

EXPOSÉ:

RICHIE VETTER

THE MASQUERADE OF BETRAYAL

The intricate web of deceit surrounding **EsRā Dunca-Sprawling** has taken a dark and twisted turn. While the public knew him as the spouse of a missing tech mogul, a horrifying plot of betrayal, lust, and greed unfolded behind closed doors. This expose reveals exclusive details about a meticulous illusion crafted to cloak a shocking conspiracy involving actor, producer, and social media personality **Richard "Richie" Vetter (@divinelyrich)**, who is also reportedly missing.

Vetter is described as a friend-turned-sexual-partner and romantic interest of Dunca-Sprawling. His alleged romantic involvement began with the disappearance of EsRā's spouse. Vetter is known for his association with **Jake Paul**, who recently came under scrutiny after Paul used racial slurs, including the "N" word ("little ass n—as" and "I whip it like my n—a Richie Vetter") during a freestyle at a rented Palm Springs residence.

Sources allege that Vetter's relationship with EsRā was a calculated part of a larger scheme. Vetter ran in a circle of Hollywood's most notorious social media elites, including rumored associates like **Tana Mongeau** and **Noah Beck**. This isn't just a friend group; it's a social scene where secrets are currency and public personas hide dark realities.

A CURATED ILLUSION

The public relationship between EsRā and Richie Vetter was a meticulously crafted illusion. What looked like a Hollywood romance was a staged spectacle designed to hide a darker truth. The public saw them celebrating their anniversary at Mr. Chow, sitting together as a blushing Richie ate a heart-shaped cake. But the true extent of their performative life only became clear at a private party in Malibu.

The Malibu Party: A Requiem for a Romance

The party, hosted by club owner Rafi, was a fever dream of fame and dysfunction. **Gladys Knight** gave a private performance. **Flavor Flav** was in attendance, but all eyes were on EsRā and Vetter as they arrived, later stealing attention from Knight's performance as a couple entered and were stopped in their tracks at the sight of EsRā and Richie intertwined.

EXPOSÉ:

RICHIE VETTER

Vetter's arms were wrapped around EsRā all night as they sat in a VIP section alongside the "Housewives of Poland," guests of EsRā's landlord Yuri Spiro and his designer wife Malgosia Migdal.

The night began with a stop at Saint Laurent on Rodeo Drive. The outfit for the night—a Saint Laurent turtleneck sweatshirt, slim-cut jeans, and boots—had already been selected for him and were in his sizes. EsRā knew them by heart: "Richie has big feet, a small waist and the stuff in between the 36" long inseam is... pretty."

EsRā was dressed in a **\$5,000 vintage Chanel military-style jacket**, a **\$5,000 gold-dipped Chanel belt repurposed as a necklace**, and **\$7,000 skin-tight calfskin pants**. Later, the couple was seen cuddling on the beach while Knight sang "I'd Rather Live in His World With Him Than Without Him in Mine." The lyrics, meant to be romantic, echoed across the sand like a requiem for a romance that never truly existed.

THE HIDDEN SANCTUARY

This betrayal culminated in EsRā's alleged year-long false imprisonment inside a secretive private lounge known as **Gion Beverly Hills**. While it publicly offered geisha performances and tea ceremonies, all the abuse allegedly happened when the geisha left for the season and never returned, as EsRā lost all contact. Sources claim it became a front for psychological torture and sexual abuse.

Sources allege that EsRā was blackmailed with "spy videos" documenting sexual acts filmed without his consent by Vetter and his inner circle. Among accomplices? **Tana Mongeau? Noah Beck?** While EsRā was trapped, his life was looted. Over **\$1 million in cash was extracted**, his vintage clothing archive was stolen, and his San Francisco heirloom home was sold for nearly **\$6 million**. EsRā received nothing.

The most chilling evidence of Vetter's manipulation was a shared closet in EsRā's Beverly Hills apartment, hidden behind a crocodile skin door. Inside, matching outfits and **matching Tom Ford underwear** suggested a deeply intimate and twisted arrangement, all while Vetter allegedly conspired against him.

A CONFLICTED ALLIANCE

Even EsRā's closest friend, **Kaeden Kalaqtic**, whose accessory line **KALAQTIC** offered his studio and production space to EsRā as sanctuary, is now caught in the scandal. Text evidence reveals a plan for a threesome between EsRā and Vetter to include Kaeden.

