

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.

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The following procedures were aimed at my body. A combination of a new diet and intense glute exercises gave me a fuller figure. Seeing my thin body fill up and morph into that of a curvaceous bombshell over the weeks was an intense experience. I hated every minute of it! My lithe calves and thighs became thicker and thicker, until my thigh gap completely disappeared.

When my frame had expanded enough, it was time for massive butt implants that gave me the curvaceous body Nicki was famous for.

My butt was so large I felt like I was sitting on a pillow. My body felt extremely different, I had gained several pounds and my centre of gravity felt off. To make it worse, my giant buttocks forced me to sway my hips whenever I walked. Everything in my body screamed “fuck me” and I’m sure everybody who saw me thought I was an attention-seeking bitch. That couldn’t be more false as all I wanted was to go unnoticed but nobody would have believed me at that point.

Meanwhile, my skin darkening progressed to a deep mocha color, which made my legs, thighs, and torso look exactly like those of a black woman, while my face still looked quite Caucasian, the only almost untouched part of my body. My body was blossoming into that of a curvy Ebony beauty and I knew it was only a matter of time before my face matched the rest. This thought gave me chills.

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One day an old friend of mine called to tell me she wanted to visit me in person as she was worried about me. It took some effort to look as normal as I could, I used makeup to make my lips look smaller and I wore an oversized shirts to hide my body shape but nothing was baggy enough for that purpose. I even changed the lighting of my apartment to conceal my skin tone and I put on a cap to look more tomboyish.

Our conversation felt awkward from the very beginning.

"I'm happy to see how successful you are but I'm concerned about you going as far as to alter your body for your performances. It doesn't sound like you!"

"Oh, it's nothing, just a tan and some boobs. I was tired of being as flat as an ironing board, you know? I wasn't naturally endowed like you!" - I replied, trying to play it down. "Can I get something to drink?" - I asked her, to change topic.

"Oh, I didn't know you were so self-conscious about it. I'll have a soda, thanks!"

As I turned around I inadvertently revealed my massive buttocks to her.

"Wow, you're so curvy down there too!"

"Oh, I've been working out, and I'm on a high-carbs diet to gain some weight."

I felt like I didn't completely manage to reassure her but she got tired of me deflecting all her questions and left.

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In the meanwhile, my physical transformation had begun to catch the attention of the media. Over the weeks, I had become something of an internet sensation as a Nicki Minaj rip-off. I was described as a mediocre singer who devoted her whole career to Nicki Minaj imitations and who wasn't ashamed to surgically enhance her body to look more like the star she was imitating. On top of that, I was quoted as a textbook example of blackfishing, the practice of white public figures doing everything in their power to appear Black.

How could I answer to these accusations? I was literally trying to pass as a Black woman for professional reasons but I couldn't admit that in public.

I was struggling to accept the growing influence Nicki Minaj had over my life. Most of my life already revolved around her, our body measures were now identical, I sang her songs to perfection and even performed dressed like her. From some distance, I could be easily mistaken for her. The day when I could fully impersonate her was quickly approaching.

I knew my time making Nicki impressions was running up. I realised these were the last weeks when I still looked like myself so I arranged a few video calls to say goodbye to some close friends and relatives and told them I was embarking on a world trip to discover myself.

I kinda wished my ex could see me then, to make him regret dumping me, hot as I looked, but I had blocked him on all social media.

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None of my old clothes didn't fit me anymore at this point so I had to wear Nicki's custom made clothes full-time. All I wanted was to go unnoticed but everything about myself had the opposite effect. Everywhere I went, my pornstar look attracted looks from men and women alike. I tried to stay away from the areas where I used to hang out because I was afraid to bump into someone who knew me now that I was such a controversial figure. I even started wearing wigs to look less recognisable, which only made me look even more like a pornstar.

A part of me was looking forward to the moment when I wouldn't be recognisable anymore, at least my name wouldn't be associated with this body anymore, while another part of me was clinging on the last remaining parts of my identity because I was scared by the idea of losing any connection with my real self. I even thought about calling off the whole thing but then I couldn't pay back all the surgeries I had received up to that point. When they announced me that the time for my next round of surgeries had arrived, I welcomed the news with a mix of existential dread and relief.

To give my body the time to recover from the facial plastic surgeries they split them into two parts, the first one altering my main facial features and giving me the appearance of a Caribbean woman, while the second part would consist of smaller changes to make me look exactly like Nicki.

