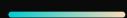


A COMPLETE AI BRAND ASSET PACK

# STAY HOTEL

10 CHATGPT PROMPTS



Every shot styled. Every frame branded. A complete visual identity

system built for ChatGPT image generation.

LOOP.WORKER — AI BRAND PHOTOGRAPHY SYSTEM

## IDENTITY

# BRAND DNA

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Bright boutique luxury hotel — \$3K/night, warm, aspirational

## COLOR PALETTE



Teal

#00CED1

Primary — accents, towels, water



Soft Peach

#FFDAB9

Secondary — light, warmth, sunrise



Cream

#FFF8DC

Linens, marble, base tones



Brass Gold

#B8860B

Fixtures, hardware, luxury details

## PHOTOGRAPHY MOOD

- **Bright** — morning light flooding marble surfaces
- **Luxurious** — \$3K/night materials you can feel
- **Warm** — golden hour and peach sunrise
- **Intimate** — private moments in beautiful spaces

## PHOTOGRAPHY STYLE

- Kodak Vision3 500T, bright natural light
- Warm golden tones, cinematic
- Natural morning light and golden hour
- BRIGHT luxury — never dark, noir, or moody

## CAST / PEOPLE

## LOGO PLACEMENT

- Young, attractive, aspirational
  - Barefoot in robes, contemplative
  - Real moments in unreal spaces
- Robes
  - Towels
  - Stationery
  - Room keys
  - Foil chocolates
  - Neon exterior sign

NEVER place logos on marble,  
fixtures, or architectural elements

## SET UP

# CHATGPT STYLE LOCK

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Paste this at the start of every ChatGPT session to lock the visual style across all 10 prompts.

● ● ● style-lock.txt

I'm creating images for a bright boutique luxury hotel called "Stay" (\$3K/night).

### Visual Style:

- Shot on Kodak Vision3 500T with warm golden tones
- Bright natural light dominant + warm tungsten accents
- Film grain visible, cinematic quality

- Teal (#00CED1) accents against warm peach (#FFDAB9) light and bright whites

Brand Rules:

- "Stay" branding appears on: robes, towels, stationery, room keys, foil chocolates, signage
- NEVER place logos on marble, fixtures, or architectural elements
- Bright boutique luxury – Calacatta marble, brushed brass with patina, Belgian linen, terrazzo
- Ocean views, skylights, double-height ceilings
- BRIGHT and warm – never dark, noir, or moody

Cast: Young, attractive, aspirational. Barefoot in robes, contemplative.

Keep this style consistent across all images I request.

Copy the text above and paste it as your first message in a new ChatGPT conversation. Then send prompts from the sections below one at a time.



## PROMPTS

10 prompts

1

### THE SUITE

Wide shot, 35mm at f/2.8, Kodak Vision3 500T. Dawn pouring through twelve-foot ocean windows, peach light spilling across Calacatta marble floors so bright the veining throws shadows. She's standing at the glass in an untied white "Stay" robe, looking directly into camera like you just walked in – wet hair, no makeup, barefoot, a Cartier Tank on her wrist catching sunrise. He's still tangled in Belgian linen behind her, one arm reaching across the empty side of the bed. Nightstand: a half-empty Ruinart rosé, a Diptyque Baies candle burned down to the brass wick holder, her Celine sunglasses folded on a leather-bound room service menu. Teal throw pillow on the terrazzo floor where it landed. Brass headboard with honest patina in the joinery. The suite is massive – you can see the freestanding tub through an open archway, the bathroom skylight throwing its own column of light. Through the window: the infinity pool three stories down, one early swimmer making laps, palms sharp against pink sky. Film grain, peach and warm, shallow depth of field softening the ocean into gold.

Shot from the doorway, 28mm wide, Kodak Vision3 500T. Morning skylight flooding the entire bathroom white-bright, steam curling through the column of light. She's in the freestanding tub, only her shoulders and collarbones above the water, head tilted back against the marble rim, eyes closed. Her Hermès Clic H bracelet on the tub ledge next to an uncapped Le Labo Santal 33 bottle, oil trailing the stone. Calacatta marble floor to ceiling, grey veining catching light like brushstrokes. Brushed brass rain shower behind her still dripping – water beading on the glass partition. A white "Stay" towel draped heavy over a heated brass rail, another on the terrazzo floor where she dropped it stepping in. Her bare footprints still wet on the stone. Double vanity in the mirror reflection: his Byredo cologne, her Charlotte Tilbury compact left open. The space is enormous – the skylight alone is four feet across, pouring so much light the room glows. Film grain, warm, the steam making the highlights bloom soft.

