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A Rare Outcast

 :Prologue:

"Ooh,this heat is going to ruin my perfect Mane.." Sighed the pearl white Unicorn.The young female peered around, her hooves Gently tapping hidden stones in the tall savanna grass. "Humph! Some Princess of Magic! Well, this is the last time THIS Lady will be victim to her "experiments". Rarity flaunted her own complaining with a flourish of her left front hoof to her brow. "And of ALL the places to abandon me, oh dear me it's just sweltering!". Her monologue over, the young Factionist trudged on. The dust and errant bronzed grasses of the Savanna, nipped at her freshly filed hooves. Stray sticks and horrid looking insects brushed her exposed legs. "What a day to be spa-less..Away with you!" moaned the Unicorn as her horn hummed a gentle blue.

The croaking frog being flung deep into the brush, made Rarity sigh a bit. With her magic dimming she blinked as her ocean blue gaze followed the thrown vermin. With a small "whoop" and fling of her styled mane, the Pony grinned at the sight of large oddly leafed trees clustering nearby. Along with the now mud gathering at her hooves, even this Bella of the fashion world knew what these signs ment! The mistaken portal incident with Twilight was forgotten as the over heated mare made for the tree line.

Soon, her instinct was proven correct as the scent of water and lashing of a stream upon rock could be heard. "Well, finally! I swear if I was doomed to ANOTHER incident like I had in the Desert..scratch that, no Pinkie Pie gabbing to harm my perfect ears.Oh..right". Sadness welled in her heart as Rarity came up on the stream bed. Her friends, even Pinkie where so far away. Her gaze again grew wide and reality reared its ugly head as she found not a small brook but a raged river. Everywhere it seemed logs, branches, fallen trees and debris of all kind, lined the river bank. "An accident? Perhaps a building was destroyed..That could mean there is Civilization nearby! FINALLY I can get a this grim off my hooves! A fresh hoofacure is SO in order!". Her minor victory of both finding water and hopes of a town or village, where soon dashed however. As a low groan filled her ears. Having knelt to drink from the river

Rarity jerked her muzzle up. She listened with wide eyes and began to slowly glance about amongst the logs and wreckage. The groan came again and the Fashionist whirled on her heels and stared. Fear was a horrible thing, and it ate at her young heart. But even as the pain filled call came again, she lifted her muzzle in defiance. "Ha! W-who ever you may be! Show yourself! You are about to tangle with Rarity Belle! And be warned, I have taken down my share of ruffians! Well...come out!" Assuming a defensive stance, her head low and eyes narrowed, Rarity could only watch as the heap of logs shifted. Panic suddenly returned and sent her confidence and bravado, screaming back from her growled teeth, right to her limping tail.

From the damp wreckage, shoved a shadowed form. The power it showed was worrisome, as what the Mare could only guess was a near full sized tree, was flung away back into the River. The shadow began to grow, four legs pushed it upwards and into the bright African day light came a soaked maw, fanged teeth wild in a snarl. Rarity felt her heart stop and legs weaken in fear as the shape took form. The Lioness, her coat a off toned cream, body littered in cuts and blood watched its prey. Red eyes narrowed, and talon like claws extended from her

Her large paws.

"Why..Hello there.." Zira almost purred as she made her way in a stalking crouch out of her river tomb.