When I was taken to the clinic I knew my days as a white, to at least white-passing woman were well and truly over.

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My delicate facial features were drastically altered by the most skilled surgeons to give me some of Nicki's ethnic flavour: my lips got even thicker, my eyes were made to look vaguely slanted, my nasal bridge became flatter and my entire facial bone structure was rearranged. Last but not least, my teeth were replaced by large veneers.

When the surgeries settled down I could look at my new face in the mirror. The first look in the mirror gave me an out-of-body sort of experience. It took me a while to accept that the light skinned, gorgeous Black girl I saw was me. It's incredible how much of our identity we associate to our faces. Even if the previous changes had completely transformed my body, I didn't feel anything like this. I also realised nobody could recognise me anymore and felt a sense of relief as the last trace of my old identity was erased by the surgeons. I felt like a new person: free, disinhibited. No more fear of being recognised and judged now. At least my humiliations were over.

My body also looked way more harmonised now, with my sexuality-oozing brown body matching my new, exotic face. I tried a few outfits making poses at the mirror and liked how I looked. To be fair, I had never felt so sexy before.

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At this point I had no choice but to withdraw from the public scene as I couldn't anymore associate my name to this face. The black fishing accusations would be overwhelming and cause a public backlash against me.

I accepted my new life and enjoyed my newfound freedom. I could now walk around without being recognised by anybody. I was just a hot, light-skinned Black girl. I realised I got noticed more when I spoke with my normal voice tone and speech patterns because people thought I was "acting white". I adapted quickly by adopting Nicki Minaj's own voice full time. I didn't mind the experience of being Black and I even started flirting with men. I was feeling more confident in my new skin. Unfortunately, my freedom was to be short-lived as I would soon be mistaken for Nicki Minaj. I was already told I looked like her sister sometimes!

I was already very impressed by how skilled Nicki's plastic surgery team was but the real masterpiece however was yet to come.

When the time came for the next round of surgeries, I was ready to surrender my whole identity to become the Caribbean star's twin sister.

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The last set of plastic surgeries matched Nicki's facial features with mine. A nose job to make it wider and flatter, plus several micro surgeries managed to make me look like the spitting image of Nicki Minaj. Even my facial muscles were responding differently to me, so that my facial expressions looked like her own ones.

Any movement or expression I made was mirrored by a woman looking exactly like Nicki. I had to admit, her unique beauty, the result of an exotic mix of Indian- and Afro-Caribbean heritage, was undeniable.

I was still contemplating my finished look when the real Nicki entered the room. "Wow, look at you! They did a hell of a job on you! - she said, bluntly - I saw some old pictures of you, I was a bit skeptical they would be able to turn a skinny white bitch like you into a queen like me but they did it! I bet it feels good to look like the hottest woman on Earth!". Her confidence and charisma were overwhelming. "Yeah, it's incredible!" - I meekly agreed, overlooking the insult.

"This is my life from now on" - I thought - "I'm basically Nicki's slave".

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Nicki went on to instruct me on my duties, it was nothing I hadn't heard before but she wanted to make sure I got everything right. I was deeply affected by the few minutes I spent with her. I had never been into girls but I couldn't be insensitive to her charm and sex appeal. I started developing a feeling of worship for the goddess she was and while in her presence all I wanted was to make her happy.

In the following days however I spent more time with myself and my new body and face. I slowly realised the enormity of what I had allowed these people to do to me. My life had changed dramatically! Worst of all, I had surrendered my entire identity to be a celebrity clone and from now on everyone who saw me would identify me as Nicki. I couldn't freely walk around anymore because Nicki's fans would follow me anywhere. The feeling of identity death felt overwhelming sometimes but I kept on telling me that I would now be much richer and I was more beautiful now.

I was now living in a dependance of one of Nicki's mansions and spent my days perfecting my knowledge of her songs, as well perfecting my body language and mannerisms to impersonate her. This part came a lot easier now compared to my early days as a Nicki Minaj impersonator as my body was a copy of hers.

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When I was finally ready to impersonate her they sent me to the venue of her next concert. After they dressed me up as an oversexualized barbie in a black leather skimpy outfit I checked myself in the mirror "I still can't believe that's my ass now" - I thought. I had always found Nicki's body shapes a bit too exaggerated and seeing them on myself was always shocking but I was starting to appreciate them also. The sheer sexual appeal of this body was so overwhelming it started to turn myself on. Scared at how messed up I was, I tried to focus on the songs I was about to sing.