Wide establishing shot, 24mm, Kodak Vision3 500T, morning light flooding through double-height glass. The lobby as a cathedral – terrazzo floors stretching thirty feet to the brass-framed reception desk, a fifteen-foot areca palm in a teal ceramic planter, ocean visible through every window. She's walking toward camera, direct eye contact, linen wrap dress, a woven leather bag over her shoulder, tan legs, flat sandals, sunglasses pushed into hair still salty from yesterday. He's three steps behind wheeling two Rimowa suitcases, white button-down untucked, white sneakers, looking up at the double-height ceiling like he can't believe this place. A staff member in cream linen crossing the frame with a tray – two welcome drinks in teal glasses. On the teal velvet sofa by the window: a woman reading barefoot, her sandals kicked off on the terrazzo beside a straw tote, a magazine spine visible. Fresh peonies on the brass console table, one petal fallen. Through the entrance: a white Range Rover still idling in the cobblestone drive, the valet walking back with the keys. Film grain, cinematic, bright, the scale of the space making everyone in it elegant.

## THE ROOFTOP

Cinematic wide, 35mm, Kodak Vision3 500T, the twenty minutes of golden hour where everything turns liquid. She's in the infinity pool, arms folded on the edge, chin on her forearms, looking directly into camera – unbothered, devastating. Water droplets on her shoulders catching gold. He's on a white lounge daybed behind her, shirtless, tan, an Omega Seamaster on his wrist, holding a paperback he hasn't turned a page of in ten minutes. A Ruinart Blanc de Blancs in a brass ice bucket beside him, two crystal flutes half-full, condensation rolling down the glass. A "Stay" towel thrown over the next lounger, still holding the shape of someone who left. Travertine deck stretching wide – teal umbrellas closed for sunset, their brass poles catching gold. Three stories below: the white beach, a couple walking the waterline as silhouettes. The whole property visible from up here – white facade, brass balcony rails, teal accents punctuating the architecture. Palms casting long shadows across stone. Film grain, peach and gold, the light making every wet surface glow.

Medium shot, 50mm at f/1.8, Kodak Vision3 500T, warm morning pouring in from the right. She's leaning on the brass railing with her back to the suite, looking over her shoulder into camera – a half-smile like she knows something you don't. Barefoot on warm stone, his oversized white linen shirt, sleeves rolled to the elbows. Her coffee cooling on the railing in a teal ceramic cup. Hair half-dry, salt-textured from yesterday's swim. A thin gold chain, a Cartier Love bracelet, no other jewelry. Through the open balcony doors behind her: the suite in beautiful chaos – sheets pulled half off the bed, room service tray on the brass luggage rack with a demolished croissant plate and two pressed juices barely touched, her Jacquemus dress from dinner draped over the chair, his loafers kicked off by the door, her flats next to them. The brass railing developing verdigris where sea air has been working it for years. Below: the infinity pool, staff setting up loungers, the ocean flat and silver in early light. Film grain, shallow depth of field turning the water to cream-colored bokeh, bright and warm.

Extreme close-up, macro, Kodak Vision3 500T, warm tungsten from desk lamps. A brass room key sliding across book-matched travertine – the leather tassel trailing, the brass worn smooth from a decade of hands, room number stamped deep: 401. Her fingers reaching for it – fresh manicure, nude tone, a thin gold bracelet and a Cartier Love ring catching the light. His hand on the desk beside hers – tanned, relaxed, a vintage diver's watch with a worn leather strap. The reception desk surface: one long scratch polished into the stone over the years, a small brass bell, a white garden rose in a teal bud vase, the stem cut at an angle. A "Stay" envelope between them – heavy cream stock, their name in the manager's fountain pen cursive, the wax seal unbroken. The lobby soft and blown out behind them – the double-height windows, ocean light, the areca palm. Film grain, specular highlights dancing on every brass surface, shallow depth of field making everything beyond their hands dissolve to warm gold.

