

An albino fox receives the most promising relief when an albino raccoon rescues him from the clutches of his evil father and his associates.

Albino Rescue

Alastair wasn't sure how long he was kept inside of his holding cell but the albino fox wanted nothing more than to run away and hide. Problem is, he's tied to a chair with his arms and legs bound, rendering any breakout attempts useless. The white fox had already lost his cool, crying his eyes out in anticipation and fear of his untimely end. His captors are nowhere to be seen, but they could reappear at any moment, which could be his last breath.

The fox is just waiting for his untimely end when hushed whispers suddenly enter the fray. But they go right past Alastair, indicating the lack of interest in him at the time. For now, the albino fox is still alive. All he can do now is reminisce on past memories. But his memories are more bad than good.

Suddenly, more hushed whispers come into the fox's line of hearing, but this one sounds much different than the others. "If he's in here, he must be still alive. That tracking app really paid off handsomely."

The fox breaks into a cold sweat and begins to squawk in terror, watching helplessly as the door in front of him opens to reveal, not a guard, not one of his father's lackeys, but a lone raccoon shuffling inside and shutting the door behind him whilst entering. Upon seeing the terrified fox face-to-face, the raccoon places a finger to his muzzle to shush him, whispering afterwards, "I'm taking you out of here. This is a rescue operation for you. You're coming with us."

Alastair can barely speak. Between the terrified squeaks and whimpering, relief begins to flood Alastair's heart. This must be his moment of deliverance! But how did the raccoon know about the location of his prison?

In the dim lighting, Alastair creaks his head towards the raccoon and on observing nothing but pure white fur, the fox finally croaks, "You're... you're an albino raccoon! Like me! I'm an albino fox!"

"Yeah, I get that a lot. It's different being an albino but it's what I'm born with. Makes me stand out the most." The raccoon stated. "Like you, almost. But Arctic foxes are more fluffy."

"Don't remind me... I've already suffered enough at the hands of my father." Alastair scoffed. A brief silence later, Alastair perks up at the raccoon in curiosity. "Who are you, by the way?"

"Ulrich Hayward. And you are...?" The moment Ulrich raises his head up to meet Alastair's gaze, his red eyes are holding a fiery energy to them, further captivating Alastair even more.

“A-alastair Kisro... I had my father. At the same time, he is scary. I want nothing to do with him.” After introducing himself and explaining what happened to him regarding his father, Alastair was slightly winded, but finally free upon feeling his limbs circulate blood again.

Ulrich is about to open his mouth to reply when his headset crackles to life in his right ear, followed by the sound of gunfire on the other line.

(🎵 The Limit - Brian Tyler [Need For Speed: The Run OST])

:Ulrich, you gotta move fast! These guards are swarming out here! We gotta bolt now!!:

More gunfire erupts from the halls and Alastair cowers in panic, whispering behind Ulrich. The albino raccoon, however, communicates back over to his headset.

:I got em now, Clinton! We'll link up outside with the rest of our backup once we fight our way out of here! Protect the hostage, too!:

During the conversation, the quivering albino fox happens to sight a strap around Ulrich's shoulders. Only when the albino raccoon performs a swift motion in arming himself does Alastair see what Ulrich is really packing - a pump-action Remington 1100 TAC-4 Shotgun.

Throughout the mixed gunfire and battle screams echoing throughout the complex, Ulrich and Alastair sneak their way out of the holding cell and after stepping out, the albino retrieves a combat pistol from his waistband and chucks it at the fox, informing him, “Hope you know how to use it! Your target practice begins today!”

Alastair clumsily catches the pistol, revealed to be a Colt .45 Double Diamond, and reports, “I know how to shoot but I could use some help on perfecting my aim.”

“Might as well put that practice into good use now!” Ulrich warns while sprinting down the hallway. “You’re gonna need it!”

Ulrich plants his back to the wall with Alastair following suit. And once the albino raccoon peeks out, he nearly gets his face blown off by enemy fire. The place is now crawling with guards, and with Ulrich having just rescued Alastair, the two are pinned under intense enemy fire.

Ulrich screams into his headset, “We’re pinned under heavy fire! We’re swarmed!”

