

SEVEN SISTERS

CARRIANN'S GRAND BABIES



Mellie Cuke

Beck 8

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CARRIANN'S GRAND BABIES



Mellie Cade

Book 8

Nellie Cake

Seven Sisters

Carrieann's Grand-Babies

I'm going to tell you all about how we learned about our past. The patients in this asylum are not here by choice. They were court-ordered to spend their life here because they are criminally insane. They beat, raped and killed babies, children and women. Some of them were brought here by my six seductive sisters and me, the eldest, and my name is "Recluse". We don't know how we got our names because we came here with tags attached to us with our names on them. Not to sound conceited, but my sisters and I are seductive, beautiful, gorgeous, cunning, and luring.

We're also dangerous, deadly, vengeful, and highly intelligent. We lure men or should I say disable, maim and or kill them after they fall in love with us. Well, needless to say, don't fall in love with a Recluse! Our asylum is our home and the site of their ending demise. I left my sisters and the asylum and met my first lover Robert and his best friend Ricky in a small remote town that didn't even have a store or post office

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Seven Sisters/Carrieann's Grand-Babies

Seven Sisters

Carrieann's Grand-Babies

Including me Recluse, seven sisters, my six sisters and I run the D.A.I.B.E.O. asylum for the criminally insane together. We were originally put here when we were born and because of our family history were deemed to grow up to become dangerous criminal psychopaths. We don't know or understand why we had this title put on us.

Our oath and responsibility to each other is to wreak havoc among male patients, boyfriends, husbands, lovers, and anyone else who gets in our way. I wonder a lot about what all my sisters and I do out of habit, our personalities, features, mentality, and traits that we have that were genetically inherited from our grand-mother and mother. Or is it all derived or formed from the psychotropic drugs we've been on most of our incarcerated lives.

We don't know any of our family, but we all have something special in common past our looks, personalities and features. We love eating brains scrambled with eggs and onions. This is the story of how we found out who our grand-mother, mother and aunts were and where we came from. My sisters and I are a great medical team and work together to saw off the top of male patient's, boyfriend's, husband's, and lover's heads and carefully scoop out their brains to scramble with eggs and onions. A normality compared to the capture and torture we put them through by chopping off one ball at a time then the dick before their final demise. Sometimes we chop off one ball just to hear them all screaming in unison.

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I left my sisters and the asylum and met my first lover Robert and his best friend Ricky in a small remote town that didn't even have a store or post office. I was going to his parent's country church singing, dancing in the Spirit and playing a tambourine. I even studied how to speak in tongues so I could fit in with this tiny country church's members. I never knocked over pot belly stoves though and never messed up on speaking in tongues it was well rehearsed. My six sisters and I needed and craved to eat brains scrambled with eggs and onions for the euphoria it provided. Eventually my sisters and I put them on the menu.

Just after the sun came out shining bright and beating down on us, before stepping into the church the sun was shining on my dress and Robert and his best friend Ricky could see my slim silhouette through my thin, light chiffon dress. They were staring at my small figure as I was walking into Robert's parent's church. Robert was always with his fat