

Healing and speaking out

(in regard to Kevin Villecco, aka Hyper Potions, Snore Lax, and pushpause)

*This document pertains to subject matter which may be disturbing for some individuals. **Trigger warnings are as follows:** grooming, sexual assault, rape, abuse, suicide mentions*

INTRODUCTION

My name is Evelyn Rivera. As of writing, I'm 22 years old (born June 2000). I'm a music producer, composer, and writer who releases music under the moniker Coffee Date, and formerly QORA.

I've been silent on this matter for a long time, but I cannot be quiet any longer. Over the past several years, I've seen case after case of young people and women who've suffered through similar circumstances as I did. My goal is to use my voice to raise awareness and to hold accountable the monsters hiding in these communities online. I have been in therapy for the past two years for emotional abuse, sexual trauma, and PTSD. While I have been making progress towards healing, there is still a need for closure and for justice. It's my hope that by sharing my story, others will be able to recognize the signs of a dangerous situation before it's too late.

To the people that I came forward to about my situation during the healing process – the GameChops team (Chris, Maddie, and Elly), the Sasso Studios crew, friends and family – thank you for supporting and standing with me. It is because of your advocacy and kindness that I have been able to heal, move forward, and find the strength to tell my story.

MY STORY

2015-2017: Grooming

When I was 15 years old, I met Kevin Villecco through a group chat with some mutual friends. We started talking privately through messages and video calls on Skype, and I began to suspect he had a crush on me. I was starstruck, but felt a little uneasy because he looked older than I was—like an adult. I asked him how old he was. **He replied that he was 24, and I told him I was 15.**

11:25



Kevin Villecco



JUL 28, 2015, 6:04 PM

oh btw, random question

Seen



yea?

how old are you??

turning 25 in august :3



im younger than i am tho lol

ohhh wow haha

i'm actually 15 tbh

wat



you dont look 15

hahahaha yeah

I get that a bit>.>

i dont look **24** tho



i thought you were like 17 or 18

nopee haha





nopeee haha

JUL 28, 2015, 6:07 PM



dang

Seen



i feel weird lmao

haha don't feel weird about it, you didnt know otherwise as I dont have my age anywhere



true :3

Kevin acknowledged the awkwardness, but this didn't deter him from talking to me. His messages became more flirty, he'd shower me in compliments, and give me feedback on my music. We would call each other for hours, and he confessed to having a crush on me. I knew it was weird, but at the time, I felt very lonely, and his attention made me feel validated, wanted — loved. **He told me that he knew it was wrong, but that he couldn't help it.** During a video call in September, he asked me to be his girlfriend. I said yes.

In the following weeks, Kevin would then go on to tell me that **he wanted to marry me**, and **told me that he had sexual dreams about me**. It made me uncomfortable, but I really believed that he loved me, so in my mind, it couldn't have been wrong.

SEP 29, 2015, 4:18 AM

I remember this specifically cause im awful and aaaaaaaaa, but...i was sitting on the couch at one point and you walked up behind me and kissed my neck and you like....told me you noticed something happening...😳 ...then i turned around and pulled you down onto to couch and we laughed and kissed..and you put your head on my lap and looked up at me and we smiled



Seen

SEP 29, 2015, 4:19 AM



Its not tooooo bad but it is

Seen



Lol

oh?

Idk

You uh



Reached down for it....and i kissed your neck when you did



6



Kevin Villecco



SEP 29, 2015, 9:41 PM



I feel like...if things work out over the next 3 years.....that youre the kinda girl i would propose to....

