

Ripley took Ash back to his home that night after the carnival. He wasn't sure how the other nautipod would react to the small shack that Ripley called his home, but he hoped there wouldn't be too much judgement. Ash wasn't the type to make rude comments though, so even if he thought it looked awful he never would have said anything. Ripley couldn't help the anxiety that came with letting someone else into his home though. It didn't help that he hadn't been anticipating any company, so the shack was a mess. He made Ash wait on the front steps as he quickly ran through the shack and tried to make things presentable. His tentacles weren't helping much, grabbing things and just throwing them anywhere they would go. He was pretty sure a lot of things ended up tossed out the window into the grass, trash and dirty clothes that had piled up were shoved surreptitiously under the bed until tomorrow when they could be dealt with properly.

When he finally emerged from the shack to allow Ash in, he could see the other Nautipod was watching with wry amusement as the tentacles wrapped themselves around the doorframe. "Uh..." Ripley muttered, voice sounding like he'd been gargling rocks with his nerves. "You... I wasn't expecting anyone to come in so... don't mind the mess."

"I'm sure it's fine," was all Ash said as he walked up the steps and into the shack. Ripley followed him behind, his tentacles reacting to his nerves and wringing themselves anxiously. Ash looked around at the interior of the small shack with a small smile. It was definitely... rustic. That was a nice way of putting it. However, Ash was a former spacer. He wasn't unused to cramped, dirty conditions like those found aboard space faring ships, especially old ones like the Parallax had been. And he was used to rooming with a lot of dirty, slobbish other males; Ash had always been teased mercilessly for his habit of maintaining good personal hygiene and a clean living space. He'd despaired of the other spacers he had worked with, telling them that there was nothing more unappealing or off-putting than the funk of unwashed space jumpsuits and sweaty arm pits. A little deodorant and soap could go a long way to improving one's overall mental health.

"It's not much," Ripley says, and Ash makes a non-committal noise as he walks around the small room and peers into the bedroom. The single bed is plain, simple and the sheets could use some washing. Ash is pretty sure Ripley hadn't been taking the best care of himself while he'd been here, if the dust and state of the place and his friend were anything to go by.

"It's cozy," He said instead, turning back to Ripley with a smile. The green and black nautipod blushed deeply, his light colored cheeks going a deep blue-green as he reached up to tug at his messy bangs, hiding behind the hair in his embarrassment.

"If you want to sleep on the bed I can take the couch," he supplied, motioning to a threadbare couch that was shoved into the corner of the small living space.

"The couch is perfectly fine, love," Ash said with a smile, shaking his head, "I wouldn't want to take your bed from you. It's already kind enough that you're letting me sleep over tonight." Ripley's ear perked up at that, but he didn't say anything as he nodded and shuffled over to the

bedroom to find a spare blanket and pillow. Of course Ash would only be staying for the night. Why would he want to stay any longer than that? Now that he'd found Ripley and confirmed he'd survived, he would want to be getting on with his life. Of course, there was no reason that Ash would want to stay here and see just how far Ripley had fallen from the once confident, slightly cocky young pod that had once been Ash's best friend. Ripley cursed himself for being stupid enough to hope for a moment that Ash would be staying.

"I-I'll um..." he mumbled again, hands white-knuckling the blanket as he stumbled over his words, he hadn't stuttered before the parasite had invaded his body. But now sometimes it felt like his mouth couldn't catch up with his brain. It was frustrating to know that his body was betraying him, to know that something inside of him had changed so fundamentally from what he had been before and there was nothing he could do about it. The degradation of his body was nothing to the wounds to his mind and psyche after all the trauma he'd been through, however. Ash waited patiently as he fumbled for the words, before Ripley finally took a breath and rushed through the rest of his sentence. "I'll just let you sleep then. If you need anything I'm right there in the other room. Help yourself to anything you like... uh... Goodnight."

Ash watched with a small frown, brow creased in concern as Ripley retreated into the bedroom, his tentacles pulling at his hair as he mumbled under his breath. Ash was worried for his friend, but he could see that Ripley needed to be alone right now. The carnival had been fun, but he could tell all that activity and all those crowds had taken a toll on Ripley.

"Poor thing," Ash muttered softly as he made himself as comfortable as he could on the couch, which seemed to be made entirely of busted springs that seemed determined to rearrange the alignment of his back. "He's going to need someone to look after him." Ash was determined to stay as long as Ripley would have him. He knew his friend better than anyone else. There was nothing Ash wouldn't do to see Ripley back to as close to his normal self as possible. Ash was just stubborn enough to stay if Ripley didn't clearly tell him to leave.