

‘Laura Dave is a master storyteller. Gripping, big-hearted and twisty, *The Last Thing He Told Me* grabs readers from the very first page and never lets go’

Greer Hendricks, *New York Times*

bestselling co-author of *The Wife Between Us*

‘A massive page-turner, really gripping. I raced through it’
Laura Marshall, bestselling author of *Three Little Lies*

‘Clever, compulsive and twisty as hell. Cancel all your plans before you start this one, I had to remind myself to breathe during the final, devastating pages’

Chris Whitaker, author of *We Begin at the End*

‘I loved *The Last Thing He Told Me* – a gripping, twisty read which examines loyalty, motherhood and betrayal’

Sarah J. Harris, bestselling author of *The Colour of Bee Larkham’s Murder*

‘A compelling story about identity, lies and how far you would go to protect those you love’

Cass Green, author of *In a Cottage in a Wood*

‘Pacy, tense and absolutely gripping; I adored this beautifully written thriller’

Jo Spain, author of *Dirty Little Secrets*

‘*The Last Thing He Told Me* is exactly what you want from a thriller – plot twists, fascinating character interplay and a well thought out mystery at its core. I can’t stop thinking about the ending. Brilliant’

C.J. Skuse, author of *The Alibi Girl*

‘With dizzying suspense and gorgeous prose, *The Last Thing He Told Me* tackles tough questions about trust, marriage and what it means to be a family. A page-turner of the highest order’

Riley Sager, author of *Final Girls*

‘Wonderfully original; it keeps you guessing right to the very end. I completely loved it’

Tina Seskis, author of *One Step Too Far*

‘Very entertaining. It literally grabs hold of you and runs. I enjoyed it very much’

Emma Curtis, author of *One Little Mistake*

‘A new John Grisham – and it’s Laura Dave. A very classy, intricately plotted masterpiece. It’s going to be huge’

Alice Clark-Platts, author of *The Flower Girls*

‘A thrilling roller coaster of a novel. This smart, intimate exploration of love and family is the foundation of a beautifully constructed mystery filled with twists and turns. A must-read’

Jean Kwok, author of *Girl in Translation*

‘A snappily paced mystery – perfect for TV adaptation’

Rachel Sargeant, author of *The Perfect Neighbours*

‘So brilliant. Pacy, tense and twisty as all get out’

Lisa Hall, author of *The Party*

‘Tense, fast-paced and clever. I raced through it’

Annabel Kantaria, author of *The Disappearance*

‘This is a devastating page-turner of a thriller, and I genuinely struggled to put it down’

Nell Pattison, author of *The Silent House*

‘I’m still stunned by the ending of this beautifully written,
compelling and compassionate novel. I loved it’

Kate McQuaile, author of *Without a Word*

‘Absorbing and original, Dave pulls us into a thriller
that explores the boundaries of trust and the lines you’d
be willing to cross to protect those you love’

Liv Matthews, author of *The Prank*

‘I absolutely loved it! Her writing is utterly immersive, tense and
pacy, and the characters so brilliantly drawn. I was so invested in
Hannah and Bailey, completely gripped to the last brave page’

Sam Blake, author of *No Turning Back*

‘A fast-paced page-turner of a novel about lies, love and identity
with, at its heart, a touching and believable relationship between
stepmother and daughter. Both brilliant and beautiful’

Diane Jeffrey, author of *The Guilty Mother*

‘I absolutely loved *The Last Thing He Told Me*. What
a brilliant, twisty, heart-breaking story’

Clare Empson, author of *Mine*

‘What starts as an intimate meditation on found families
deftly turns into a heart-pounding mystery reminiscent of the
best true crime stories. But both work so beautifully in this
gripping, perfectly paced novel. I dare you to stop reading’

Susie Yang, author of *White Ivy*

‘A slick engaging mystery with a big emotional heart. Danger,
moral dilemmas and impossible choices. A heart-breaking read’

Tina Baker, author of *Call Me Mummy*

The Last Thing He Told Me

LAURA DAVE



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Prologue

Owen used to like to tease me about how I lose everything, about how, in my own way, I have raised losing things to an art form. Sunglasses, keys, mittens, baseball hats, stamps, cameras, cell phones, Coke bottles, pens, shoelaces. Socks. Lightbulbs. Ice trays. He isn't exactly wrong. I did used to have a tendency to misplace things. To get distracted. To forget.