The concert was a success, and any possible imperfection in my performance was quickly fixed by the complex audio engineering system that was filtering my voice in real time. Apparently the real Nikki needed that too. In any case, my audience was too distracting my my outfit and curves to pay too much attention to the music. I had never performed in front of such a large audience and seeing so many people mesmerised by my performance gave me a mix of adrenaline and endorphins I had never felt before. Even if it wasn't really directed at me, feeling that sort of adoration was intoxicating. When the concert ended, I was already looking forward to the next one.

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In the following weeks and months I noticed how my fashion sense was quickly changing. While I used to find those colourful outfits and wigs over the line at first, I had to admit that they complimented my new body shape. Eventually, assembling new outfits and trying on new accessories, makeup styles and wigs became one of my favourite activities during my free time. Golden loop earrings, skimpy top crops, latex outfits, everything looked so good on me now!

I spent the rest of my free time practicing Nicki's accent and talking voice and studying her life in full detail in case I was interviewed as her. I learned every minor detail of her extraordinary career and family history from her difficult childhood in Trinidad and Tobago to her incredible success and I couldn't but admire the woman she had become and, in a way, I had become myself. This woman was dealt a handful of bad cards and against all odds rose to fame. I came from a much more privileged background, went to the best schools and still couldn't manage to succeed as an artist. After all, my previous life was so worthless that leaving it behind me to impersonate Nicki was the best thing ever happened to me, and I felt honoured and proud to be able to impersonate such a diva.

The real Nicki on the other hand started to show appreciation for my work and to give me gratifications to thank me for making her life easier.

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I began idolising Nicki so much I started to behave like her full time, to the point that I was speaking with her accent and voice even to my makeup artists, my dietician and my agent. I dressed like her even when I was on my own and I began seeing myself as an extension of Nicki's body.

As Nicki's biometric parameters were increasingly used to give her access to concert venues and other locations, I was surgically given matching fingerprints, iris pattern and, in the remote case a biological examination were to be conducted, my whole DNA was gradually replaced by hers thanks to bio-engineering. My looks now weren't only the result of cutting-edge plastic surgery but also of the mixed African and Indian-Caribbean genetic heritage I now possessed, which gave me a new sense of pride and belonging to the Afro-Caribbean community. As scary as this process was, I also felt thrilled by my own identity being replaced by Nicki's.

One day she left her mansion to record a new song she had just written, one of the few tasks I wasn't allowed to do yet, and she asked me to spend the day with her three years old son, who didn't suspect a thing. The DNA replacement had also affected by pheromone and body scent, so I literally smelled like Nicki Minaj. The bonding I felt with him made me sink even deeper into my Nicki Minaj persona.

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One day, while I was preparing for a photoshoot, I received a long email from my ex boyfriend Chris who was trying to get in touch with me. Something inside of me snapped. He had dumped me some time before my transformation and I had tried to forget him but I still had feelings for him. I would have loved to see him but how could I show up looking like this?

I thought for a minute I could use makeup to alter my modified appearance but a quick look at the mirror convinced me that my unmistakably African facial features couldn't be concealed by any amount of makeup. For the first time in months I felt trapped in the wrong body and locked out of my identity.

"Should I tell him the whole story?" - I thought. "Would he still date me as a Nicki Minaj lookalike?"

In the meanwhile, we exchanged a few emails and it became clear that both of us had still feelings for each other. He had noticed my altered look before my public disappearance and told me he supported my decision to enhance my body. I giggled. He had always had a thing for curvy women, no wonder he liked those changes. I eventually mentioned him that I had to get other plastic surgery because of work-related reasons and that I now looked even different from then. He sounded surprised, after all I had never been dissatisfied with my looks or obsessed with plastic surgery, but he said that he would always like me.

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We decided to meet in person. I wore sunglasses and chose one of the least extravagant outfits in my collection. I headed towards our meeting spot, a small town in the LA area, hoping to go unnoticed by the crowd. I immediately spotted Chris, he hadn't changed much, while he didn't recognise me. When I was close enough to him, I told him the codeword we had agreed on, and he stared at me speechless.

"It's me, Chris!" - I told him smiling, trying to sound as normal as I could. At this point I had to make an effort not to sound like Nicki, as ingrained as her speech patterns were for me.

"Your face! You look exactly like Nicki Minaj!"