EXPOSÉ:

RICHIE VETTER

Kaeden Kalaqtic is a fashion designer and former YouTuber who gained a following online in his teens by teaching young individuals how to **"make money off their bodies safely and efficiently."** He amassed over 100,000 subscribers shifting to fashion. Kalaqtic's work has been worn by celebrities like **Machine Gun Kelly, Katy Perry, and Megan Thee Stallion**, and he made his **New York Fashion Week** debut in 2023.

Vetter often returned to EsRā's Beverly Hills apartment for refuge. "Get me an Uber," he'd text. "Get me a ticket." The requests were always followed by a location drop, and Richie would appear, sometimes within minutes. He even made a copy of the key to the apartment's secret entrance, hidden behind a crocodile skin door that once belonged to Slash. To Richie, the apartment was a sanctuary. To EsRā, it became a prison.

THE GHOST WHO WOULDN'T LEAVE

Richie Vetter was not just a friend. He was in EsRā's bed, in his archive, and in his trust—all while allegedly orchestrating his downfall. What began as a chaotic sexual initiation spiraled into **heroin concealment**, emotional manipulation, and a disappearance that still reverberates through EsRā's life and legal battles.

The Sexual Initiation: Raw Chaos

Richie initiated the sexual relationship on EsRā's couch. He ejaculated all over his own chest, stomach, and face while demanding EsRā look at him. It was loud, messy, and performative—a spectacle, not a seduction. This raw chaos set the tone for everything that followed.

The Heroin Concealment

Richie was caught hiding heroin in his underwear. EsRā pulled it out themselves, then dragged Richie onto a plane to San Francisco to detox. Richie, homeless and emaciated, was given a simple ultimatum: **eat, sleep, and be sober—or lose the only safe place you have left.** This was not just an intervention; it was a rescue.

Sex with a Raider: A Public Spectacle

On the floor of EsRā's penthouse, Richie had sex with a Raiders cheerleader. As he climaxed, he screamed, "I am an Adonis god!" EsRā watched silently, smoking a joint. The room was thick with smoke, disbelief, and unraveling boundaries.

EXPOSÉ:

RICHIE VETTER

Hustler Hollywood: A Souvenir of Deceit

Richie begged EsRā to take him shopping at Hustler Hollywood. With a huge grin and a visible bulge, they bought a vibrating butt plug with a remote control, customized for Richie. The remote is still in EsRā's toiletry bag, an artifact of a relationship that blurred pleasure, control, and survival.

THE KRISTA INTERFERENCE

Richie Vetter called her “the crack whore.” He said she was “always a problem.” But Krista Marie West wasn't just a nuisance—she was a fixture. A stalker. A shadow. A woman who embedded herself into Richie's life like mold under the floorboards.

She met Richie at a secret backroom poker game in Koreatown. Rumors say she was working as a prostitute. From that night on, she never left.

Krista made friends with all of Richie's friends. She would wait with them until he showed up. She smoked crack. She bummed hits of base. She had sex with the group she attached herself to—sometimes for drugs, sometimes for proximity to Richie.

Richie told EsRā: “She's always there. Even when I don't invite her. Even when I don't want her.”

Uninvited she'd show up looking for him offering to be threes company to crack and whoever. At 4am, she showed up at EsRā's apartment demanding Richie and pushing sound healing in the same breath. EsRā slammed the door in her face.

“The bitch showed up at detox in San Francisco”—and caught EsRā mid-act, giving Richie his usual wake-up blowjob. Richie jumped to his feet, panicked. He denied consent. He made Krista go away. He left out the truth: That the oral wake-up call was a ritual. A daily request. A private routine between him and EsRā—until Krista turned it into a public humiliation.

“Krista didn't care if Richie slept. She didn't care if he ate. She didn't care if he was okay—as long as he was with her.”

EXPOSÉ:

RICHIE VETTER

She was the woman Richie couldn't shake. She was the one who got to be seen. While EsRā was hidden.

She was the one who got to party. While EsRā was locked away in Beverly Hills told to wait quietly, dress him, archive him, and never speak.