On our second date, I lost the ticket stub for the parking garage where we'd left the cars during dinner. We'd each taken our own car. Owen would later joke about this—would love joking about how I insisted on driving myself to that second date. Even on our wedding night he joked about it. And I joked about how he'd grilled me that night, asking endless questions about my past—about the men I'd left behind, the men who had left me.

He'd called them the could-have-been boys. He raised a glass to them and said, wherever they were, he was grateful to them for not being what I needed, so he got to be the one sitting across from me.

You barely know me, I'd said.

He smiled. *It doesn't feel that way, does it?*

He wasn't wrong. It was overwhelming, what seemed to live between us, right from the start. I like to think that's why I was distracted. Why I lost the parking ticket.

We parked in the Ritz-Carlton parking garage in downtown San

Francisco. And the parking attendant shouted that it didn't matter if I claimed I'd only been there for dinner.

The fee for a lost parking ticket was a hundred dollars. "You could have kept the car here for weeks," the parking attendant said. "How do I know you're not trying to pull a fast one? A hundred dollars plus tax for every lost stub. Read the sign." A hundred dollars plus tax to go home.

"Are you sure that it's lost?" Owen asked me. But he was smiling as he said it, as if this were the best piece of news about me that he'd gotten all night.

I was sure. I searched every inch of my rented Volvo anyway and of Owen's fancy sports car (even though I'd never been in it) and of that gray, impossible parking garage floor. No stub. Not anywhere.

The week after Owen disappeared, I had a dream of him standing in that parking lot. He was wearing the same suit—the same charmed smile. In the dream he was taking off his wedding ring.

Look, Hannah, he said. Now you've lost me too.

— Part I —

I have little patience with scientists who take a board of wood, look for its thinnest part, and drill a great number of holes where drilling is easy.

—Albert Einstein

If You Answer the Door for Strangers . . .

You see it all the time on television. There's a knock at the front door. And, on the other side, someone is waiting to tell you the news that changes everything. On television, it's usually a police chaplain or a firefighter, maybe a uniformed officer from the armed forces. But when I open the door—when I learn that everything is about to change for me—the messenger isn't a cop or a federal investigator in starched pants. It's a twelve-year-old girl, in a soccer uniform. Shin guards and all.

“Mrs. Michaels?” she says.

I hesitate before answering—the way I often do when someone asks me if that is who I am. I am and I'm not. I haven't changed my name. I was Hannah Hall for the thirty-eight years before I met Owen, and I didn't see a reason to become someone else after. But Owen and I have been married for a little over a year. And, in that time, I've learned not to correct people either way. Because what they really want to know is whether I'm Owen's wife.

It's certainly what the twelve-year-old wants to know, which leads me to explain how I can be so certain that she is twelve, having spent most of my life seeing people in two broad categories: child and adult. This change is a result of the last year and a half, a result of my husband's daughter, Bailey, being the stunningly disinviting age of sixteen. It's a result of my mistake, upon first meeting the guarded

Bailey, of telling her that she looked younger than she was. It was the worst thing I could have done.

Maybe it was the second worst. The worst thing was probably my attempt to make it better by cracking a joke about how I wished someone would age me down. Bailey has barely stomached me since, despite the fact that I now know better than to try to crack a joke of any kind with a sixteen-year-old. Or, really, to try and talk too much at all.

But back to my twelve-year-old friend standing in the doorway, shifting from dirty cleat to dirty cleat.

“Mr. Michaels wanted me to give you this,” she says.

Then she thrusts out her hand, a folded piece of yellow legal paper inside her palm. *HANNAH* is written on the front in Owen’s writing.

I take the folded note, hold her eyes. “I’m sorry,” I say. “I’m missing something. Are you a friend of Bailey’s?”

“Who’s Bailey?”