Seen

My mother found out about the relationship, and she was furious. I was grounded and forbidden from talking to him. **She had contacted the police** and tried to get law enforcement involved, **but they didn't do anything.**

I became bitter and angry, and started to sneak around and find ways to talk to Kevin. He would tell me that we shouldn't talk to each other, but would still reply every time and tell me that he missed me, loved me, and "would wait" for me. We started messaging each other using secret accounts and Snapchats, and **he would encourage me to delete my messages after**

sending so we wouldn't get caught in case I had my phone taken away again. **This included messages of an explicitly sexual nature.**

2017-2018: A glimpse of Kevin's true colors

In 2017, I turned 17. Since 17 is the age of consent in Texas, Kevin and I began talking without hiding and started openly dating. He was 26, almost 27, at the time. In October 2017, he made plans to come visit me in Texas. My mother wasn't happy about it, but at this point, she realized there was nothing she could do to stop him, and she didn't want me to cut her off.

During Kevin's visit, we went to a local convention. This was the first of many times that Kevin would sexually assault me. We went to a concert going on in one of the rooms at the convention. It was dark, and we stood in the back. **Kevin groped me, and I told him to stop.** I assumed he didn't hear me because of the music playing, but I never mentioned it again because I didn't want to rock the boat. I assumed that because he loved me, it was okay. Later during that visit, Kevin proposed to me. I said yes.

At the end of 2017, I went to spend Christmas with Kevin and his family in Pennsylvania. He was living with his parents, and when they asked me how old I was, I felt so awkward. During that visit, we drove down to Maryland for his performance at MAGFest 2018 (at the beginning of January). Here, we were openly a couple, but I felt very paranoid, worrying that people knew I was 17. **I wanted to protect Kevin and his reputation, so I avoided telling people my age** and pretended that I was older than I actually was.

In February 2018, I moved to Pennsylvania with a couple of suitcases. I moved in with Kevin, and into his parents' house (he didn't have enough money for an apartment, and being only 17 I was too young to sign a lease). This is when I began to see indications of his true colors. Kevin would frequently fight with his mother, spend money frivolously and shower me in gifts I didn't want or need, and **pressured me into marrying him quickly so that our relationship would seem more "legitimate"** in case anyone thought he was just a creep.

2018-2020: Marriage, abuse, and rape

In July, we got our first apartment. In August, we married, at the ages of 18 and 27. This is when life became hell. Money was disappearing as quickly as it appeared, and we lived in a constant state of financial crisis and debt. **I was totally alone in Pennsylvania, with no friends, no family; only Kevin.** He discouraged me from talking to male friends online, and told me that they all "just want to fuck" me. The only friends I felt like I was allowed to have were his friends that he approved of. He told me that my mom was a religious fanatic and that she didn't really understand me, and that my siblings were "fucking crazy" and had "too many mental issues". I always struggled with loneliness and isolation growing up, but now, I felt that perhaps it was just my destiny to be alone forever.

During sex, Kevin would touch me in ways that would trigger uncontrollable panic attacks and caused me to dissociate. **I told him to stop, but he told me that he "couldn't help it"** and that doing these things was a "primal instinct". On several occasions over the two years that we were

together, **Kevin would continue having sex with me** even when I was in the middle of these panic attacks and **couldn't consent**. If I told him to stop, he told me that he felt like I didn't want him, or that he felt like a monster, or that he should just kill himself, or that I'd be better off without him. This only sent me spiraling further, trying as desperately as I could in my mental state to make him stop. **I had to make excuses for what he had done**, because if I didn't, **I feared that he would hurt himself**.

In April 2019, I sunk to a new low. After releasing my first album, I was severely depressed. Kevin's assault and harassment worsened. He would grope me while I was working, playing videogames, or doing chores, and **no matter how many times I told him to stop, every single day, he wouldn't**. He told me that I "never want to do it" and that I "made [him] feel unattractive". One of my worst regrets was coming out to Kevin as bisexual, which became a novelty for him to prey on. He would interrupt what I was doing to show me porn and pictures of girls, would ask me which of my female friends I thought were "hot", and if I wanted to "see their boobs" (his words, not mine) and have sex while he watched. This disturbed me profoundly — he wasn't talking about celebrity crushes or characters; these were *real women that I knew* — and **I told him to stop, but this continued for as long as we were together**. My life became a cycle of working on music, playing videogames, and lying on the couch and dissociating. Things seemed perfectly fine on the surface (on social media, during livestreams and Discord calls), but the truth is, I was a prisoner.

