

# The queen of rap

MARCH 2023



I've always been an excellent singer, I was the top of my class in music school. I also had the good looks to succeed in the music industry, but I never had the personality and charisma that could make me stand out. Eventually it became clear that I would never be able to become a successful singer, so I found my niche doing musical impressions of famous singers and spent days listening to every song of a certain singer to be able to mimic their voice tone and accent to perfection. I knew this was my last chance to earn a living with my voice and I wasn't going to waste it. I was regularly invited at clubs, parties, any sort of events to sing famous songs by Ariana Grande, Taylor Swift or Beyonce. Sometimes the resemblance of my voice was just passing, other times it was so striking people in the audience thought they were listening to the original singer herself. For some blessing or curse my vocal cords seemed to be able to adjust particularly well to the voice of a particular singer, Nicki Minaj. I didn't even like her songs that much and rapping wasn't my favourite but my imitations of her were always a phenomenal success. As my unusual career was taking off, I got more and more calls and decided to focus on what seemed to be my best chance to fame: imitating Nicki. I eventually dropped all the other imitations and began learning by heart every single one of her songs, mimicking her intonation and accent.

This seemed to be paying off as I was getting bigger and bigger gigs, until one day I was contacted by Nicki's entourage.

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I initially freaked out, fearing some copyright issue. I told my agent (I could finally afford one now) to see what they wanted and he told me they seemed to have an offer for me. Expecting some minor role in an official Nicki Minaj concert, I eagerly accepted, hoping for a breakthrough.

A panel asked me to perform a couple of Nicki's songs, which I did with the usual fidelity to the original, and they seemed to be very satisfied. Their leader said: "I understand that the offer we are making you is very unusual so please take your time and listen to the full proposal before answering. As you know miss Onika Tanya Maraj, alias Nicki Minaj has been prioritising her family these days so she can devote very little time to her fans. We are very impressed with your skills and we have to admit that our sound engineers have detected very few detectable differences between your voice and Nicki Minaj's, so we are asking you to replace her during her concerts. You would earn five million dollars a year."

I felt dizzy hearing that. "Wow... I'm a bit taken aback, I'm very humbled by such an offer! So, are we talking lip sync?"

"We're talking about more than that. You would undergo surgery to look like a twin sister of Nicki Minaj. At that point you would replace her on stage and sing at her place, as well as impersonate her in public events, meet with her fans, do photoshoots, you name it. With the proper training you could even be able to impersonate her in any social situation."

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"What? You can't be serious? How would the public react to this?"

"They would never know. All your appearances would be uncredited and a clause in the contract would prevent you from talking to the press about this."

"Oh wow, well I guess this makes sense. Still, I look nothing like her! I'm white and my body shape is completely different!"

"We have already assembled a team of some of the leading experts in plastic surgery and we can assure you that it is absolutely possible to turn you into an exact replica of Nicki Minaj."

"I... I can't believe that!" - as I said that I instinctively touched my face, afraid they would suddenly start to alter it.

"You already have brown eyes and hair, and with your olive skin, a small increase in the amount of melanin in your system will be enough to match your skin tone to Nicki Minaj's. As for your body shape, there are plenty of rather common techniques to give you a hourglass figure, like breast implants, Brazilian butt lift, and so on. This is all absolutely well tested and safe. All surgical expenses would be covered of course."

I was speechless, they were serious about this. I had never even considered lip fillers, let alone a whole set of plastic surgeries like those. I kept asking questions to gain some time to think about it.

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"How about my face?"

"That would also be feasible with a nose job, lip fillers and a few other minor touch-ups. We would scan your face and accurately plan every step to replicate Nicki Minaj's face. As you can understand, the implications of ethnicity-changing plastic surgery could be ethically sketchy, however, so we need to ask you to sign a non-disclosure agreement."

"Wow, this is a lot to take, I need to think about this, it's a life-changing transformation."

"Absolutely... Please, take your time, get back to us when you've made up your mind!"

Was I really willing to become a full-time Nicki Minaj impersonator? I could finally fulfil my dream of singing in front of large audiences and be rich and successful but I would lose my own face and in a way my identity. Was that too high a price to pay for success?

I looked at myself in the mirror. As a brown-eyed brunette I had always envied the beauty of blonde, blue-eyed women. Now I was considering going at the opposite side of the color spectrum. Wasn't that ironic?

Honestly, I told myself, I wasn't too happy with my life and I knew I could never forgive myself had I missed this chance, so after much consideration I accepted and signed the contract.