I didn’t expect the answer to be yes. There is an ocean between twelve and sixteen. But I can’t piece this together. Why hasn’t Owen just called me? Why is he involving this girl? My first guess would be that something has happened to Bailey, and Owen couldn’t break away. But Bailey is at home, avoiding me as she usually does, her blasting music (today’s selection: *Beautiful: The Carole King Musical*) pulsing all the way down the stairs, its own looping reminder that I’m not welcome in her room.

“I’m sorry. I’m a little confused . . . where did you see him?”

“He ran past me in the hall,” she says.

For a minute I think she means our hall, the space right behind us. But that doesn’t make sense. We live in a floating home on the bay, a houseboat as they are commonly called, except here in Sausalito, where there’s a community of them. Four hundred of them. Here they

are floating homes—all glass and views. Our sidewalk is a dock, our hallway is a living room.

“So you saw Mr. Michaels at school?”

“That’s what I just said.” She gives me a look, like *where else?* “Me and my friend Claire were on our way to practice. And he asked us to drop this off. I said I couldn’t come until after practice and he said, fine. He gave us your address.”

She holds up a second piece of paper, like proof.

“He also gave us twenty bucks,” she adds.

The money she doesn’t hold up. Maybe she thinks I’ll take it back.

“His phone was broken or something and he couldn’t reach you. I don’t know. He barely slowed down.”

“So . . . he said his phone was broken?”

“How else would I know?” she says.

Then her phone rings—or I think it’s a phone until she picks it off her waist and it looks more like a high-tech beeper. Are beepers back?

Carole King show tunes. High-tech beepers. Another reason Bailey probably doesn’t have patience for me. There’s a world of teen things I know absolutely nothing about.

The girl taps away on her device, already putting Owen and her twenty-dollar mission behind her. I’m reluctant to let her go, still unsure about what is going on. Maybe this is some kind of weird joke. Maybe Owen thinks this is funny. I don’t think it’s funny. Not yet, anyway.

“See you,” she says.

She starts walking away, heading down the docks. I watch her get smaller and smaller, the sun down over the bay, a handful of early evening stars lighting her way.

Then I step outside myself. I half expect Owen (my lovely and silly Owen) to jump out from the side of the dock, the rest of the soccer

team giggling behind him, the lot of them letting me in on the prank I'm apparently not getting. But he isn't there. No one is.

So I close our front door. And I look down at the piece of yellow legal paper still folded in my hand. I haven't opened it yet.

It occurs to me, in the quiet, how much I don't want to open it. I don't want to know what the note says. Part of me still wants to hold on to this one last moment—the moment where you still get to believe this is a joke, an error, a big nothing; the moment before you know for sure that something has started that you can no longer stop.

I unfold the paper.

Owen's note is short. One line, its own puzzle.

Protect her.

Greene Street Before It Was Greene Street

I met Owen a little over two years ago.

I was still living in New York City then. I was living three thousand miles from Sausalito, the small Northern California town that I now call home. Sausalito is on the other side of the Golden Gate from San Francisco, but a world away from city life. Quiet, charming. Sleepy. It's the place that Owen and Bailey have called home for more than a decade. It is also the polar opposite of my previous life, which kept me squarely in Manhattan, in a lofted storefront on Greene Street in SoHo—a small space with an astronomical rent I never quite believed I could afford. I used it as both my workshop and my showroom.

I turn wood. That's what I do for work. People usually make a face when I tell them this is my job (however I try to describe it), images of their high school woodshop class coming to mind. Being a woodturner is a little like that, and nothing like that. I like to describe it as sculpting, but instead of sculpting clay, I sculpt wood.

I come by the profession naturally. My grandfather was a woodturner—an excellent one, at that—and his work was at the center of my life for as far back as I can remember. He was at the center of my life for as far back as I can remember, having raised me mostly on his own.

My father, Jack, and my mother, Carole (who preferred that I refer to her as Carole), were largely uninterested in doing any child-rearing. They were largely uninterested in anything except my father's

photography career. My grandfather encouraged my mother to make an effort with me when I was young, but I barely knew my father, who traveled for work 280 days a year. When he did have time off, he hunkered down at his family's ranch in Sewanee, Tennessee, as opposed to driving the two hours to my grandfather's house in Franklin to spend time with me. And, shortly after my sixth birthday, when my father left my mother for his assistant—a woman named Gwendolyn who was newly twenty-one—my mother stopped coming home as well. She chased my father down until he took her back. Then she left me with my grandfather full-time.