In late 2019, Kevin and I decided to move to Los Angeles for career opportunities. We flew out in February 2020 for the Sonic movie premiere, and solidified our plan to move in March 2020. Then... the pandemic happened. We were stuck at home together in an empty, overpriced LA apartment. Every day, Kevin would rant – blaming problems on the lockdown, on COVID, on the decision to move, on having no money. My birth control prescription ran out, and **he would get angry at me for not wanting to have sex with him**. He would continue to grope and harass me, and continue to excuse himself by saying he "**couldn't help himself**" because he "wasn't getting any". I avoided getting undressed and changing clothes around him, because he would take my nakedness as an opportunity to grope me and try to initiate sex. He would lash out and yell at me for hours, before turning it on himself again, saying things like "I wish I was dead", "I should just kill myself", and "the world is better off without me". As I continued working and getting new gigs, he would say self-deprecating things disguised as compliments – "you're a better composer than me", "you're more talented than me", and would follow with "I hate doing Hyper Potions", and "all these things that I've done don't really matter". It made me feel terrible about myself for achieving anything. He made most of the money, there was little separation between our assets, and I felt totally worthless on my own.

JUL 13, 2020, 11:04 AM



Im screaming at you all the time, making you cower, making you constantly scared of me and feel guilty

Seen



That sounds fucking bad

but it's difficult because it feels like you hate me sometimes and it feels like you blame everything on me/moving here for me



Yes, i do that. Youre not crazy, i do that.

Everything worsened in August 2020. A blog got hold of the information that Kevin and I were together when I was a minor and he was an adult, and they published it without my knowledge or consent. I had made an effort to keep my age and the history of the relationship secret, and seeing this information made public scared me to death. I tried to bury it; I denied and twisted the truth of the situation to anyone who asked me, because I felt so unsafe. **My life was in danger.** Kevin lost his mind. He and I were fighting nearly every day; he told me that I made him miserable and that moving to LA was the “worst mistake of his life”, and he bounced around between therapists. When he was assigned a therapist through an online service, he refused to meet with her because she was “a Hispanic woman” who “wouldn’t get” him. I reminded Kevin that I myself am a Hispanic woman; he told me that I was “different” and “wasn’t like that”. I called him out and told him that was racist, to which he said “**maybe I’m a fucking racist then**”. At this point, I couldn’t see any way out, and considered killing myself. I told no one, because if I told them about the hell that I was living in, then it would incriminate Kevin. The situation was utterly hopeless. The only reason I held on was because I was developing a project that I’d wanted to make since I was a little girl; I felt like I was closer than I’d ever been to actually making it happen, and to end it all would’ve felt like a waste.

At the end of September, and through early October, another friend was visiting LA. I would go hang out with them and some other mutual friends, and I'd stay over late. I had been so alone and isolated that I had forgotten what it was like to be supported and feel loved. Kevin got upset with me, and he'd guilt trip me, saying that I cared more about my friends, and that I didn't really love him. I told my friends about the arguing and the things he'd said. They unanimously told me that the way he was acting was unacceptable, and one of them told me that I needed to stand up for myself. The next time we argued, I called him out on his selfishness, his controlling behavior, and told him that he wasn't listening to me. I said that I needed to stand up for myself. **He stared back at me, and said, "How could you say that?!"** That was the final straw for me. We agreed there was no way forward together and we separated.