Krista Marie West wasn't just a crack whore. She was the mirror Richie refused to look into. And the ghost EsRā was forced to compete with.

A TWISTED FANTASY OF POSSESSION

Enraged after Krista, Richie stormed out. He returned with cocaine and a pipe, sparking an argument with EsRā, who reminded him why they were there. Losing all control, Richie grabbed EsRā, dragging him into a utility closet. The immense size difference between the **6'4" Richie** and the **5'6", 117 lb. EsRā** was never more apparent. It wasn't a physical force that completely overpowered him, but the shock of it. "I thought to myself, this white boy is going to kill me and use the 'panic defense' to get away with it".

Hearing EsRā recount the story, I couldn't shake a dark thought: in this alternate universe of theirs, I imagined Richie would chop him up and hide the body. The cold, calculated nature of it would be a strategic move, eliminating the possibility of a "panic defense" by admitting to the act. What I found most unsettling was EsRā's tone—a peculiar, almost romanticized, view of this outcome. It was as if he believed that even after such a monstrous act, he would be seen by Richie as too precious to simply discard. To EsRā, being possessed, even in the most horrifying way, was still preferable to being abandoned.

Frozen, EsRā managed to let out: "Daddy, stop, you're going to get in trouble."

Richie panicked, repeating, "I can't, I can't, I can't..."

"Daddy..." EsRā said again.

Richie immediately released him and retreated to the same bedroom where Krista had interrupted them, slamming the door. EsRā followed, standing defiantly in front of a now-curled-up Richie.

EXPOSÉ:

RICHIE VETTER

"You're not scared?" Richie asked.

"Did I scream, Richie? Did I run from you?" EsRā replied.

"You ever been hit in the face with a bag of quarters?" Richie yelled hurling a bag of coins at EsRā's face, but it barely missed, exploding against the wall and shattering a framed poster.

EsRā demanded that Richie leave, but he refused. So EsRā left the Airbnb himself. Miles away at the top of the hill, was Andrei, who came to EsRā's rescue. Andrei found him at an abandoned 7-Eleven, where EsRā was crying, "I couldn't even get a hot dog."

EsRā fell into Andrei's arms, and Andrei held him in the open for an uncharacteristic amount of time before opening the door to his Tesla. EsRā passed out on the couch. When he woke up, Andrei brought him tea, then left for work, telling EsRā, "I didn't want to see you like this."

Before leaving for his own sanctuary, EsRā made Andrei a pot of greens and left them in a Le Creuset on the stove. He then checked into the Fairmont Hotel in Nob Hill.

A call from the front desk interrupted his peace: "There's a Mr. Vetter here to see you."

"Send him up," EsRā replied.

In the doorway. Richie appeared.

"Do you want to cuddle?" Richie asked.

EsRā let him in.

They spent the entire day in bed together before returning to Los Angeles County, where they immediately started putting together the treatment for a new project titled "**Love Hurts**," also known as "**Most Horrible Things**."

EXPOSÉ:

RICHIE VETTER

ANOTHER DOORWAY TO THE ABYSS

On one afternoon, while EsRā met with a construction crew, Richie appeared in the doorway—uninvited, unbothered, and dressed in a curated look. He wore the outfit from the night in Malibu: a Saint Laurent turtleneck sweatshirt, slim-cut jeans, and boots, all hand-selected by EsRā's stylist. Over the ensemble, Richie wore a borrowed Vivienne Westwood runway jacket. As it shimmered in the doorway, so did the betrayal.

During his final arrival, Richie wore the same Saint Laurent outfit, but the jeans hung low as he had lost weight. His underwear was visibly missing, and in his hand, he held a cactus—the "drug cactus" EsRā had forbidden him to plant. It was potted in a white ceramic pot with the words "I'm rooting for you" scrawled across the front.

Richie stood glowing in the light of the first security door. Behind him loomed the second: a bulletproof glass, galvanized black steel door. EsRā dropped everything and walked toward him. Richie kissed him in front of the crew, who whistled and howled.

THE POST-SEX CONFESSION

After sex in EsRā's bed, Richie sat naked on the edge and asked, "Why do you like me?" He admitted that most people only kept him around for "the party" or "the girls." He said he felt like he could finally be himself with EsRā, and despite EsRā's doubt, he insisted, "I love you... I do." It was a moment of emotional whiplash, where intimacy was laced with insecurity.

