

# HUMANITY'S GOLDEN AGE!

## ERA REPORT: 2750

Before the treachery of Stefan Amaris, Kerensky's Exodus, and the Succession Wars, the realms of the Inner Sphere were united under the banner of the Star League. As the pinnacle of culture and technology, the six Great Houses and four territorial states of the League reaped the benefits of universal peace and justice, the fruits of their combined efforts enriching the lives of billions across the heavens.

...Or so the legends claim.

In reality, the Inner Sphere of the 2750s was far from serene and light-years away from just. Though admired for its monolithic power, the pinnacle of mankind's greatest experiment—the Star League—stood at a fateful crossroads, with feuding House Lords and rebellious territories only waiting for every chance to strike against each other.

*Era Report: 2750* pierces the luminous veneer of what many Inner Sphere and Clan historians alike have considered to be the golden age of BattleTech history: the height of the Star League era. Presented as a general overview of the period, rather than a focused report on a single conflict, this book includes descriptions of every major Inner Sphere faction active before the fateful events described in *Historical: Liberation of Terra*. Notable personalities, military forces, and an overview of the technological capabilities of the Star League age are also provided, along with special advanced-level rules for campaigns set during this time, whether played using the *Total Warfare* core rules or those found in *A Time of War: The BattleTech Role-Playing Game*.



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# ERA REPORT

# 2750

Sample file



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**Overlord-class DropShip SLS Ascendant**  
**New Silesia, Star's End System**  
**Rim Worlds Republic**  
**17 February 2751**

First Lord Simon Cameron stood in the darkened wardroom, his left hand pressed against the cold ferroglass of the outboard bulkhead. With the blast shield raised and the lights dimmed, he could see the cratered surface of New Silesia and the vast fleet in loose orbit about the asteroid. The fleet was the most powerful naval force in explored space, here to guarantee his safety. But all he could think about as he looked at it was how the vessels' hulls caught the sunlight, gleaming like a constellation of stars in the vacuum black sky.

It took him a moment to realize that he was grinning like an idiot.

Cameron plucked a drink bulb from the silver tray the steward had left on the side table. He would have preferred genuine crystal, but it was damned a difficult thing to pour in microgravity. He squeezed the bulb, squirting a delicate thread of champagne into his mouth, just enough so he could feel the bite of it on his tongue and taste the undercurrent of truffles and caramel.

"Surely you are not drinking at nine o'clock in the morning, Simon. You're not turning into Ewan Marik, are you?"

He looked up and saw his chief of protocol, Lady Sally McKenna-Croft, coming around the wardroom table. Her lustrous golden hair was cut in a pageboy that framed her lovely face. Sally was forty-two, but she looked ten years younger—fifteen on a good day. Today she had clothed her trim body in a charcoal pinstripe suit, the skirt cut above the knees, the jacket tailored so that it flattered her curves. Beneath the jacket she wore a shimmering silk blouse the color of emerald that brought out the green in her pale eyes.

*My God, he thought, she's more exquisite than the champagne.*

Cameron grinned. "I think it will take considerably more than one bulb of wine to turn me into a lush like Ewan."

Sally flashed him a cross look that somehow made her even more beautiful. "We have a meeting with the Silesians, remember? What will they think when they smell alcohol on the First Lord's breath?"

He held his bulb out to her. "They will think we were celebrating."

She scowled at him, but he did not lower his hand, and after a moment she sighed and took the bulb. She tasted it and raised a blond eyebrow. "2647 Perrier-Jouët," she said. "You *are* celebrating."

"We are celebrating," he said, gently correcting her. "The peace tour is working. It's knitting the Star League back together. Making us one people. It doesn't matter what the lords of the member states believe. Their citizens are on our side."

"It is a great triumph, My Lord," she said, her voice husky, her eyes shining. *She really believed.*

"How long have you been my mistress?" Cameron asked.

Her face tightened. "I am *not* your mistress."

"Really? I must have been fooled by all the great sex and the sneaking around."

"Technically, I haven't been your mistress, since—" She suddenly stopped. Beneath her tough exterior, Sally was kindhearted, unwilling to mention the name of Cameron's late wife for fear of hurting him.

