



### Nick Morrell

-  Alignment: Tweener
-  Date of Birth: 09/14/1989
-  Hometown: Unknown
-  Height: 6'1"
-  Weight: 258 lbs
-  Manager(s): None

#### **Background:**

Nick Morrell didn't rise through the independent scene chasing applause — he rose because he simply refused to go away. Quiet, guarded, and intensely private, Morrell built his reputation in dimly lit halls, warehouses, and no-rules environments where pain was currency and survival meant more than wins and losses.

Known early as a hardcore specialist, Morrell earned respect

by thriving in discomfort. Barbed wire, broken tables, bloodied canvases — he never flinched. But those who've shared the ring with him know the truth runs deeper. Beneath the grit is a patient technician, someone who studies leverage, timing, and weakness as carefully as he absorbs punishment. Violence may be his language, but it isn't his limit.

Morrell keeps his distance from locker rooms and cameras alike. He doesn't grandstand, doesn't posture, and doesn't explain himself. His presence alone creates unease — a feeling that something is coiled beneath the surface. He fights not for chaos, but for control. Every scar has a purpose. Every risk is calculated.

Now stepping into CFW, Nick Morrell isn't here to shock anyone. He's here to endure, adapt, and outlast — proving that brutality and precision don't have to be opposites, and that the most dangerous men are often the quietest ones.

## **Theme Music**

♪ “Every Day Is Exactly The Same” — NIN

## **Setup Move**

### **Into the Static**

Morrell absorbs a strike, steps inside the next one, and traps the arm — dragging his opponent down into a grinding snap single-arm DDT. He stays low afterward, watching, waiting.

## **Finishing Move**

### **Blackwake**

A lifting underhook into a sit-out double underhook facebuster. Clean, sudden, and devastating — ending matches before opponents realize they’ve lost control.

## **General Moveset**

Short-Arm Headbutt  
Corner Chop Barrage  
Snap Dragon Suplex  
Low Dropkick to the Knee  
Rolling Elbow  
Backdrop Driver  
Spinebuster  
European Uppercut  
Leg-Trap STO  
Grounded Crossface

## **Trademark Offense**

Dead Signal — Short-range lariat into immediate follow-up strikes  
Grave Line — Running knee strike to a seated opponent

Fade to Black — High-angle snap German suplex  
Crowfall — Diving elbow drop with deliberate hang time

### **Entrance Description**

The lights dim as a low, steady hum fills the arena. “NIN” fades in, slow and tense. Nick Morrell steps through the curtain without fanfare, head slightly lowered, eyes locked forward. No gestures. No acknowledgment.

He walks with purpose, unhurried, soaking in the atmosphere like it fuels him. Morrell steps onto the apron, pauses, then enters the ring through the ropes. He stands motionless in the center, rolling his shoulders once, eyes scanning the crowd — not challenging them, just reminding everyone he’s here.

When the bell rings, the silence around him feels heavier than the noise ever could.