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I was very nervous about getting plastic surgery, but they reassured me by telling me that they decided to split the procedures in multiple rounds, to give me time to recover from them and to adjust to my changing appearance.

I had a soft start, with rather common plastic surgeries: lip injections and breast implants, so that for the time being I could get away with the changes saying that I had decided to improve my looks, without making it too obvious that I was actually radically changing my looks.

When I woke up from the surgery, I was shocked at how massive my new breasts looked, way too big for my frame. They made me look like a hypersexualized, plastic beauty-style version of myself, with fake-looking orbs. I looked like a pornstar and started regretting my decision, but it was too late to back off, so I tried to make the most of it and dyed my brown hair blonde to go full "Blonde bombshell" mode.

I started borrowing custom-sized tops from Nicki as half of my wardrobe was useless.

Unfortunately, all her outfits were very revealing.

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A few weeks later, I was told it was time to work on my complexion. I gulped when I heard that. My days as a white woman were coming to an end.

Again, we began with baby steps. I started regular tanning sessions, combined with a drug that increased melanin production in my body. I quickly gained a deep tan I had never achieved before. The same molecule affected my hair color, turning it from brown to jet black, as it showed in my regrowth, and my eyes, which had darkened to a dark brown.

One day, I bumped into a girl from my old music school. She was very pretty and we used to call her "airhead" and "bimbo" because we were young and stupid, and also a bit envious. She suffered a lot from it but she kept going and as she had real talent and eventually became a successful songwriter. I ignored her but she recognised me and, after the initial shock, talked to me.

"Oh my God, I can't believe it! You went full plastic! Who's the bimbo now?"

My heart was pounding. I wished I could disappear or at least hide my implants but my dress was designed to expose my cleavage.

"Hehe, Sharon, come on, everybody is getting plastic surgery these days!"

"Haha, how the tables have turned! Well, what can I say, we all know what sells in the showbiz! Some people have talent, some have to make up for it!"

I didn't know that to say, everything about me suggested exactly that. I quickly excused myself and left, trying to hide some tears.

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I felt so ashamed and humiliated after that encounter, I didn't leave my house for a few days. To make it worse, Sharon posted some pictures of me on social media, so that everybody now thought that I had decided to become a plastic beauty to boost my career. Many of my friends contacted me, wondering why the dedicated artist they knew so well decided to earn fame the easy way. I knew everybody loves the downfall story of a school genius who fails later in life, but it still shocked me how many of them seemed to enjoy my humiliation. Although I felt ashamed by my plastic look and I was afraid of being judged, I had no other choice but to keep living a normal life and performing regularly, after all it was my only source of income before I could work for Nicki once the transformation was complete.

As my reputation was ruined anyway, I decided to step up my game and started performing in revealing outfits inspired to those used by Nicki in her concerts. As weird it was to wear pink wigs, colourful outfits and gigantic heels, I knew I had to get used to this fashion style sooner or later.

I was very self-conscious about flashing my boobs in public but the public seemed to love the changes. I was getting significantly more requests to sing at large events, and the crowds were cheering me like never before. For once in my life, I felt like I had finally fulfilled my dream of becoming a star in the music industry. I hated that people now paid more attention to my cleavage than to my singing skills, just like Sharon and my haters said, but I enjoyed it nevertheless.

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As the tanning sessions continued, I kept getting darker and darker, which freaked me out a bit. I contacted the team monitoring my progress but assured me all was going according to plans. After all, my natural complexion was several shades lighter than a Caribbean woman.

The black roots of my hair continued to grow, so I decided to dye all my hair jet black and got matching extensions. Black was the only hair color that would look natural on me from now on, I realized. Even the brown hair that used to be my natural hair color would look like a dye from now on. I checked myself with black hair and I had to admit I made a great raven-haired beauty. My new hair and complexion gave me some sort of middle eastern flavour. I also noticed how my entire body was affected by the change in pigmentation as my pink aureolas and vagina turned dark brown, giving my naked body a strong exotic flavour. That's when I realised I was truly becoming a different woman. It freaked me out so I avoided looking at my naked body when I was showering.

On a positive note, I was getting a lot more attention from men than before, so I decided to have some fun and went on a few dates. At first, I didn't update the pictures on my dating profile but then when I met in person my dates often didn't even recognise me. So I updated my profile with more recent pictures but then most men I matched with thought I was a hooker hunting for clients. My life had definitely changed with a body like this.