, roughly an hour north of Biarritz (*Heaven Publicity*)

As a group of women who met when our now-18-year-olds were four, we've formed friendships beyond the school gate, becoming invested in each other's children, as well as in each other. Together, we've been through the bake sales, the seasonal plays, and the sports days. The birthday parties and sleepovers, the romances, rows and revision.

...

So **Moliets-et-Maa was perfect**: a short flight from London to Biarritz, and then an easy drive. Even so, some of our group ultimately had to drop out, due to family commitments. Others could only come for a few days. All of us received constant messages, asking everything from “where's the ketchup?” and “can you transfer me some money?” to “when are you back?” to “where are you, again?”

Despite its (under these circumstances) sometimes annoyingly good wifi, our Summer **France** accommodation couldn't have been more ideal: five double bedrooms, most with their own bathroom; a spacious living and kitchen area; a large outdoor area and pool, backing on to woods and a lake (I saw a deer on our first morning) and a pétanque pitch at the front. At times, it was difficult to know whether to hibernate or explore.



Sarah and her friends enjoyed meals 'grazing-style' on the outdoor table by the pool of their villa, snacking on cheeses, radishes and pâté, accompanied by rosé (*Heaven Publicity*)

Although there were – okay, fine, we admit it – attempts to straddle an inflatable pineapple and some fully clothed pool-jumping antics, exploring generally won. With the **beach** just a short cycle or walk away, there was little excuse not to head down for morning yoga against the soothing sound of the rolling surf. By the time we arrived back at the villa, the “croissant fairy” would have passed by our front door, dropping off a bag of buttery bakery treats. Later in the day, **surf lessons** were available for those who wanted to **take on the Atlantic waves** – and evening swims against pink skies were blissful.

...

While we didn't spend a great deal of time in Biarritz itself – its crowded sands weren't a patch on the delightful serenity of our beach at Moliets – it's worth noting that many of the more authentic eateries close after the lunchtime service, so time your visit well if food is a priority, or you'll end up having to eat somewhere pricier and more geared towards tourists.

Not that the occasional rip-off is such a big deal, in the scheme of things – after all, we've all heard people rhapsodising about French supermarkets and how irresistible their selection and prices are, and rightly so.

Such perfection could do with a shake-up, though. Perhaps someone *does* need to make a *Bad Moms*-style clip in one. Complete with gigantic *saucisson*. And hey – with university looming and the messages requesting cash inevitably multiplying, it may very well be us.

*Sarah Rodrigues was hosted by **Summer France** at Villas La Clairière aux Chevreuils, Moliets-et-Maa. During summer 2025, a week in a self-catered three-bedroom villa, sleeping up to 8 people, is priced from £982.*