2020-2022: Divorce and healing

The transition was tough. Kevin moved back to Pennsylvania, and I stayed in LA. Since the lease was still ongoing, he kicked back less than half of the exorbitant rent. **He also told me that no one would want to work with me anymore**, and that Coffee Date would fail, because he was no longer attached. It was extremely difficult to make ends meet, and I had to focus on grinding out Coffee Date tracks while also managing my mental wellbeing and finding a way to afford food and bills. My weight fell to 95 pounds. I had to pack up all of his belongings, store them, and mail them back to him (about 7-8 very large and heavy boxes). With the help of my friends and support system in LA, I was able to relocate to an affordable and safe apartment. I was able to get health insurance, and get therapy that I could afford. **I was able to see a doctor** (not just a women's clinic for getting birth control) and a dentist **for the first time in years**.

Then came the divorce process. Neither Kevin nor I could afford lawyers, so I opted for the most simple, no-frills divorce possible: doing it myself. I didn't ask for money, or assets, or anything else. I explained to Kevin how to fill out and file the paperwork; **he told me it was "too emotionally difficult" for him**. The process was like pulling teeth. At this point, I'd begun having severe flashbacks and panic attacks from his abuse. I asked a trusted friend to communicate with him on my behalf because it was so taxing on my wellbeing; Kevin refused to talk to him. When dealing with him directly, I told Kevin that there would be absolutely no communication regarding anything other than the divorce; **he violated this boundary multiple times**.

Kevin >

Aug 16, 2021, 11:23 AM



hi Kevin, i just went to the post office and sent the form 3a (acceptance of service). let me know when you receive it and i'll help with the paperwork that needs to be filled so we can proceed with the process!
also let's please just keep conversation to getting this divorce process done.

Kevin >

Tap to Download

IMG_1983.heic
757KB

I know you said to keep the chat here to just the divorce but I was at the [REDACTED] mall the other day and they put in a round one isn't that crazy

Dec 8, 2021, 11:04 AM

Kevin >

Dec 9, 2021, 9:44 AM

Hey, shot in the dark here but, would you by chance ever be interested in catching up?

You can of course decline, I'd hate to make you feel like you have to ignore the question and cause havoc on your emotions for the day if you want to have no communication with me

Almost a year after what should've been about a four-month process, we were finally divorced and I was free. I blocked him everywhere and blocked his number. He was finally gone.

However, for a long time, I was afraid to share my story. From 2020 through 2021, there was a project that I was working on as a composer. In 2021, I came forward to the project lead – **the same “friend” who told me to stand up for myself** back in October – about the abuse I was healing from and my need to focus on my mental health and full-time work. Though she seemed to be understanding, and I initially resigned without issue, she later informed me that she **filled my position by hiring Kevin** and another colleague (credited under the “pushpause” moniker). I was devastated. It made me afraid that I couldn't trust anyone, that my story didn't matter, and that anyone I told would rather prioritize their own convenience than stand up for me.

Yet, despite all the setbacks, the fear, the anger, and the pain... for the past two years, I have been in therapy, established a stable living situation, have supportive friends and family, and I have finally come to a place where I can share my story. Now, I want to make sure that other people that are in those places I've been in can have resources and find a way out rather than taking their own life, like I almost did.

Conclusion

To the people that knew about my situation, but couldn't do anything, I hope you know that I hold no ill will and I understand the impossible situation you were put in. As trapped as I was, I can't imagine being put in a position where you can't help your friends or loved ones. I hope that by sharing my story, I can help others avoid this same situation and be able to recognize the signs.

To the people that knew about my situation and used it for their own ulterior motives, who used it to intentionally hurt me, to slander my name, and made me out to be someone who is just “crazy” and “weird”: I hope that you get the help that you need, and find peace that allows you to live better and more honest lives.