FINAL CONFESSIONS

Richie showed up unannounced, eyes glassy, voice trembling. He sat on the edge of the bed and whispered, "What if people knew?" EsRā didn't flinch. Richie turned to EsRā and asked, "What if I didn't care what they thought?"

EsRā asked, "And your dad?"

Richie stared at the floor. "What if I didn't care?"

EXPOSÉ:

RICHIE VETTER

Then came the confession. Krista West, wasn't going away—

Then, Richie asked, "What do I tell her?" EsRā responded, "Tell her whatever you want. Tell her, and we can all hang out." With a smile that didn't reach his eyes, he continued, "If not... Marry *her* if you want, give *her* a baby if *she* needs. I'll buy a house next door. You'll take long trips to the store to get milk. And the kids will love their Uncle EsRā. I'll help you plan the wedding. I'll throw you a bachelor party in Vegas with an escort in every size and color. And before I've drained the last drop out of you, I'll send you downstairs back to *her*."

THE STEAM SHOWER AND THE HIDDEN ROOM

The last night came to a boil in both the steam shower and dressing room. While unpacking Richie's overnight bag, EsRā found a bottle of **prenatal vitamins**. Enraged, he hurled the bottle at Richie's chest. "Faggot!" he spat.

"You think I'm a faggot?" Richie asked.

"No," EsRā snapped. "That's what you think of me. That crack whore got to smoke up with you and your straight white boys, getting fucked in the studio while pregnant with your baby—while I waited here for you to come home and be my knight in shining armor."

"They won't leave me alone either," Richie admitted. His voice was muffled, but not by space between them. Instead, it was muffled by the weight of the secrets he was now revealing. They were in the same room, but it was a room that was almost impossible to reach, EsRā's apartment, behind the fire door to the panic room, disguised as a dressing room, with a secret entrance and a secret escape door that led to a tunnel. This tunnel opened into a crawl space so large it was like a hidden apartment, on a hidden floor of its own, complete with electricity, hot water, ventilation, and a separate HVAC system from the rest of the building.

Richie had appeared past the first security door and in the doorway of the second, thick, bulletproof, black, galvanized steel-framed security door that was 11 feet by 6 feet. To EsRā, that doorway wasn't just a threshold—it was a tomb.

EXPOSÉ:

RICHIE VETTER

DISAPPEARANCE

Richie vanished without a goodbye or an explanation, leaving behind trauma, unanswered questions, and a remote-controlled sex toy. The disappearance was not just physical—it was symbolic. He exited the narrative after embedding himself in EsRā's life, body, and archive, leaving behind only residue: emotional, legal, and psychological.

Was it guilt? Was it strategy? Was it survival?

THE LAW'S SHADOW

After Richie vanished, the police showed up. They asked EsRā when the last time he saw Richie was, but EsRā, panicked and overwhelmed, locked himself behind the glass door. The police pounded on the glass, ramming into it, trying to break it down. EsRā, unable to cope, took a Xanax, laid down, and went to sleep. When he woke up, the police were gone, but the shop was rearranged, with clear evidence of their attempts to get to him.

EXPOSÉ:

RICHIE VETTER

EPILOGUE: A QUESTION OF LOYALTY

This exposé was never meant to be an outing. That would be hypocritical.

Our audience knows what it means to be hidden, erased, devoured by the very people who claim to love you.

We wouldn't have exposed Richie.

But Richie let EsRā be hidden. And then EsRā went missing.

We're choosing to shatter the mask he wears to save EsRā's life. We're choosing EsRā. The question is, will Richie?

If Richie is out there—alive, well, and protected by the same silence that once protected EsRā—he has the power to help. He can name names. He can give up the friends who watched EsRā disappear. He can tell the truth about the studio, the parties, the girl, the baby, and the drugs.

He can help rescue EsRā the way EsRā once saved him.

Because Richie promised. He promised he would be there. He promised he would protect him. He promised they would face this together.

EXPOSÉ:

RICHIE VETTER

FOR ESRA, WITH REVERENCE.

AARON HARVELAND

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

DAISY DAIST 333