Simon gently took the bulb from her and set it back down on the tray. Then he took her hands in his. For a moment he studied her beautiful face. She looked back intently, those pale green eyes locked on his.

"It's been a year since Jessica died, and now that the crisis in the realm is passing..."

He paused as he saw that her eyes were incredibly wide.

"It is time," he whispered.

He heard her breath catch.

"Sally McKenna-Croft, will you be my wife?"

Suddenly tears were welling in her eyes, and he could feel her trembling. She leaned in and kissed him fiercely. Then she pulled away. "Yes, you old fool," she whispered, smiling through her tears. "Yes!"

She kissed him again.

When she finally pulled back she shook her head. "Now look what you've done. I must look a fright."

Cameron flashed her a lopsided grin. "Well, at least the Silesians will have something to talk about other than the alcohol they smell on my breath."

Sally laughed and slugged him in the arm.

There was a rap on the hatch and she instantly stepped away from him.

Major Carolina Devalis poked her head into the wardroom. The major was a short woman in a blue dress uniform, a blood-red stripe running down the sides of her trousers, her raven hair tucked beneath a blue field cap. Her skin was a warm bronze and her eyes dark. Cameron doubted those sharp eyes ever missed anything. "My apologies, Lord, but the security sweep is taking longer than we planned."

"The problem?" Cameron asked.

Devalis shook her head. "It's the low gravity. Nothing to worry about. Anyway, sorry for the delay."

"Not at all, Major," said Cameron waving her in. "Ms. McKenna-Croft and I were just celebrating. Would you care for some champagne?"

"No, thank you, Lord," said Devalis. "I am on duty, sir."

"Oh, nonsense. I'm sure we can bend the rules this one time."

Sally shook her head. "Lord Cameron, you know that Major Devalis would rather extract her own liver with a soup spoon than drink while she is on watch."

"Come now," said Cameron.

"Thank you, Lord," said Devalis, "but I will forego the drink. However, if you have the soup spoon I'll get to work right away."

Cameron barked out a startled laugh. "All right, I know when I'm beaten."

"May I ask what you were toasting?" said Devalis.

"The success of the peace tour," said Sally.

"And all the changes that success will bring," said Cameron, glancing at Sally.

"It will be good to leave the pirate wars behind us," said Devalis gravely.

Sally had stepped away to fix her makeup, but she turned back and peered at the marine officer. "What will you do, Carolina, if peace really *is* about to break out. Will you settle down and raise a family?"

"Not Major Devalis," said Cameron confidently. "She's a lifer."

"I always liked the name Isabella for a little girl," said Devalis thoughtfully, "after my mother."

"Isabella Devalis," said Sally. "That's nice."

Devalis nodded. Then she looked away, touching the bud in her right ear. She listened for a moment and then met Simon's eyes. "Lord, I have confirmation that the way is clear. What is your pleasure?"

"Let's go," said Cameron.

"Aye, aye, sir." She raised her wrist to her mouth and murmured, "GALAHAD is moving." Then she opened the haze gray spacetight hatch and stepped to one side.

Cameron stepped out into the brightly lit passageway. The blue tile deck beneath his boots gleamed and someone had painted a large, silver Cameron Star on the snow-white bulkheads. A pair of marines was stationed ahead of them in the corridor and another pair behind.

"Let's move," said Devalis.

The party swept forward, two marines in front, two in back, Devalis by Cameron's side.

Cameron was still humming with joy from his conversation with Sally. *She said yes.*

So he wasn't really paying attention when Devalis reached out and trailed her hand along the bulkhead, her fingertips brushing against the Cameron Star.

*Bam!* Suddenly Devalis was down.

Cameron knelt by her side, a hand on her arm.

He felt one of the marines grab his shoulder. "*Lord, we have to get you clear!*"

Simon shrugged off the man's hand without turning to look back at him. "Get Medical, *now!*" he roared.

Devalis's eyes rolled up into the back of her head. Her breath was a harsh rasp. He reached for her wrist. Her pulse was racing triphammer fast.

"*Major!*" Cameron snapped. "*Carolina!*"

Somewhere behind him, a marine was speaking in a low, even voice.

"Please, my Lord," he said, "she could have been poisoned. This could be an attempt on your—"

"Duty corpsman and your personal physician are both en route," said Sally.