Red Flags to Look Out For

Grooming is more rampant now than ever before. If you or someone you know is being groomed, here are some red flags to look out for:

- 🚩 Excessive compliments
- 🚩 Compliments on your physical appearance (especially when framed as approval — "I like it when you wear/don't wear...", "you should do...")
- 🚩 Using video calls or disappearing messages (like Snapchat or Instagram's vanishing mode) to avoid leaving tracks
- 🚩 Being told that you're "so mature for your age"
- 🚩 "You are an exception", or "I don't usually like people your age"
- 🚩 "You're different", or "you're not like other girls/boys/etc"
- 🚩 "I wish you were older"
- 🚩 Talking about waiting until you're older (this is not noble, it's creepy)
- 🚩 Grand gestures and gifts
- 🚩 If they are a public figure, promises to introduce you to people/share your talent and work
- 🚩 Being told that they "shouldn't", or that they "know it's wrong", but that they can't help themselves
- 🚩 Being told that you're the same maturity-wise
- 🚩 Being told not to tell anyone/to keep them a secret
- 🚩 Turning you against family, authority figures, or friends
- 🚩 **If you've read through lists like this before and thought to yourself, "but this is different!".**

If you have experienced any of these behaviors, **please, tell someone**, *especially* if the perpetrator tells you to keep it a secret. If you can, tell your parents, or a teacher, or even a friend that you trust. It does not matter if they're your favorite public figure/content creator/etc. **There are no exceptions, and it is never okay for an adult to talk to a minor this way.**

And please remember, if this has happened to you, **it is not your fault**. You are not in the wrong. You should not feel ashamed — the shame is entirely on the perpetrator. There is an inherently imbalanced power dynamic between a minor and an adult, and it is absolutely the responsibility of the adult in the situation to know better and do better.

If you are married or in a relationship, don't excuse abusive behavior from your partner. It does "count", and you didn't deserve it. Sex without consent is rape. Groping and touching without consent is sexual assault. If you establish boundaries, and those boundaries are repeatedly violated, it is abuse. Threatening to harm yourself is a fear tactic, and it is manipulation. It

doesn't matter if you live under the same roof, if you are bound by the law, or how much you love them. **Abuse is abuse.**

We must hold abusers accountable. We must stand up for survivors of abuse, not punish them or leverage their trauma against them. There must be consequences for people who knowingly hurt others. There is no other way for this problem to end.

Resources

- **US minors and adults:** you can report online grooming and exploitation with the CyberTipLine. <https://www.missingkids.org/gethelpnow/cybertipline>
- **UK minors:** Childline is a free and confidential service that will connect you with a counselor to talk to about anything. They offer online chatting or can be called at 0800 1111. <https://www.childline.org.uk>
- **Suicide:** The Suicide and Crisis Lifeline is a 24/7 hotline that can be reached by calling or texting **988**. For hotlines outside of the US and other crises, FindAHelpline has a directory which you can search here: <https://findahelpline.com>
- **Sexual assault:** RAINN operates the National Sexual Assault hotline (**1-800-656-4673**), and offers a multitude of confidential hotlines and live chats for reporting sexual abuse, domestic abuse, and more. <https://www.rainn.org/resources>
- **LGBTQ+ resources:** If you need help, information, or counseling regarding your sexuality or gender identity, The Trevor Project offers free counseling and support from trained professionals. <https://www.thetrevorproject.org>
- **Therapy:** PsychologyToday.com has a massive online directory of licensed professional therapists across the world. You can search by location and filter by specialties, types of therapy, insurances they accept, and more. (This is how I found my therapist!) <https://www.psychologytoday.com/intl/counsellors>
- **Escaping abuse:** If you are experiencing domestic abuse and need to leave, DomesticShelters.org can help you find a safe place to go and offers articles and resources for getting help and healing. <https://www.domesticshelters.org/help>
- **Health insurance:** For people in the US — Medicaid is the government's free/low-cost health insurance program for low-income households (also called Medi-Cal in the state of California). Some plans offer coverage for mental health services, allowing access to free or reduced-cost therapy. For more information, visit: <https://www.healthcare.gov/medicaid-chip/>
- **If you are in imminent danger, call 911** (or your country's emergency line). In non-emergencies, you can also contact your local police (there may be non-emergency lines available as well, which typically have less traffic).