"Chris, please, don't make this harder than it has to be. I told you I had plastic surgery but I'm still myself! I work as a full-time Nicki impersonator now, they pay a shitload of money for this, and I get to sing at her place at concerts. Isn't that cool?"

"It is, but I thought you had boob job or something like that, this is... Wow!" - he added, noticing my massively enhanced breasts.

"Who said I didn't get one?" - I asked him with a smirk. I knew that I had to be flirty and use my new sexual appeal to make him overlook the massive transformation I had undergone.

"What else did they do to you to make you look... like this?"

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"I don't remember all the details but I got fat injections to change my body shape, a nose job and lip fillers for my face and some chemical to increase my melanin production. This isn't just a tan, it's my natural skin color now. I'm a real mama!" - I added, suddenly changing my accent to make Chris smile and to ease the tension.

"That's insane... Wow, you're taking all these changes in such a light-hearted way! I wasn't expecting this and to be honest I'm a bit taken aback but I'm still happy to see you again. I missed you babe!" - after the initial shock he was getting adjusted to my new look.

"I missed you too, Chris." I grabbed his hand and we walked silently for a while, trying to regain some intimacy. "Listen, why don't we stay in a hotel room around here and spend some quality time together?" - I suddenly asked him.

"Sure, let's do that" - he answered, a bit intimidated by my confidence.

We registered the room with his name to avoid any attention and I quickly undressed myself. I was happy to see him again and I really missed his body, so I wanted to make him happy.

The sex was weird, as the body he was familiar with was completely altered. My inflated breasts crowned by dark aureolas looked nothing like the small breasts he used to like, even my scent had been overwritten by Nicki's exotic fragrance. I was so pent up I desperately needed some sexual relief, so I went out of my way to get him aroused and enjoyed every minute of it.

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A few days later, as I returned to my apartment, I found the real Nicki Minaj waiting for me. She looked clearly mad. I asked her what was the problem and she told me that some paparazzi took some pictures of me walking hand in hand with a white man and rumours about Nikki having an affair were already spreading. "You can't do this to me! I have an image to protect! My fans can't think I am betraying my husband with some white boy!"

"But... I'm sorry, I thought nobody would have followed me there. He's my ex, and he wanted to get back in touch with me, so...!"

"Listen, you can't see that man again, it's too dangerous. In the contract you signed you are forbidden to cause any harm to my reputation. This ends here."

"I understand..." - I meekly agreed.

I cried a lot in the following days. I had to call Chris and tell him that it couldn't work between us.

I felt so defeated. I had one of the hottest bodies in the world and yet I couldn't get a boyfriend.

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A few weeks later, Nicki checked on me while I was getting ready for a concert. I was already in full makeup when she entered the dressing room.

"Listen, I'm sorry about the whole situation, how are you doing?"

"I'm fine, it's just that I feel so lonely!" - I started sobbing as I said that.

"Don't cry babe, you'll ruin your makeup... Listen, we can find an agreement. I'll allow you to have a lover, but you must see him in a secret location and I'll pick him for you."

"Oh wow, thank you! But why can't I choose him?"

"Well, let's say he must meet certain standards. Here's a picture of him. He's an ex of mine, he'd love to date me again."

She handed me a picture of a handsome Black man, probably a rapper too. Not really my type, though. I gulped.

"Have you ever been with a Black guy?" - she asked me with a smirk.

"Ehm, actually no, not yet!" - I added with a shy smile.

"You'll thank me later!" - she added, with a smirk.

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I was really uncomfortable dating a man I had no real connections with but I had my urges too, so I accepted the offer. I would now date Nicki Minaj's ex-boyfriend, just to make this immersion into her life even more accurate.

I was escorted to his place on a car with smoked windows to avoid any chance of being caught by photographers.

It felt a bit awkward at first. He knew I wasn't the real Nicki, so he didn't even try to built a connection between us. On the other hand, he made clear that he missed his ex and that he was looking forward to smash that body again.

After some chitchat, he grabbed me and kissed me, with a passion I had never felt before. I started getting wet so I begged him to take me to his bedroom. The sex with this man blew my mind, he was clearly familiar with Nicki's body and knew how to push my buttons.

I started enjoying the purely physical relationship I had with this man and gradually stopped thinking about Chris. Also, my type in men quickly shifted towards muscular Black men. The way our dark-skinned bodies looked together felt so right!

I felt alive and happy like never before, and I built a deeper connection with Nicki. We had a lot to talk about now!