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## The Luxe Travel Diaries: Ibiza

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Last month, work took me to Ibiza (I know, I know.. but I promise, I'm telling the truth) for a conference in Ibiza Town about Psychology. And of course everyone loves Ibiza. But I can't lie, I was nervous. I heard "Ibiza" and couldn't help but expect hordes of party revellers (read: boozey brits) and inescapable loud music.

The first week of my stay in Ibiza Town, was for the conference, and without doubt, I definitely was in the land of all night raves and super clubs. After a week in the hedonistic land of excessiveness and insanely fun, but, dare I say, ostentatious hotels, I was quite ready for a few days of rest and retreat in the North of the island.



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Just half an hour out of the main town, I could be forgiven for thinking I'd landed on another island. Imagine St Tropez and Ubud had a love child, and there you have the beautiful North of Ibiza. Glamour, hippy vibes and views to fall in love with. I checked into the ME, and sank into the free spirited, glamorous vibe of the resort. True luxury for me, comprises of wellness and beautiful things, and without doubt, my appetites for both of those things, plus my need for some R and R, were satisfied here.

I checked in and instantly sank into the truly relaxed vibe, both in my gorgeously all white suite, and throughout the resort. I spent my days lounging by two of the three pools, the main pool (no kids.. utterly chilled) and the infinity pool (of course!), bouncing around in yoga classes (vinyasa flow, and aerial on the roof deck). And to that point, the yoga teacher at the ME is without doubt one of the best I've met- I say this as a very real yogi addict, twisting myself into different pretzel shapes at least once a day, and sometimes even two.



And I confess, for all my talk of going up to the north to avoid the noise, it wasn't long before I itched a little for the epic parties I was so ready to leave not so long earlier. And when I did head back in, the hotel ferried me back and forth in a white Range Rover. (I'm told that had I have wanted to make a visit to the beautiful Formentera, they could have as easily arranged me a very glam private boat. In fact, I heard that the super jet set arrive by ME jets. Ooh!) And the champagne breakfasts were a welcome start to lazy days after dancing all night. For anyone wanting a change of scenery but not wanting to bother going far, there's a Nikki Beach next door: always fun.



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Between the sexy music by the pool, the winning cocktails, and epic rooftop yoga, I've already made plans to return.

ME by Melia's Summer season will end October 15th, and rooms start at £204 per night. I'll see you there.

**LUCA**  
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