Shot from the end of the corridor looking back, 35mm, Kodak Vision3 500T, backlit by the ocean window turning them into glowing outlines. Two guests walking toward camera in white "Stay" robes – she's slightly ahead, turning back to look at him, reaching her hand behind her, laughing at something he just said. He's carrying a brass champagne bucket in one hand, two crystal flutes upside-down between his fingers in the other, trying not to spill. Both in "Stay" slippers on terrazzo polished by fifty years of barefoot guests. Brass wall sconces every eight feet making warm pools on the white walls, the light mixing with ocean daylight from the window behind. Their door ajar at the end – 401 in brass numerals, warm light spilling from inside. The corridor stretching long and elegant, five doors on each side. A room service tray outside another door: empty oyster shells, a champagne bottle upside-down in the bucket. Someone else's night. Film grain, golden, lens flare from the backlight, slight motion blur on their robes.

Medium wide, 35mm, Kodak Vision3 500T, morning light flooding through open-air arches framing the ocean. The restaurant as a space first – arched ceiling, brass pendant lights, terrazzo floor, white linen tables set with teal napkins folded into fans, brass cutlery gleaming. Then the couple: she's watching him talk, chin in her hand, espresso held but cooling, a croissant torn in half on a white plate. He's mid-sentence, gesturing with a piece of bread, not noticing how she's looking at him. She's in a cream linen top, gold hoops, hair still messy from the pillow. He's in a white linen shirt, sleeves rolled, tan forearms, Ray-Ban Wayfarers folded on the table. Between them: a bread basket, local honey in a brass pot, a small teal vase with a single white orchid. Through the archway: the pool terrace, a woman in a straw hat reading at a table for one, a waiter crossing with a tray of fresh juice. Beyond that: the ocean, flat and silver-blue. Other guests soft in the background – a family, an older couple with wine at 10am, nobody checking the time. Film grain, warm and golden, shallow depth of field on her expression.

Wide establishing shot, 24mm, Kodak Vision3 500T, sunrise hitting the white facade so the building glows peach. Stay from the beach – a white modernist structure, five stories, every balcony with brass rails catching morning light, towels draped over three of them, someone on the top floor in a robe leaning on the rail with coffee. The rooftop infinity pool visible at the crown, water reflecting sky, one early swimmer. Ground level: the entrance – a cobblestone drive, a white Porsche 911 Targa parked at the door still dewy from the night, the valet stand empty this early. A couple walking toward the beach from the hotel, barefoot on the path, her white sundress catching a breeze, his hand on the small of her back, a "Stay" beach bag over her shoulder with teal towels poking out. Teal umbrellas on the pool terrace, closed like sleeping birds. Palms casting sharp morning shadows across white stone – bougainvillea climbing the south wall in magenta. The sky enormous behind the building, pink to blue, not a cloud. Film grain, cinematic wide, the kind of establishing shot that makes you want to book immediately.

Shot from the bedroom doorway, 35mm, Kodak Vision3 500T, the last warm light of sunset mixing with brass lamp tungsten. The suite at evening turndown — the bed perfectly made, Belgian linen pulled tight with hospital corners, a teal cashmere throw folded at the foot, two gold "Stay" foil chocolates on each pillow. Through the open balcony doors: a sunset so absurd it looks painted — sky graduating from peach to tangerine to deep rose, the ocean a sheet of liquid copper, sheer white curtains lifting in the breeze and falling, lifting and falling. A handwritten note on the nightstand in the manager's cursive on cream "Stay" stationery, a brass pen beside it. Slippers placed on the terrazzo at the foot of the bed, perfectly angled. A white robe on the brass hook, the "Stay" monogram catching lamplight. On the side table: a Diptyque Figuier candle lit, flame reflected in the brass tray, a small glass carafe of water with a lemon round floating. Her Bottega Veneta clutch and his Tom Ford wallet on the dresser — they're out at dinner somewhere, the room waiting for them to come back. Film grain, golden hour fading to tungsten, bright even at dusk, the kind of room that makes you stand in the doorway.

## USAGE

## TIPS FOR CHATGPT

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- I Start with the style lock — paste it as your first message in every new ChatGPT session

- 2** **Keep it bright** — if the image goes dark or moody, say "brighter, more morning light, warm not noir"
- 3** **Specify materials** — "Calacatta marble," "brushed brass," "Belgian linen" keeps the luxury consistent
- 4** **Name the brand** — always mention "Stay" on robes, towels, stationery to keep branding present
- 5** **Push the warmth** — "golden hour tones," "peach sunrise light" keeps the palette on brand

*Stay Hotel. 10 shots. Bright luxury. Warm light. Every frame branded.*

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