:There should be some explosive barrels inside that can help level the compound! Think of Waco, Texas but as a rescue mission!:

“This isn't the time for reminiscing, Clinton! This is important! I almost got my head blown off down here!” Ulrich exclaims, indignant.

Alastair, however, is more understanding and immediately gets the reference. Through the enemy fire, the pair work together to clean up the level they're on, but they have to resort to taking cover to avoid the multitude of crisis shots coming their way.

Alastair manages to pick off a few of the enemy guards when he targets a red explosive barrel ahead of him in the corner, which explodes, partially destroying the sector and leveling the area above. This stuns the remaining enemy guards, most of whom were killed by the mixed explosion and debris raining from above. The remaining guards were picked off by Ulrich, and the sector is finally clear.

Ulrich and Alastair proceed to head for a stairwell, but the albino raccoon backtracks to duck inside of a storage shed in hopes of finding something valuable. Inside, he finds two vests of body armor and multiple cartridges of ammunition, which he collects for himself, his hostage victim, and his team.

“Ulrich, you coming?? I really want to ditch this place!” Alastair anxiously urged. He is speechless upon catching a vest or body armor, causing him to drop the pistol. The fox quickly puts on the body armor and retrieves the pistol before he and Ulrich resume their escape.

Alastair mentions, “Whoever that was on the other line mentioned something about Waco, Texas. I heard about that compound raid when I was little! It's super strange how this mirrors that, but in an even worse way! Honestly Ulrich, I appreciate you and your guys rescuing me out of this prison, you and whomever came with you, that is.”

“It's me, my brother, Clinton, and a couple of others that volunteered! It's on us for this rescue mission, so you have nothing to worry about! You're safe with us!” Ulrich assured Alastair of his safety and protection.

Moving onwards to a higher level away from the prison block, Ulrich and Alastair meet up with three other contacts on Ulrich's team - a male husky / wolf hybrid, a male pitbull, and a female rottweiler. The pitbull relays, “Ulrich, this floor is all clear! All the guards have been dealt with! We can finally get out of here!”

Just as the team evacuates with Alastair, the albino fox warns, “Stay clear of those Mexican Cartel people; my father has those goons on his payroll also.”

“Isn't that old man of yours dead?” Luis grumbled in return. “I thought I killed that old man on the second floor where he was standing guard.”

Alastair shakes his head, “You’d be amazed at how fast and spry my old man can move. For a 60-year-old fox, he puts those half his age to shame.”

Damien scoffs, “I know a few military veterans around his age, one especially who’s still her natural self if you can catch the hint. What they do is much better than what that old squirt is up to.”

Making their way out of the compound, the quintet make their way outside where Alastair tips them off with a further hint, “My dad drives a black Mercedes G63 AMG - it has black wheels, black windows, everything is blacked out, except for yellow tinted headlights.”

“Clinton, where are you? We’re out front!” Ulrich radioes to his brother for an update on his location and status and Clinton’s response comes back amidst intense gunfire in the background, “Some stinking guards came around the back and I’m trying to link up with you guys! Help me out, will ya?? I’ll catch up later!”

Ulrich turns back to locate his brother while barking out new orders, “You guys go on without me! I’m doubling back to locate Clinton!”

Alastair blinks in fear, watching the albino raccoon double back towards the compound. He reaches out, squawking for Ulrich when Roxy grabs him and leads him away by the wrist. The female rottweiler urges the albino fox, “Now is not the time! The sooner we leave this place, the better!”

Damien contacts Ulrich, “Ulrich! We’re getting ready for takeoff! Who should this guy ride with?!”

“Put Alastair with you, Damien! He can ride with you! I’ll catch up with you guys once I locate Clinton!” Ulrich urged along.

Suddenly, gunfire erupts around Damien and his cohorts, forcing them to return fire and escort Alastair further along the outside compound. Damien also returns the urge, “Better hurry up, Ulrich! We got more guards shooting at us!”

“CLINTON!!!” Following Ulrich’s screeching is Clinton’s relieved voice, “Looks like we found each other! Now let’s get out of here!”

Alastair, meanwhile, manages to carefully pick off a few of the enemy guards before recoiling and grabbing his wrist from having the pistol being shot out of his hand. Roxy, however, makes up for it with some aggressive carbine rifle fire, completely destroying the remaining few guards.