If it sounds like a sob story, it isn't. Of course, it isn't ideal to have your mother all but disappear. It certainly didn't feel good to be on the receiving end of that choice. But, when I look back now, I think my mother did me a favor exiting the way she did—without apology, without vacillation. At least she made it clear: There was nothing I could have done to make her want to stay.

And, on the other side of her exit, I was happier. My grandfather was stable and kind and he made me dinner every night and waited for me to finish dinner before he announced it was time to get up and read me stories before we went to sleep. And he always let me watch him work.

I loved watching him work. He'd start with an impossibly enormous piece of wood, moving it over a lathe, turning it into something magical. Or, if it was less than magical, he would figure out how to start over again.

That was probably my favorite part of watching him work: when he would throw up his hands and say, "*Well, we've got to do this different, don't we?*" Then he'd go about finding a new way into what he wanted to create. I'm guessing any psychologist worth her salt would say that it must have given me hope—that I must have

thought my grandfather would help me do the same thing for myself. To start again.

But, if anything, I think I took comfort in the opposite. Watching my grandfather work taught me that not everything was fluid. There were certain things that you hit from different angles, but you never gave up on. You did the work that was needed, wherever that work took you.

I never expected to be successful at woodturning—or at my foray from there into making furniture. I half expected I wouldn't be able to make a living out of it. My grandfather regularly supplemented his income by picking up construction work. But early on, when one of my more impressive dining room tables was featured in *Architectural Digest*, I developed a niche among a subset of downtown New York City residents. As one of my favorite interior designers explained it, my clients wanted to spend a lot of money decorating their homes in a way that made it look like they weren't spending any money at all. My rustic wood pieces helped with their mission.

Over time, this devoted clientele turned into a somewhat larger clientele in other coastal cities and resort towns: Los Angeles, Aspen, East Hampton, Park City, San Francisco.

This was how Owen and I met. Avett Thompson—the CEO of the tech firm where Owen worked—was a client. Avett and his wife, the ridiculously gorgeous Belle, were among my most loyal clients.

Belle liked to joke that she was Avett's trophy wife, which may have been funnier if it also wasn't so on point. She was a former model, ten years younger than his grown children, born and raised in Australia. My pieces were in every room of her town house in San Francisco (where she and Avett lived together) and her newly constructed country house in St. Helena, a small town on the northern end of Napa Valley where Belle tended to retreat alone.

I had met Avett only a handful of times before he and Owen showed up at my workshop. They were in New York for an investor meeting and Belle wanted them to stop by to check on a rolled-edge side table she'd asked me to make for their bedroom. Avett wasn't sure what he should be checking for, something about how the table would look with the bed frame—the bed frame that would hold their ten-thousand-dollar organic mattress.

Avett couldn't have cared less, honestly. When he and Owen walked in, he was in a sharp blue suit, his graying hair crunchy with hair gel, the phone glued to his ear. He was in the middle of a phone call. He took one look at the side table and briefly covered the mouthpiece.

"Looks fine to me," he said. "We good here?"

Then, before I answered, he headed outside.

Owen, on the other hand, was mesmerized. He did a slow sweep of the whole workshop, stopping to study each piece.

I watched him as he walked around. He was such a confusing picture: This long-limbed guy with shaggy blond hair and sun-drenched skin, in worn-out Converse sneakers. All of which seemed at odds with his fancy sports jacket. It was almost like he fell off a surfboard into the jacket, the starched shirt beneath it.

I realized I was staring and started to turn away just as Owen stopped in front of my favorite piece—a farm table that I used as a desk.

My computer and newspapers and small tools covered most of it. You could only make out the table beneath if you were really looking. He was. He took in the stiff redwood that I had chiseled down, gently yellowing the corners, welding rough metal to each edge.

Was Owen the first customer to notice the table? No, of course not. But he was the first to bend down, just like I'd often do, running his fingers along the sharp metal and holding the table there.