"We'll hold here," said Cameron, thinking quickly.

"*But, Lord—*"

Cameron turned to look up at the young marine standing over him, a junior sergeant. "I am on my DropShip surrounded by guards and we have doctors coming. Where would I be safe?"

The marine opened his mouth and then shut it again. "Yes, Lord."

"Lord Cameron," Devalis croaked and Cameron's head whipped around.

"Don't try to talk, Major," he said gently. "Just relax. Help is coming."

"Vision," said Devalis hoarsely. "Had a vision. Happens sometimes. Had a *vision.*"

"She's delirious," said Sally.

"No," said the major, her raw voice desperate. "No, is real. Happens to Devalis women sometimes. *Is real!*"

"I believe you, Major," said Cameron soothingly, trying to calm her. He had to keep her from stroking out right there on the deck.

The major brought her arms back, pushed herself into a sitting position.

"My Lord," she said, her voice freighted with urgency, "Saw Cameron Star. Went supernova. An explosion of light. Bright as a galaxy."

"Quiet, Major," said Cameron softly. "You need to lay back."

"No, Lord," she insisted, "*listen!* It left behind a pulsar. Rapidly spinning neutron star, degenerate matter, screaming out its rage and pain at the universe."

"Okay," said Cameron, placing a hand on Devalis's shoulder and gently pushing her down. "Okay."

"My Lord, *please.*"

"I get the metaphor, Major," said Cameron kindly. "But I assure you the Star League is safe. The peace tour is working. The tension, the low-level warfare, it's easing. We're going to be okay. It's all going to be okay."

"*But—*"

Sally knelt beside Cameron. She reached out and took the officer's hand. "Carolina, what did you study at the University of Hawaii?"

Devalis turned to look at her. "Astrophysics, but—"

"Now Carolina," said Sally, "isn't it possible that you've been pushing yourself too hard? Running security for the tour has to be a nightmare. You're exhausted and you fainted. As you passed out your mind reached for a familiar symbol of distress and came away with the supernova. Isn't that possible?"

"*It's real!*" said Devalis fervently, her eyes wide, her voice filled with panic. "Don't go on the visit, Lord, please don't—"

The corpsman was suddenly standing over Cameron's shoulder. The First Lord squeezed Devalis's arm, and then stood, making way for the medical technician.

The corpsman took her wrist. "Her pulse seems to be steady and she's breathing fine."

"She wasn't so good a minute ago," said Cameron.

"It's probably nothing, Lord," said the corpsman, "just stress and overwork. But we're going to get her into sickbay to make sure."

"That's good," said Cameron, clapping the man on the shoulder. He reached down and helped Sally to her feet.

"Don't go, Lord," Devalis whispered, looking up at him. "Please don't go."

"It's okay, Major," Cameron promised gently. "The Cameron Star isn't going to explode. It will burn bright and steady for a thousand years."



**Consolidated Titanium New Silesia Site, Tunnel 5T, Level 42**  
**New Silesia, Star's End System**  
**Rim Worlds Republic**  
**17 February 2751**

It took a good hour, but Cameron finally managed to enjoy the tour. It helped when Sally leaned over and whispered, "Just got word from the ship. Carolina's fine. They're putting it down to a panic attack, you old slave driver."

Despite himself, Cameron burst out laughing. Somehow Sally always knew just what to say. How did she do that?

She patted him on the arm and said: "She's fine. Now have a little fun. You deserve it."

Their guide, a Consolidated director named Leonard Pullman, glanced back at them. "Excuse me, Lord Cameron, would you like to get a better look at the works?"

*The works.* Cameron smiled and nodded. "You bet."

The First Lord instinctively liked the man. Pullman was tall and thin, wiry. He moved with the easy grace of a tunnel monkey. His dark gray suit was impeccably tailored, but his hardhat was dented, the white paint chipped and faded. Pullman was a director, but he looked more like a foreman. He'd obviously come up through the ranks.

Cameron had learned long ago to trust men and women in well-used hardhats.

Their party turned left, moving down one of the tunnels that snaked through the asteroid's body like wormholes through a piece of rotten wood. The tunnel was a vast, circular bore eight meters in diameter. Cameron reached out and touched the rock. The passage