When the team regroup, Ulrich grabs Alastair and drags him away, “Alright, change of plans! Alastair’s riding with me! You guys are my backup!”

Alastair barely manages to stay afoot, struggling to maintain his balance while squeaking, “Where are we even going?!”

Around the corner are several vehicles scattered about. Among them are a pair of Audi R8 LMS ultra cars, one black and one red, a dark blue Jaguar XE SV Project 8, a dark green Jaguar XJR-15, and a red Shelby Super Snake. With their rescued victim in tow, Ulrich and Clinton peel out first, followed by Damien, Roxy, and then Luis.

Immediately recognizing the location amidst the scenery whizzing by and the 5.2L V10 buzzing in his ears, Alastair recalls, “I don’t remember the Oakmont Valley section being this big to the point of housing a huge warehouse but whatever my father did, he made it work...”

“Well, you won’t have to worry about that anymore! We’re already busting you out!” Ulrich reminded the albino fox of their rescue operation, which is just getting started. But the moment the team powers through the first 360° curve, they’re already met with trouble. Several Mercedes G-Class SUVs are lined up in a roadblock, completely blocking off the road up ahead. But Ulrich, in the lead, powers through by ramming through two of them to make it through. To make matters worse, the built-in police scanner begins beeping, alerting them to a police presence up ahead!

Alarmed, Alastair whimpers, “Man, I can never catch a break! These guys want me dead!”

“Not if I have anything to say about it!” Ulrich firmly proclaimed. Alastair perks up in bewilderment with the albino raccoon flooring the pedal and charging towards a parked Aston Martin DBS police car on the shoulder. With one high-speed hit, the DBS is destroyed instantly while the R8 LMS bounces off and keeps right on going.

“ULRICH!!! ARE YOU TRYING TO GET US ALL KILLED!?” Alastair screamed, beginning to freak out.

“I’m making sure we don’t have any tails while leaving this city. Our safehouse is in the next town over, so we have quite a ways to go.” Ulrich replied in return.

“And where is that located??” Alastair arches an eyebrow in question to Ulrich’s claim of a safehouse in the next town.

“Redview County, just gotta reach it first.” Ulrich smirked. “Hope you’re game enough for the ride!”

*:Dispatch - Air-1 - we’re making our way to the scene now and holding. Yeah, there’s ground units closing in on my
20. Can you advise if situation updates?:*

:Suspect just blew by! I'm on em!:

Whizzing by a Chevrolet Corvette (C6) ZR-1 Sheriff's Unit is bad enough but blazing through a roadblock unscathed is a close call, especially with bodyguards and cop cars in close proximity to each other.

:Vehicle through! Vehicle through! He got around us!:

“Ulrich!!! We got company with the 5-0!!!” Damien warns them in alarm. The pitbull urges them, “Get a move on and take out that chopper! Otherwise we’re done for!”

Alastair whines in agony, “Not only that but we also have much bigger things to worry about...” The albino fox points out a roadblock up ahead - a different roadblock consisting of, not police cars, but a mixture of blacked out Maybach, Mercedes G-Class, and Lexus IS F cars. Also in the mix are several Lamborghini Diablo SV enemy vehicles, two up ahead past the roadblock at first.

“Man!” Ulrich curses under his breath until he interjects with a smirk, “Time to improvise! Everyone, pick off whatever targets you can to protect us! That includes the police!”

After making it past the second 360° curve, Ulrich blazes onto Carson Ridge, having a set idea firmly planted in his mind. At the same time, Alastair squeaks, “If we make it out of this alive, I’ll stay with you for good since you rescued me. Thank you, Ulrich.”

“Anytime, Alastair. Just doing my job!” Ulrich responded, grateful.

:Advise you to put together a roadblock. This guy's evading everything we throw at him.:

:Copy that, Unit 377 - units are getting ahead of the pursuit to deploy another one.:

The sound of spikes strips being deployed in the background alerts Ulrich and Alastair to the action behind them. Even Clinton is left on alert. The younger raccoon radioes, “Damien! Roxy! Luis! How are you guys holding up??”

The bold tone of an EMP blast going off on the other end is more than enough to alert everyone. But it's not only them, it's the cops that are also affected.

Between the enemy guards and the cops, Damien, Roxy, and Luis are just managing to keep up; Damien has just trashed and barged an enemy Diablo SV off the road while Roxy blasted a pursuing police car off the street with her E.M.P. The pitbull radioes back, “We’re managing but we’re making steady progress! We just need to get to one of the freeway systems to complete our escape!”

“We need to erase our tail first and then move on to the freeway! We’ll have less trouble on our tails!” Luis unleashes a Shockwave from his ride, taking out four heavily damaged police cars.

Along the way, another police roadblock has been set up just before the dam. From left to right: Porsche Panamera Turbo (970), Aston Martin DBS, Alfa Romeo 8C Competizione. Although Ulrich makes it through, slamming into the tears of the DBS and 8C, Clinton follows through the gap, dropping a pair of spike strips in his wake.

:Driver pushed through the block! Still mobile!:

:Dispatch, alert VHS. We’re gonna get this guy’s attention by dropping spikes.:

Everyone must have forgotten about the police helicopter because the moment the chopper glides overhead, the helicopter zooms ahead, proceeding to drop spike strips on the road up ahead. Although Ulrich and Clinton manage to zoom by the strips with ease, Damien and Luis have a harder time dodging the traps. But Roxy manages to blow by them easily.

After taking a shortcut along the dam, Damien manages to scatter a few helicopter spike strips away from him with a Shockwave attack. He ends up dropping a pair of his own in the process. But in the midst of the pursuit, they manage to shake off the remaining enemy guards as well as the cops.

:Vehicle still mobile. Suspect just vanished and that tunnel is gonna lead directly to the freeway system. Yeah, there’s no way we’re gonna make it with our fuel level being critical.:

“Finally! That heli is leaving us alone!” Ulrich celebrated in relief. “Now we better get a move on before it comes back!”

“I’ll be bringing up the rear so you boys had best let it rip!” Roxy radioed to the group.

Ulrich is the first to activate his Turbo Boost, causing Alastair to yelp in surprise. Clinton is the next one to use his Turbo Boost, followed by Damien, then Luis, and finally Roxy, rocketing off into the horizon to leave the city.

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**“WELCOME TO REDVIEW COUNTY”**

The billboard displaying the welcome sign is high up with the group exiting off an interchange leading directly to Interstate 4, taking them into the heart of Redview County. However, after taking the first exit onto Sun Valley Run, Ulrich and Clinton lead their group offroad along a dirt trail where they come across a gated checkpoint, guarded by a group of four security dogs. After providing ID, the raccoons and their quarry are granted entry to which they are further led to the safehouse. From the outside, it appears to be an average mechanic shop, guarded by security after experiencing numerous armed events. On the inside, it's a different story...

On the inside, the safehouse is refurbished with a few rooms throughout. It contains a few amenities such as a few flat-screen TVs, several gaming consoles and games to match, a storage room, an ammo room, and other commodities. Once everyone is settled in, the group begins unwinding and celebrating, having successfully escaped the town. Ulrich, on the other hand, was occupied with something else since the albino raccoon was searching around for his target.

“Hey Ulrich, are you looking for something? You’re gonna come back and celebrate with us, right?” It is Roxy who notices the albino raccoon wandering about aimlessly. The female Rottweiler, clutching an open Heineken, is standing at a table when she observes Ulrich leaving.

Confronted, Ulrich assures Roxy, “You guys celebrate without me. I’ve got something more important to attend to.”

When Ulrich leaves and disappears into one of the rooms, he finds Alastair on the sofa in front of one of the TVs, anxiously flipping through channels. Upon seeing the albino fox, Ulrich approaches him, chortling, “Man, what are you doing?”

“Looking for the news report. It’s gotta have some type of coverage following our escape. They could still be searching for me.” Alastair replied, his eyes still glued to the TV.

Ulrich shakes his head, “Homes, you’re paranoid. You gotta relax! Nobody is gonna be after you anymore! And we didn’t see or encounter your old man, which is also a big relief. Relax, Alastair! You’re safe here!”

Climbing onto the sofa next to Alastair, Ulrich drapes an arm around the albino fox and pulls him closer while changing the TV to something more suitable, allowing the albino fox to relax from letting his new status sink in. Alastair later melts against Ulrich where the two are watching TV together.